



UNIVERSAL  
LIBRARY



127 689

UNIVERSAL  
LIBRARY











# CONTENTS

	PAGE
SPEAKING OF NIGGER BABIES . . . . .	1
EDITORIAL ETCHINGS . . . . .	4
SALMAGUNDI . . . . .	20
POLITICAL POINTERS . . . . .	29
BRANNAN VS. SEASHOLES . . . . .	33
PAT DONAN'S PROGNOSTICATIONS . . . . .	43
FREE COINAGE OF INTERVIEWS . . . . .	48
BÁILEY AND THE DAL-GAL . . . . .	52
POLITICAL POT-POURRI . . . . .	55
A BRASS COLLAR DEMOCRAT . . . . .	57
THE THIRD TERM CONSPIRACY . . . . .	59
BEHIND THE SMOKESTACK . . . . .	60
A CRUSADE OF CALUMNY . . . . .	78
IS BRYAN A BOODLER? . . . . .	85
GEORGIE CLARK'S COMPOSITION . . . . .	95
THE ISLE OF CHANEPH . . . . .	107
SALMAGUNDI . . . . .	112
THE TEIXEIRA AFFIDAVIT . . . . .	125
POLITICAL POT-POURRI . . . . .	132
A REMARKABLE PUBLIC EDUCATOR . . . . .	140
"TOO MUCH WORLD" . . . . .	144
THE APOSTLE'S RAG BABY . . . . .	154
EDITORIAL ETCHINGS . . . . .	159
POLITICS IN THE PULPIT . . . . .	174
THE MCKINLEY AID SOCIETY . . . . .	177
A MODERN SIMON MAGUS . . . . .	186
EGYPT VS. ARKANSAS . . . . .	188
DAVID AND BATH-SHEBA . . . . .	193
A VERY BAD BREAK . . . . .	202
POOB OLD TEXAS . . . . .	205
"SASSIETY" IN NEW YORK CITY . . . . .	211
OUR HEROIC YOUNG CHRISTIAN GOV. . . . .	215
SHEAL TO PAY AT PARIS . . . . .	229
AS TO FREEDOM OF SPEECH . . . . .	232

# CONTENTS

	PAGE
SALMAGUNDI . . . . .	234
THE MOUTH OF HELL . . . . .	244
MAYOR CAMPBELL'S MENDACITY . . . . .	247
LES ENFANTS TERRIBLES . . . . .	260
A PLAGUE OF POETS . . . . .	266
SOME MILLIONAIRE MENDICANTS . . . . .	277
WHO IS MARK HANNA? . . . . .	279
ARE SECOND MARRIAGES LAWFUL? . . . . .	284
THE LOST TRIAD . . . . .	288
EDITORIAL ETCHINGS . . . . .	293
A CARNIVAL OF CRIME . . . . .	301
"JOYS OF THE JAG" . . . . .	305
A BRYAN PANIC PENDING . . . . .	308
BEAUTY AND THE BEAST . . . . .	312

## SPEAKING OF NIGGER BABIES.

THERE is probably nothing on earth "cuter" than a nigger baby; but, like other varieties of the genus "coon," they are not considered very valuable additions to society. In ante-bellum times nigger babies had a market value, and certain planters employed Kansas or Massachusetts overseers with a view to their multiplication; but under the new regime the advent of these young simians is regarded with unconcern. It was thought for a time—after Sherman's march to the sea—that the nigger baby would furnish a more or less happy solution of the much vexed "race problem"; that the blacks would, in a few generations, be faded out by fornication; but as the Caucasian became more fastidious in his tastes and substituted bike-ing for coon-hunting, the hope of getting rid of Sambo by gradual absorption died a lingering death. We are not asked to believe that a *renaissance* of the old idea has been inaugurated under the auspices of the Baptist Missionary Society—due to the enterprise and industry of the Texas Superintendent. The ICONOCLAST devoutly hopes that such is not the case—it were mixing religion and politics and clearly unconstitutional. A very young cullud ladah who moves in the huper suckles of Waco's Senegambian society, "found" a cute little "coon" to which she was not legally entitled, and when required to name its sire, startled the entire state by declaring it the unhappy result of a criminal assault by the Rev. M. D. Early, that mighty pillar in Zion, who weeps out loud because a wicked and perverse generation buys the ICONOCLAST instead of put-

ting all its spare change in the missionary-box. Of course Dr. Early resents the soft impeachment—damns the woman and denies the apple. What else could he do? After a casual glance at the alleged victim of his lust, I think I'd be tempted to lie out of such a situation myself. Confession would prevent me looking even a church choir in the face. The woman in the case resembles an elongated tar-barrel and smells like the moral character of New York's upper tendom. Dr. Early may be innocent as a ewe lamb for aught I know—may be a second Joseph or St. Anthony. Or he may draw the color line, as is customary in this country. The case resolves itself into a question of veracity between the big Baptist and the girl with the baby, and it is not my province to say which is most worthy belief. Frankly, I do not know—it looks like a standoff. Most nigger girls will lie, while the philogyny of Baptist preachers is proverbial—and there you are! Although Dr. Early declares the *Iconoclast* a great evil, while admitting that he never read it,—persists in passing judgment on a question anent which he confessedly knows nothing—I shall not be so uncharitable and unchristian as to accuse him of crim. con. with a “coon” on no better warrant than the word of a wench. Were I officiating as judge in the case I would compromise with my conscience by rendering a Scotch verdict of “not proven,” instead of sending the distinguished defendant to the pen for criminal assault. True, many a man who would scorn to work the contemptible missionary fake, and fatten on a fund wrung from the chubby hand of childhood, has forsaken “the lilies and languors of virtue” for “the roses and raptures of vice.” True, a few white men, who would have scorned to serve the Lord for the loaves and fishes, have so far forgotten their racial pride in the flood of unholy passion as to mix their blood with

that of lousy squaws and black beasts. True, the kid is here, and its complexion argues that its father was a Caucasian. True, Dr. Early and the mother of the saddle-colored stranger resided under the same roof—and Shakespeare lays all sexual sins upon the shoulders of Opportunity; but even this does not argue the guilt of Early. The testimony direct and the evidence circumstantial are not sufficient to convict him. It may be a case of blackmail, as urged by Early's friends—or a second edition of Mrs. Potiphar. Hell hath no fury like a bad she-nigger who wants a dollar and cannot work a white man for the "dough." Probably Bro. Early undertook to convert the miserable creature to the Baptist faith, and she misinterpreted his attentions. He may have chucked her under the chin and bade her come to Jesus, and she got the personalities mixed. I prefer to think that if he ever "wrassled" with her it was in prayer. True, she didn't charge her kid up to me, nor to "our heroic young Chistian governor," for which kindly consideration she will please accept our thanks and draw on us for the price of a nursing-bottle with a snow-white nipple. She didn't charge Dr. Jehovah Boanerges Cranfill or Rev. S. L. Morris with its paternity; but that may have been because she was a trifle particular. We have it on good authority that Rev. Seasholes of Dallas, and Rev. Riddle, the purty preacher of Waxahachie, can establish an alibi. Ex-Priest Slattery, "Baptist minister in good standing," was in Waco about the time the calamity occurred; but the distinguished "Ape" is not so much as mentioned by the dusky maiden. But even that doesn't prove that Early's the young pickaninny's author. It seems, however, that as a good Christian, he should be willing to be a father to the fatherless. If he will not, it becomes our duty, as Baptist ministers, to collectively assume the

responsibility. We might adopt the kid as "the ward of the Baptist church" in lieu of Antonia Tiexeira, and educate it for missionary work in darkest Africa. After considering the matter in all its phases, I am inclined to exonerate Dr. Early—to consider it a curious case of mistaken identity. I cannot imagine him pausing long enough in his collection of pennies, for the ostensible conversion of the "coons" abroad, to dally with one at home. Furthermore, he couldn't afford it. A little philandering with colored cooks might not prevent him drawing his salary of \$2,500 per annum from the mission fund, but he couldn't hold his job under such circumstances as general advertising agent of the *ICONOCLAST*. Both Dr. Early and Evangelist Collard have strict instructions to be very particular with whom they associate while representing this great religious journal, and should they so far forget themselves as to add to the black-and-tan population, Dr. Rufus C. Burleson, as general manager of this magazine, would immediately request their resignation.

\* \* \*

## EDITORIAL ETCHINGS.

A FEW weeks ago the A.P.A. had the world by the tail, and a down-hill pull—was going to dictate who should be president. If the old parties refused to incorporate Knownothing planks in their platforms and desecrate the grave of every "Papist" who signed the Declaration of American Independence, it would put a ticket of its own in the field and sweep the country like a prairie fire. It represented 'steen million voters, and when it said to a candidate "come," he had to advance in a lope; when



it said to him "go," he went over the garden wall. It decided the fate of political gladiators by turning its thumbs up or turning them down. The "Ape" was cock of the walk and bull of the woods. It was awful as a besom of destruction, terrible as an army with banners. Its membership was as the sands of the sea for number—more frequent than eunuchs in Kansas or fleas on a brindle fice. It came down on obstreperous parties like a wolf on the fold, or a hungry coyote on a yaller hen. It was going to rally round the little red school-house and protect it from such "Romish myrmidons" as Rosen-crans, such "Popish hirelings as Sherman and Sherdian." Candidates trembled before its frown and hunted up their Protestant pedigrees. No man should be president who declined to mix religion with his politics. Catholics should be rigidly excluded from office lest they turn the national capital into a cathedral; convents were to be made lounging places for curious fools and meddlesome fanatics. Father Marquette's statue should be dragged with a halter about its neck from the galaxy of our civic gods. The various conventions met—and the tail of the "Ape" was mashed. It developed that this modern Caesar "was rich in some dozen villages, strong in some hundred spear-men"—that it had been "bluffing the bank" with a wad of brown paper rolled in one-dollar bills. The A.P.A. was a Jonah's gourd that came up in a night; but its root was wormy, and the sun of truth shone upon and withered it. It was a long-eared ass masquerading in the skin of a lion. Its name is Ichabod—alias Mud. The politicians who cringed before this politico-religio-proscriptive party are now driving their boots so far under its coat-tails that it will taste leather all the rest of its life. The Protestant preachers who affiliated with it are holding their noses and using disinfectants. Its wind-blown organs

are "bustin," like painted bladders—or Chinese stinkpots. The last of its dailies has turned its little pink toes to the daisies. The editor of its leading magazine is in the penitentiary for a crime beside which murder were honorable and rape respectable. Occasionally a little "Ape" sheet crawls out of its hole like a moribund rattle-snake taking the sun, or a sick prairie dog driven to the surface to die. In a few months the erstwhile flamboyant "Ape" will have passed into the erstwhile, and Uncle Sam be left to "rassle" as best he may with Rome. We should stuff its mangy hide and place it on a pedestal of stinkweed in the Valley of Hinnom as companion piece to the wolfish skull of the old Knownothing party. And grouped about them in this gallery of the unclean gods, this pantheon of putridity, should be guano busts of all its high-priests and apostles, each with appropriate inscription. They would read as follows: Rev. Benjamin Hudelson: Ex-procurer for houses of prostitution, and now professional boodler. Editor Price, of the leading A.P.A. organ: In the penitentiary for selling obscene pictures to school-children. Rev. Koehler: In the penitentiary for stealing and selling a workingman's clothes and getting drunk on the money. "Ex-Nun" Margaret Shepherd: Self-confessed courtesan, adventurer and thief. "Bishop" McNamara: Arrested for hoodlumism and sentenced to a year's imprisonment for slander. Ex-President Traylor—alias "Whisky Bill": Like Iago, he ever made his fool his purse. Ex-Priest Slattery: Unfrocked for habitual drunkenness and expelled from a Baptist college for immorality. "Ex-Nun" Ellen Golding: Denounced by her Protestant sister as an incorrigible liar. Rev. G. M. Thorp: In a Wyoming prison for bigamy. Ex-Priest Chiniquy: Unfrocked for immorality, and expelled by the Presbyterian Synod of Chicago, "for fraud and gross swindling." "Ex-Nun

Maria Monk: Paramour of an A.P.A. preacher who found her in a fourth-rate *maison d'joie* at Montreal. But I have not space to catalogue all the A.P.A. celebrities—the protectors of the morals and self-constituted guardians of the liberties of Uncle Sam. No wonder the “Ape” is passing; it should have been suppressed by the sanitary inspector before the advent of warm weather.

The female suffragist is still suffering. At every national convention of every party she is on hand with her little “plank”—rises to remark that life for her is scarce worth the living until emancipated from the tyrant man. For six thousand years or more she has been trodden beneath the iron heel of this pitiless monster, and it makes her tired. She is all aweary of fiddling on the humble but useful washboard and propelling the sizzling sad-iron, while the old man is whooping for “our party” at conventions, and saving the country. She wants to widen her “sphere,” to grasp the reins of government. She rises in all the glory of her tailor-made bloomers and demands the ballot. The *ICONOCLAST* is distinctively the ladies’ paper. It believes in the superiority of the sex. It is in favor of giving woman not only everything she wants, but everything she thinks she wants. Give her the ballot—and the box; the earth and the fullness thereof. Give her the moon for a parasol and the stars wherewith to bedeck her bodice and emblazon her garters—then give her *mc*. Let her enjoy all the rights, privileges and prerogatives of the proudest American citizen that wears “pants.” Let her parade in torch-light processions, exhibit her best bonnet on the hustings, run for office and buy votes in blocks-of-five. She could scarce make a worse mess of representative government than have the men. It is urged that young and beautiful

women do not want the ballot—that they are satisfied with beaux; that it is only those of uncertain age who become suffrage shriekers. What then? Are not age and experience parents of wisdom? Shall the great she-world be held in shackles while callow youth giggles, flirts and chews gum? Doesn't the aged matron understand man better than does the maid? Doesn't she know that instead of being a demi-god with a triple-plated halo, as her fond fancy once painted him, he contains more of the Devil than the deity? Doesn't she know that the woman who can live with one of those pig-headed animals for forty years without getting up some night and pouring hot lead in his ear, is fit for empire? True, the experiment of universal suffrage would contain an element of danger. Woman, we are told, is in the majority. That is because she doesn't fool with the six-shooter and blow into the gallon jug to see if it is loaded. When given the ballot may she not disfranchise we miserable he-things and set us to manipulating the mangle? Think of the country for which that sturdy patriot, Grover Cleveland, fought and bled—by proxy—being turned into a gynocracy, a she-male government like Kansas, where the men wear ruffles on the bottom of their panties and elect their wives to office! But might it not be best? Woman is particularly adapted to modern politics—she can talk from the cradle to grave without getting tired. Unlike Major McKinley, she has always something to say. Sessions of congress would be short, for the members would fire off their speeches all at once—and with just as much effect. Instead of squandering the public treasury on pension steals and harbor jobs, they would blow it in at the bargain counter and the “crisis” would be over, the agony at an end. But great reforms move slowly. For long years yet the female suffragist who wants pro-

tection from the sterner sex will have to depend on her face.

Schrader, "the divine healer" who is said to resemble the pictures of our Lord, has reached Gainesville, Texas, where he is "working miracles" and curing people of every complaint, from cross-eyes to cramps. According to reports, Schrader is in very deed a "wonder-worker," else Gainesville and the territory thereunto appertaining has gone mad. I am not one of those Smart Alecks who refuse to believe whatsoever they do not understand. The wisest man born of woman cannot comprehend himself. The evidence is overwhelming that such men as Schlatter, Don Pedrito and Schrader sometimes effect cures, as do even the regular physicians—on rare occasions. Whether this be a "dispensation of providence," or sheer bull luck, I shall not presume to determine. If we cannot accept the testimony of our neighbors, whom we know to be men of average intellect, and with no incentive to bear false witness, why should we place implicit confidence in the still more wonderful tales related of another divine healer by illiterate and superstitious people who died nineteen centuries before we could be introduced. I trust that my Baptist congregation will not consider me heterodox if I indulge in a little mild wonder anent our religious whereabouts had Schrader and Jesus been transposed, both as to place and time. Would the former be worshipped as a God and their later denounced by the omniscient daily press as an impudent impostor? During his entire ministry Jesus did not win the confidence of so many of the educated class as does Schrader in a single day; yet that was an age of credulity, this of doubt. Supposing the transposition of the two healers—that Schrader had claimed a divine origin when the

Jews were looking most anxiously for a Messiah; that his body had been stolen by friends or secretly destroyed by foes, and the story of his miracles lived only in the mouth of imaginative Rumor for a century or so after his supposed ascension: Would we not be Schraderians instead of Christians to-day? It is not my intention to raise any question regarding the divine origin of Christ: I simply desire to point out to my orthodox friends how thankful we should all be that we were not humbugged by some early Schrader or Schlatter masquerading as a divine healer, and winning the confidence of the elite of the land as well as that of ignorant farmers and fishermen. I sometimes think that we, who have builded our faith upon so sure a foundation, do not estimate our own wisdom at its true worth.

Is Hon. Garrett A. Hobart, or his niece, running for the vice-presidency on the Republican ticket? We hear very little of the former; but that self-styled "public educator," the daily press, will not suffer us to overlook the latter. Miss Margot Hobart is, we are told, a "beautiful, talented and wealthy" young woman, who poses as a model for artists—not disdaining "the altogether"—and hacks around the country with cheap theatrical parts, exhibiting her pulchritude in "tightly fitting pants." The *Post-Dispatch* prints her portrait and the foreman who evidently has a better eye for the eternal fitness of things than has the editor—puts it on the "freak page." If Miss Hobart be really pretty she should lay violent hands upon the hirsute pride of the *Post-Dispatch*—should give Whiskerandum Jones an Indian shave. She is discovered "posing" but for what is beyond human comprehension. Perhaps it is for the "Amazon," for arms, neck and shoulders suggested Bob

Fitzsimmons filling his steam chest with Mexican ozone. The Amazons of antiquity seared one breast off with a hot iron, to give free play to the sword arm; but Miss Hobart retains both hers in all their plethoric plentitude, and the artist puts them in evidence. The expression of her face suggests an intimate acquaintance with the "growler." It is decidedly *blase* and her *ensemble* is beefy. Some kind of a rag is wound around her more than ample waist, and hangs about her with the graceful abandon of a wet dishclout embracing a current bush. Her exposed underpinning might be mistaken for square mill-posts resting on Milwaukee pies. The picture suggests that she may have gone in swimming, forgotten her clothes, and is making her way home through a briar-patch, disguised in a horse-blanket. If that was the idea the "artist" had in his head, it must be conceded that the picture is a success. Still I can but wonder that he had the courage to paint it without police protection. What good purpose can be served in exploiting this young woman who, without the goal of poverty or the excuse of ignorance bares her alleged charms to a dozen different artists—recklessly treads in the path of Trilby? We can scarce suppose that Mr. Hobart accepted the vice-presidential nomination for the purpose of advertising the doubtful beauty and suspicious associations of his niece. Most of us have relatives, more or less distant, of whom we are not particularly proud; and the daily press might be in better business than raking through the family closets of public men and dragging forth their skeletons for the delectation of a prurient public. The manager who has signed Miss Hobart for the coming season, doubtless called the attention of the press to the relationship existing between the meaty queen of the coryphees and McKinley's running mate, and it readily lent itself to

the brutal scheme to pull boodle into the box-office by humiliating her family.

Not even the grave is sacred from these journalistic ghouls. They have just succeeded in photographing the crumbling skeletons of a French King and Queen who died before Columbus sailed in search of far Cathay, and are now making these ghastly relics of mortality dance for the delectation of the mob. It is enough to pry into the family affairs of our public men; to listen at their key-holes and blazon the result on the housetops; to interview their servants; to predict the date on which their consorts will give birth to babes and proclaim the number and texture of the diapers; to discover undesirable relatives and unearth long forgotten excapades; the press is not through with them when they are inurned—must pry into their coffins, measure their skulls, count their teeth and advise the world what appearance they make when the worms have wearied of them. Verily greatness hath its penalties no less than poverty. A pauper can at least catch the itch without attracting the attention of the universe, and rest quietly in the sepulchre which charity hath provided.

In one of his Pecksniffian moods—such as he is wont to indulge in after having brutally despoiled a weaker power—John Bull did something decent, for which he has ever since been almost insanelly sorry. He passed a law which compels him to be, in a measure, respectable. He prohibited his marriage with his mother. While the spirit of self-sacrifice was strong upon him, he also renounced the legal right to marry his grandmother, mother-in-law or deceased wife's sister. But so soon as his mind returned to the normal he began to grievously regret his



own goodness. For forty years he has been striving to break down the barrier which separates him from the brute. He demands the privilege of selecting his subsequent wives from the same family that supplied the first —of marrying a whole bevy of sisters in regular rotation, then winding up his hymenic felicity with the old woman. Oscar Wildeism having been sprung too suddenly to suit the English conservatism, the old man is still safe. Anthropologically considered, there is no reason why an enterprising Englishman should not marry a widow with a dozen daughters, and transfer them to his bed as fast as it is emptied by the grim destroyer; but to every man of gentlemanly instincts such a picture must be appalling. Such was the convenient custom in biblical days, 'tis true; and even the deceased husband's brother was much in evidence—was intrusted with the pleasant duty of providing the unfortunate with a posthumous family; but people supposedly civilized have abandoned such barbarisms, as they have polygamy and slavery. A man who will wed the sister of a dead wife is but little above the brute level —is eminently worthy the second woman. Really, there is something uncanny about a second marriage of any kind. It is no offense against the law of the land, no violation of the social code, and many worthy men and women have taken unto themselves second mates; still the act grates upon the finer sensibilities like a false note in a celestial symphony. It is a brutally frank confession that the fondest affections of the human heart are marked "transferrable;" that marriage is neither more nor less than a civil contract—a sexual license. It gives the lie to poets who sing of undying love. It is a proclamation that the affections stop at the tomb, instead of following on through all eternity; for dare any man admit, even to himself, that he regrets the bolt that made him wifeless, when he hath taken another woman into his

heart and home? Dare any woman admit, even to her own soul, when she is pregnant by another? Is not the living entitled to all her love? Perhaps the world is not yet ripe for such suggestions. It was but yesterday, as God measures time, that we mated as do the beasts and birds—but yesterday that we conceived the idea of the immortality of the soul; and how could love be deathless to those who dreamed not of eternal life? We are crass barbarians as yet, the finer feelings of which we prate, but a mad poet's fancy—snaky phosphorescence masquerading as Promethean fire! The funeral baked meats will continue to furnish forth the wedding feast for some ages yet. Perhaps it's best. It enables mankind to utilize all its energy—and this is an eminently practical age! Let the marriage service continue to read, "Until death do us part." What's a dead wife good for, anyhow? She cannot boil cabbage, skin eels and sew on shirt buttons! Of what use is a dead husband? Let him rot—and on with the dance! It were dreadful indeed if widows weeds should go unhusbanded, monstrous that a man who has buried a wife, who worshipped him, should not inspect the available stock and select another mate. Of course the dead do never "revisit the pale glimpses of the moon"—and it's just as well they don't. They would take one look into the boudoirs of their former mates and fly shrieking into the great inane—would understand why there's neither marrying nor giving in marriage in that Heaven builded for barbarians. I don't know so much about the henceforth as to the preachers; but I sometimes imagine that the first heaven is reserved exclusively for good old ante-bellum niggers, the second for saints from Kansas, the third for dogs, the next three for various grades of alleged white people, and the seventh for those whose sole law is the right, regardless of custom or creed, and

for whom love is deathless as the stars, eternal as the living God.

The Icon is asked "why most of the big dailies support McKinley, while the weekly press is so generally for Bryan." The answer is dead easy. McKinley is the candidate of the trusts, monopolies and combines, Bryan is the candidate of the people. The big dailies enjoy the most profitable monopoly in America, while the weekly publisher stands on a parity with the masses. If you had a million dollars you could not establish a morning paper in any Texas city where one already exists, for the simple reason that you could not secure a satisfactory press service. The publishers of the large morning dailies are members of a powerful combine known as the "Associated Press." It is a close corporation, its object being to supply its members with telegraphic news and secure to each a monopoly of his trade territory. The latter it accomplishes by crushing out rivals—exactly as the Standard Oil Company does its competitors—and refusing "franchises" to independent newspapers. In cities like Dallas and San Antonio but one morning paper is permitted, but in those like St. Louis and Chicago the soft snap is divided among two or more members. This monopoly enables a publisher to clear more money on a \$50,000 investment than can the merchant on five times that amount. The people must take his paper or do without, the advertiser pay whatever the autocrat may see fit to ask. I wouldn't give the *Dallas News* \$30,000 for its entire mechanical outfit—with its editor thrown in; yet it pays the president of the company a salary of \$25,000 per annum and yields perhaps double that sum in dividends—mostly the fruits of monopoly. Here and there public opinion is sufficiently powerful to compel a creature of this combine to

support the people's candidate; but it is looked upon by its fellows as crooks regard a pal who turns state's evidence. The cry, so frequently raised, that the big dailies are "bought up" is usually groundless. They don't have to be bribed to fight the battles of monopoly—to protect their own boodle.

There are monopolies and monopolies, and the great dailies haven't got 'em all grabbed. There's *Texas Sifter*, f'instance, which has succeeded in getting a corner on all the humor and art, wit and wisdom, of the great Southwest. The *Sifter* scintillates like a diamond ring at a nigger dance. Its humor is subtle as a dose of salts. Its art would put to shame a Beardsley poster—is more weirdly original than the cyclorame which John of Patmos saw with his eyes shut. The *Sifter*, from imprimis to finis, is the intellectual jag of unfettered genius. On the day of publication the Dallas police force has to be doubled to keep back the crowd. But Col. Sweet bears his honors with becoming modesty—wears his halo only on holidays. With that *naïvete* which so well becomes a child of genius, the creator of "Johnny Chaffie" admits that, in the short space of eight months, the *Sifter* "has bounded into a national popularity that has never been equalled in the history of American journalism"; that it "is the only periodical published in the south that enjoys a national circulation." I humbly lift my last summer's sombrero to the *Sifter*. We little fellows, who work off an edition on a Washington handpress and send it to the postoffice in a flour sack, rejoice in the multifarious glory and ebullient greatness of Col. Sweet. All we ask is the blessed privilege of reposing in the shadow of the *Sifter*, of playing hide-and-seek about the huge legs of our Journalistic Cæsar. But in the purest pleasure there

always lurks a pain. Ever is our dearest joy wedded to our direst woe. The dull, dumb fear creeps on apace that when the *Sifter's* circulation has passed the hundred million mark it will hunt an Eastern home. We fear that Col. Sweet will forget us as he sips his Samian wine and absorbs French souffles in his gilded palace, or floats over the dreamy Mediterranean's cerulean bosom, while Paphian zephyrs belly his silken sails and wheedling naiads tangle their taper fingers in his multitudinous whiskers. Ah me! When his golden cornucopia is full to overflowing, and even Fame can offer nothing further, will he pine for the land of the circulation liar—where he was “so happy and so pore?”

I rather like a cheerful liar, but the *Christian Courier*, of Dallas, persists in foundering my affections. The *Courier* is, if I mistake not, edited by Rev. Bill Homan, professional Prohibition spouter and Campbellite 'spouter. Bill is hydrocephalous—his brain is water-soaked. Dagon is his deity. All his angels wear fins instead of feathers. He preaches temporal salvation through water taken internally, and spiritual redemption through applications of it externally. He deposeth in a recent issue that “the testimony of judges and prosecuting attorneys is to the effect that the liquor traffic is responsible for 75 per cent. of the cases on our criminal dockets.” This statement is intended to convey—and does convey—the idea that, in the opinion of a great majority of the judges and prosecuting attorneys of Texas, the volume of crime would be reduced 75 per cent. by the adoption of Prohibition. If any body of men be qualified to speak *ex-cathedra* on this important question, it is certainly the officials Rev. Mr. Homan mentions. The *ICONOCLAST* desires to advocate only what is for the best interest of the country. If

Homan will produce the signatures of a majority of Texas' judiciary to a statement that a prohibitory law would reduce the number of crimes 75, or even 25 per cent., this paper will thenceforth exert all its energies to secure the repeal of the liquor license law. For years past the advocates of Prohibition have been making such assertions; but their truth is generally doubted and frequently denied. I insist that it is a duty they owe to society and themselves to come to a "showdown." The ICONOCLAST will cheerfully furnish the Rev. Mr. Homan sufficient stamps and stationery to communicate with every member of the Texas judiciary, and freely pledges itself to accept their decision as final. There is not a man of any respectability in the state who would oppose Prohibition on the hustings, not an editor between the Sabine and the Rio Grande who would dare defend a liquor license law if Homan demonstrates beyond the peradventure of a doubt that he's telling the truth. If the Prohibs really believe their oft repeated statements, they have only to do as I have here suggested to secure an everlasting "cinch" on the situation. They are continually denouncing as "peons of the rum power" all those who dissent from their doctrine. They are suffering from Prohibition *mania a potu*, are intoxicated with their own mistaken zeal—as irresponsible for their acts and utterances as though "jagged" with beer or "loaded" with bourbon. The crying need of the hour is a "Keely cure" for intemperate reform cranks. The "rum demon" hasn't a friend in America who's worth the price of a hair halter. The opponents of Prohibition realize that strong drink is responsible for much crime and poverty and wretchedness. I would rather see a son of mine dead than drunk. The man who will strike the shackles of the accursed habit from every sot and banish intemperance from the earth,

will have done more for mankind than have all the statesmen since the dawn of time, than all the prophets and preachers from Melchizadek to the present day. I have often wished that I could summon the youth of the whole world before me and implore them, in the name of the living God, to let liquor alone; that I could paint for them all the horror and the heartache that spring from this pernicious habit—the blasted hopes and ruined homes—the deep damnation of the besotted slave to drink. I sometimes wonder that Almighty God doesn't blazon a warning in letters of fire across the firmament. Yet I have been denounced from a thousand platforms as "the friend of the saloon." I regard the saloon much as I do the undertaking establishment. Man will drink and man will die. No law ever devised by human brain has banished drunkenness or abolished death. Prohibition but makes a bad matter worse. It were giving aconite to an invalid. It does not make sober men, but it does make lawbreakers, sneaks and hypocrites. It does not overthrow the "rum demon," but turns loose upon the land a coterie of unclean harpies, even more dangerous than himself.

We now have it over his own signature that Sir Walter Scott did not write the Waverley novels. The genuineness of the letter cannot be doubted, and his denial of their authorship is plain as language could make it. Bryan says it is sixteen to one that Bacon wrote the Shakespearean plays. The critics assure us that Homer is a myth, and that Christ never preached the Sermon on the Mount. The scraps from "burning Sappho's" pen have been pronounced bogus, and it has been demonstrated that if Moses wrote the Pentateuch he did so long after he was dead. Mrs. Cleveland stands accused of writing her husband's messages, while the speeches of the Queen emanate

from her prime minister. We cannot even be sure, in referring to the Chicago convention, that "Jones he writ the platform." Whither are we drifting? In this wild wreck of literary worlds, this wholesale iconoclasm of authors, can we lay our hand upon our heart and say, for a surety, that Rebecca Merlindy Johnson wrote "Beautiful Snow!"

\* \* \*

### SALMAGUNDI.

THE female dress reformer, or deformer, appeared to be losing her grip until the bike came to her aid; now she is going forth, like the angel of the Apocalypse, conquering and to conquer. She is not altogether an unmixed evil. If she shortens skirt, she lengthens corsages. If she displays rather too much leg, she conceals the bust, which, from the standpoint of either medicine or modesty, is no inconsiderable gain. A pair of gaudily gartered stockings is scarce so suggestive as a broad expanse of naked back, arms and bust, and the party on exhibition not nearly so apt to catch pneumonia. From an ethical standpoint, a maid adjusting her garter on the seashore is preferable to one spilling herself out of her corsage in a heated ball-room. The reformer has persuaded gentle woman to lay aside her barbaric corset, her torture shoes and disgraceful *tournure*—at least long enough to take a full breath, wiggle her deformed toes in ecstasy and demonstrate to the world that she isn't humped like a dromedary—that the bustle is a work of art instead of a mistake of nature. The freedom of dress which accompanies the bike is being carried into other outdoor exercises—woman's terms of emancipation from the damnable torture implements of Dame Fashion is being gradually extended. This is some



gain, and we may hope that in time the hurtful follies of feminine apparel will be abolished altogether. The Lord placed eternal enmity between the seed of the Edenic serpent and that of Mother Eve, and the corset is one of the devices of Satan for the fair sex's destruction. A wasp waist is violative of all the laws of health and every canon of beauty. Greece in her physical perfection knew it now. The Aphrodites and Heras of ancient Hellas, the Dianas and Hebes who graced the courts of the Cæsars, were not built like the modern society belle. In all the matchless models left us by the old masters there is never a V-shaped torso rising from ebullient hips. The waist is invariably ample—every line a graceful, sensuous curve. Even to this good day an exceptionally small waist or foot is drawn only by anatomists to illustrate a hideous abnormality. Imagine the Venus of Milo with an 18-inch waist—the Greek Slave sporting a bustle protruding two feet beyond a line drawn from head to heel! Where the dress reformers have succeeded in abating the tortures of the corset and tight shoe and abolishing that challenge to libidinousity, the bustle, they deserve the world's gratitude—but when they assail the skirt they invade the sanctuary of both modesty and beauty. A woman in a short skirt that displays her underpinning is an apparition equalled in ugliness only by a man in his "shirt tail," while one in bloomers were enough to make the Almighty repent him that he gave to Adam a mate. A hebe in a skirt that displays her knees were suggestive of a dowdy country wench who had been pulled too soon. The display of dainty instep, well-turned ankle and voluptuously rounded limb does not compensate the eye for loss of that graceful garment which makes of woman a sacred mystery, a living poem, a symphony of modesty and motion. The trouble with the dress reformers—as with most others—

is that they are too radical. They would transform the Castle Beautiful into a mere Utilitaria; would eliminate all the charm of mystery. They are apostles of that disenchantment which is the death of love and chivalry. Clothes may not make a man, but they do much to make—or unmake—a woman. By all means let the gentler sex dress for comfort; but let them not forget that woman's highest mission on earth is to be graceful, modest, beautiful. A mannish woman is an abomination in the sight of gods and men. She is intellectually androgynous, neither male nor female, as *outré* as a two-headed calf, as useless in the plan of things as a blasted fig-tree or a dumb mocking-bird; and it must be confessed that it is the mannish women who are most active in dress "reform"—who want to abolish the flowing skirt which "half conceals and half reveals" the lissome limb, and go straddling about in garments that parody those worn by their big brothers.

While discussing woman and her ways it may not be amiss to allude to the practice that has come into vogue with the bike, of young ladies and gentlemen taking long evening rides together, and calling at road-houses for refreshments, or loitering in secluded byways to rest at hours when modest maids are supposed to be at home with their mothers. Mount a wheel of a pleasant evening between the hours of 9 and 11 p.m.—or later—and ride into the suburbs of any American city, and you will surprise not a few society damosels taking their ease with gay gallants in unfrequented places—sometimes lolling on the grass—resting for the spin home. If there be a party it is well scattered, for on our drowsy summer nights "two's company and three's a crowd." This may be all right; but it is strongly suggestive of that "frollicksome

spirit of camaraderie" which made Trilby so popular with upper-tendom. It may be all right, I say, and I hardly think that the careful reader has ever accused me of the vice of prudery; still such scenes recall to mind with something like a shock the dictum of those St. Louis doctors that the bike is provocative of nymphomania, as well as the declaration of a prominent preacher that it is a powerful recruiting agent for the bagnio. I have great confidence in the ability of the American girl to take care of herself under all circumstances; still, I could scarce blame a man of the world for demanding before conferring his name upon a young lady so careless of appearances, a doctor's certificate that she was worthy to become a gentleman's wife.

An Illinois exchange appears to think the *ICONOCLAST* guilty of *lese majeste* in presuming to criticize President Cleveland, that eminent American who hired a substitute in time of war and increased the national debt in time of peace. Shakespeare makes old Casca say that the unthinking Roman rabble would have commended Cæsar had he stabbed their mothers. We have in America a few fool editors who would cry "cuckoo" when G. Cleveland's clock strikes if they had to board at a free soup joint and hang up their whiskey bills.

In looking over an old file of the daily press I find the following item: "Mrs. Wm. K. Vanderbilt has purchased at a cost of \$300,000 a crown once worn by Empress Eugenie. It measures twelve inches in diameter."

That was not quite so expensive as her purchase of the Duke of Marlborough; still I am a trifle curious to know whether such ostentatious waste of wealth had a tendency to make the half-starved laborers of New York

more contented with their lot. Did it serve to bridge the chasm between Dives and Lazarus? The purchase price of this utterly useless trinket would keep 20,000 people in comfort for a month. The workingman is told that "economy is the road to wealth"—that if he would be well-to-do all that is necessary is to be industrious and saving. Economists assure him that wealth is the result of self-denial and that if he be poor it is his own fault. That is a very pretty theory, and it contains some grains of truth; but how long would the average man have to toil and save to accumulate a sum of money equal to that wasted by a New York woman on the cast-off jewelry of European royalty? If he toiled faithfully, went naked and lived on wind he couldn't do it in a thousand years! Some of these days plutocracy will hear something drop. It may be a \$300,000 bauble bought for display; and then, again, it may be a brick. The ostentatious flaunting of such wicked waste in the face of angry want is what builds dynamite bombs. As the crown measures twelve inches in circumference it is entirely too large for the head of the Queen of the Plutocracy. But perhaps she utilized it for a garter while going that dizzy gait in London which ended in a quiet divorce.

A correspondent wants to know what I think of preachers who visit the "dives" of great cities in search of material for sensational sermons. I do not know that it is any worse for preachers than for laymen to tour the redlight district. There are times in the lives of the best of us when we long to get away from home and plunge into a dizzy round of dissipation. Some of us manage by an heroic effort, to sidetrack this evil impulse and thereby add another feather to our white wings; but most of us make a sneak, on some pretext or other, to a distant city,

and hobnob more or less openly with the world, the flesh and the devil, until nature files a protest or our pocket books resemble a Populist boom that has collided with a good crop year. We usually make a reasonable effort to keep our slumming experiences out of both the police courts and the papers. When a layman gets caught he has no alternative but to 'fess up and be forgiven; but a preacher can plead that he made the rounds from a sense of religious duty—that it were impossible to successfully fight the devil unless familiar with the alignment of his forces.

A little editor over in East Texas declares that "Apostle Brann drifted into journalism after having made a complete failure as a legal practitioner." That is eminently correct. I lost the only case I ever had in court. It was when I first began to wear split-tail coats and pay tributes to barbers that I spent a winter in Oshkosh, Wis., then the wildest and wooliest city in the world. The business men of Chicago and Milwaukee would frequently run up to Oshkosh "to have a little fun with the boys," on which occasions the police and prohibitionists would hide and joy be unconfined. About 2 g.m. one frosty morning I was pulled out of my virtuous couch to plead the cause of a friend who had been accused before a moot court of putting water in his liquor, and was in imminent danger of being stuck for the drinks. I was hurried into court *en deshabille*, and found a gray-bearded judge seated upon the bench, dimly visible by the light of a sputtering tallow dip. More than a hundred people were assembled, and the prisoner looked as anxious and uneasy as a horse-thief at an impromptu necktie party. Attired in a pair of red sox and a boarding-house sheet, I waltzed into the case. I went back to the very inception

of Roman jurisprudence and raked history for precedents, the Code Napoleon and Justinian Pandects for fundamental law. My oration fairly reeked with pathos, bathos and blue fire, and the room was filled with the sniffing of strong men. I submitted my case and asked for a verdict for the defendant, but the judge said never a word. I waited and shivered in the frosty atmosphere and drew the sheet about me, seeking comfort and finding none. Everybody looked solemn as the grave. I arose and demanded a verdict, but still the court held its peace. I picked up the candle and set fire to the judge's whiskers, but he did not stir. He was a clothing store dummy. I "drifted into journalism after having made a complete failure as a legal practitioner."

The Fort Worth *Gazette* has succumbed to the inevitable, turned its subscription books over to the Dallas *News* and passed peacefully to the great beyond. The publishers of the *Gazette* have abundant pluck; but pluck backed by neither money nor newspaper ability will not build up a profitable diurnal in the territory of the *Dal-Gal*. Another year will probably see the Houston *Post* surrender to the Galveston *News* and quietly crawl off the earth. It has caught and squeezed all the suckers that can be enticed into its net, and its days are numbered. There has never been an earthly excuse for its existence. It would have perished of financial cramps years ago but for its fake voting contests, its putrid personal column and infamous lies to gullible advertisers regarding its circulation. Its greatest windfall came when that pink-haired ass, Epictetus Paregoric Hill, concluded that he was a journalistic genius. He "projected with the *Post* until he had blown in all his spare boodle and the Southern Pacific gave him the bounce. Then he turned the white

elephant over to a nigger chippy-chaser, an ex-book-peddler with a penchant for private bawds, and a young sneak whom the manager once employed to eavesdrop on the editorial rooms. It is a great combine, and will flourish like a green bay horse—until ninety-day notes fall due. The *ICON* is not in love with the Old Lady, alias the *Dal-Gal*—it has caught her in a compromising position with too many people; still, candor compels the admission that the *Gal* and the *Dal* are the only morning papers in Texas worth a tinker's dam. If the *Old Lady* would but drown that incorrigible puppy known as Slob Snots, and have her political editorials built at the Insane Asylum instead of the Idiot's Home, the double-ender would be a paper of which even Texas might be proud.

“What is heresy?” The question is propounded to the *ICONOCLAST* by a gentleman who confesses that he is only an “occasional reader.” An heretic, my dear sir, is a fellow who disagrees with you regarding something which neither of you know anything about. The term, however, is usually applied to a member of a dissenting minority in matters religious. Thus the Presbyterian General Assembly decided by a vote of 295 to 256 that Dr. Briggs was a heretic. I suppose that it is all right to settle matters of faith religious as we do matters of faith political, by majority votes; still, I cannot help wondering what would have happened had the ballot in the Briggs case been reversed. It seems that we were saved by the merest accident—that the elect were preserved by the skin of their teeth. It is a trifle startling to reflect that the most heretical portion of Briggs' doctrine was his insistence that reason should be ever paramount in the determination of truth. The General Assembly voted its condemnation of that thesis after listening to labored

argument pro and con—every mother's son of 'em employed their reason to determine that Dr. Briggs dared damnation in using his. Perhaps it may be urged that the General Assembly was inspired. Then the question arises: Why were 256 members inspired to vote against sustaining the charges? It is a most perplexing question. Perhaps, now that we are officially informed just how to escape damnation, we should not inquire too curiously into the means of our salvation; but a little reflection will serve to show that had this great labor of love been delayed a year it would have failed of its object utterly. Two years previously the Briggsites were but three score strong in the General Assembly. A year later they numbered four score, and when it came to the final showdown lacked but little of a majority. We just escaped being Briggsites—delivered to the devil body and breeches! Brethren, let us give thanks for our miraculous deliverance. Verily does God move in a mysterious way his wonders to perform. Did he not get the children of Israel between the Red Sea and the Egyptian horse before opening an avenue of escape for the terrorstricken people. Did he not suffer Goliath to run a bluff on the whole Hebrew nation for forty days before sending a shepherd boy with his little sling to slang him? Did not the fiery serpents make sad havoc among the Chosen People before Moses founded the original Keeley cure, with the same material upon which it still does business—a liberal supply of brass?



## POLITICAL POINTERS.

SENATOR TELLER's presidential boom carried too much tariff ballast.

When Cleveland was first nominated he declared against a second term. So did Bryan. Bryan will keep his word: Cleveland didn't. The first is a gentleman; the latter is Grover Cleveland.

As might have been expected, John Bull does not approve the Chicago platform. Sorry, very sorry; but the Democracy had to choose between the best interest of John Bull and that of Uncle Sam. "Ye cannot serve two masters."

A correspondent wants to know why Europe takes such an active interest in American politics. Well, it owns more than a moiety of the \$6,000,000,000 for which American realty is mortgaged. That's one reason. There are others.

During Grant's second term it required 40,000 bushels of wheat to pay his \$50,000 salary. Nominally, Cleveland's salary is no more; but it requires 90,000 bushels of wheat to pay it. Yet he has the immaculate nerve to prattle of "repudiation."

Congressman Bailey is trying to play the sulking Achilles to Bryan's Agamemnon. The trouble with him is that he is an ambitious young man who was afraid to bet his political hand, and has retired to his tent to chew the rag and kick himself.

The A. P. Apes opposed the nomination of Bland because his wife is a Catholic, but instead of getting on his knees to this unclean order of Anti-Americans, "Silver Dick" politely told them to go to the Devil. Bland's an independent American sovereign, and McKinley is a whining hypocrite with the heart of a slave.

Sir Charles Dilke predicts that Great Britain will soon have to fight the combined forces of Germany, Russia and France, and the London *Spectator* wants to know "what rôle the United States will play in such a struggle." Our compliments to John Bull, Mr. *Spectator*, and please say to him that Uncle Sam will sit on the fence, not to umpire the game, but to see that none of the combatants trample American grass.

"There was no special car," says the dispatches, "provided for the man upon whom the Democratic party thrust the greatest honor within its power." He did not even ride on a pass when visiting his old home in Illinois, but "bought tickets for himself and wife." Mr. Bryan is not the candidate of the big railway magnates and trusts, which flourish by pulling Uncle Sam's leg; he is the candidate of the people. Cleveland has not paid a dollar of railway fare in twelve years—from the day of his first nomination private cars have been placed at his disposal. Ditto McKinley. Corporate capital is very kind to those whom it knows it can use.

The goldbugs tell us in one breath that free coinage of silver will enable the miner to trade 50 cents worth of white metal for 100 cents at the mint—that it is "the most radical kind of protection"; in the next, that under free coinage the silver dollar that the miner receives will

be worth but fifty cents. In one breath they assure us that silver will contract the currency by expelling gold; in the next that under free coinage we will have so much money that its purchasing power will decline 50 per cent. They should put a bicycle bell on their logical sequence to prevent its getting lost.

Every little while the world is startled by the information that some daily paper has announced that it will not support the Demoratic nominees. At least a dozen, great and small, have made a bid for immortality, by bolting. We stood it pretty well, however, until the Chattanooga (Tenn.) *Times* and the Lexington (Ky.) *Herald* deserted to the party of high tariff and force-bill fame. It is too bad, and, as their own editors would remark, their "rash act has cast a gloom over the community." We had depended on the *Times* and the *Herald* to pull Bryan through. So long as they stood firm we felt that the country and the party were safe. We relied upon them to gird up their surcingles and bear the brunt of the battle. We firmly believed that their tremendous influence and circulation of six hundred copies each would capture at least one vote in Kentucky and perhaps two in Tennessee; but just as we had set our battle in array they did the Coriolanus' act—gave us an apt imitation of Benedict Arnold. Of course we are dreadfully handicapped by this defection; but we will fight on and die, if die we must, in the last ditch. The intimation that the *Times* and *Herald* were "bought up" does Mark Hanna an injustice. He is too good a business man to waste the "fat" he has fried out of the tariff barons and bond grafters, purchasing newspapers whose editors cannot open their mouths without making an indecent exposure of their ignorance, whose owners have long borne the mark of moral

cowardice and the brand of political infamy. Let 'em slide—and "good riddance to bad rubbish."

Henry Ryder-Taylor, who is lurking somewhere in the land of cacti and cussedness, is writing long-winded communications to gullible Texas papers and adding to his vestibule-train name, "Commissioner of Texas to Mexico. "Wot t' 'ell?" Commissioner of a single American state to a foreign power? Nit! Not if the 'stution knows itself. The party with the wildly rolling eye and white-horse beard is pumping our contemporaries full of the west wind.

Henry Watterson declares that "a new ticket is our only hope." Like Artemus Ward's monkey, Henri is "a most amoosin kuss." He has St. Vitus dance of the jaw-bone. He is forever prophesying, but none of his predictions come to pass. He is always giving advice, which falls upon unheeding ears. He is the poll parrot of American politics. Somebody should send him a cracker. He can look wiser and know less than even the Stuffed Prophet. In 1892 he predicted that Cleveland could not be elected—that for the party to nominate him were to wilfully "walk through a slaughter-house into an open grave." Now he is training with the Cleveland-McKinley gang. He is as chronic a turn-coat, as dirty a political drab, as confirmed an intellectual ass as even Waco's bench-legged "Warwick." He knows absolutely nothing, and that not well. He has posed for some years as editor of the Louisville Courier-Journal, and brazenly taken unto himself the credit of work performed by other employees of that paper. He bears the same relation to the C. J. that Rienzi Miltiades Johnsing does to the *Houston Post*—trots around to political conventions and otherwise puts

his asininity on exhibition while brainier men do the work credited to his account. He is the man who got some cheap reporter to write him an alleged lecture entitled "Money and Morals," and has been trotting about the country for some years past firing it off to empty benches, working the press for puffs and playing poker to raise sufficient "wind" to blow him out of town. "Money and Morals!" He never had a personal acquaintance with either the one or the other. Bryan is highly honored in the opposition of this journalistic humbug and political harlot. He is a contemptible yaller dog trotting beneath a band-wagon at which he formerly barked. *Voila tout.*

\* \* \*

## BRANNAN VS. SEASHOLES.

WAS ST. PATRICK A BAPTIST?

Poor Ireland! For more than seven centuries Catholic Ireland has borne many trials, sorrows, humiliations and crosses; but none of her enemies, however ferocious and relentless, however bigoted and intolerant, have endeavored with imperturbable and audacious effrontery, to rob her people of the sweet and happy recollection that through the ministrations of their patron, St. Patrick, their ancestry received the glorious gift of faith which has descended to them in undiminished lustre.

Her enemies have stolen everything else from her but her religion; and it was reserved for a citizen of Texas, in the nineteenth century, in the city of Dallas, and a Baptist preacher, Rev. "Pat" Seasholes, to lay impious and barbaric hands, (*animus furandi*) on St. Patrick, its most illustrious and transcendent exponent.

St. Patrick a Baptist! It was hardly necessary for the

Rev. Seasholes to premise his silly and peurile sermon in endeavoring to make St. Patrick a Baptist, by this acknowledgment: "In treating of the character of St. Patrick I am compelled to overturn much of the popular belief respecting him." We think so.

In one sense, in a strict and etymological sense, every Pope, bishop and priest is a Baptist, because in this sense it means one who baptizes. In this sense St. Patrick was a Baptist, but in no other.

Baptist, as applied to the designation of a church member, means one who denies the doctrine of infant baptism, and holds that baptism ought to be administered to adults or believers by immersing the body in the water. The word Baptist is a contraction of Anabaptist. We first hear of Anabaptists in 1522, their leader being Nicholas Stork, who was at first a disciple of Luther. St. Patrick lived more than a thousand years before the advent of the Anabaptists and Baptists, and it is not very likely that he belonged to a sect that did not exist in his day and generation. This would surpass the snake story incorporated with his memory. Now what is the distinctive and pivotal feature of Baptist belief and practice outside of a belief in Jesus Christ? That it is wrong to baptize infants, and all those who do not or cannot express a belief in Jesus Christ; and also that no baptism amounts to anything save by immersion. Now, strange to say, they teach that baptism is not at all necessary for salvation. If this be true, why lay so much stress upon the manner in which it is performed? How does it become important in what manner you do a thing, if the thing done, in any manner, is not necessary to salvation? It comes then to this: Baptists exclude people from membership in their church, which they call the kingdom of God on earth, unless they are immersed or baptized, and at the same time tell them

that God won't exclude them from the kingdom of heaven even if they are not baptized at all! In other words, a man may be good enough to be a child of God in the kingdom of heaven without baptism, but can't be a child of his kingdom on earth unless he is baptized. Can the same God be presiding in both these kingdoms? And does He make it less onerous to get into His kingdom than Baptists make it to get into their church? Now while some of the Baptists strenuously insist on being immersed and and being members of the church, I find some who don't think either is important or necessary. The *Fort Worth Gazette* of February 20, 1896, quotes a Baptist minister as saying: "A man may be a Christian and not a member of the church." This is an emnation from the Rev. Morgan Wells, if correctly reported, who is considered, I am told, a stellar luminary of the first magnitude in the Baptist firmament. Now, St. Patrick never taught anything like the foregoing, and the best evidence of it is that none of the Irish people believe a word of it.

The Rev. Seasholes says that the Bible is his only rule of faith. "'Thus saith the Lord' is the command we follow." That's all very nice, but let us see how true it is. I take it for granted that Rev. Seasholes believes that we cannot enter the kingdom of God unless we keep His commandments. One of the ten commandments is: "Remember thou keep holy the Sabbath day." Now, every man who makes the slightest pretensions to informations knows that the Sabbath day is the seventh day of the week, and that Sunday is the first day of the week. Now, I wish to know why Rev. Seasholes keeps the first day of the week, Sunday, holy, without a "Thus saith the Lord," when we have "Remember thou keep holy the Sabbath day" (Saturday) with a "Thus saith the Lord." Jesus Christ, up to the time of His death, kept Saturday holy in con-

formity with the law, because it was a commandment. If the Bible is his rule of faith, I would like to know where it can be found in it that the Sabbath day, or Saturday, was abrogated and Sunday instituted in its stead. To stimulate the activity of our Baptist brethren, I promise to pay one thousand dollars to Rev. Seasholes for a "Thus saith the Lord" in the Bible regarding the keeping of the first day of the week holy instead of the seventh.

Yet they lay great stress on being baptized like Christ was, conceding for argument's sake that he was immersed, yet teaching that baptism is not necessary for salvation, but no stress whatever on keeping holy the day Christ kept, although it is necessary to keep the commandments to enter into the kingdom of God.

St. Patrick, like all Catholics, believed that baptism means something serious. Not something that may be administered or not, the result being the same, so far as salvation is concerned. Acts 2, 36, 6, 8 shows the necessity of baptism when Peter told those who had repented to be baptized for the remission of sins. Certainly the remission of sins is a very important thing, and if baptism remitted sins in the days of St. Peter, why not now? 1 Peter 3, 18, 19, 20, 21, where Peter compares baptism to the ark of Noah. That as the ark saved Noah and his family, so "baptism, being of the like form, now saveth you also." Acts 22, 1 to 16, we find St. Paul felled to the earth sorrowful and repentant for his sins, right in the presence of Jesus Christ. Did Christ forgive his sins? He sent him to Ananias in Damascus, and among other things Ananias said to Paul "why tarriest thou? Arise and be baptised and wash away thy sins." That's the kind of baptism that St. Patrick administered, and which his people have received for 1500 years. And why should not infants be baptized? St. Paul says we are



all born children of wrath. If a child is born a child of wrath, without knowledge of that fact, why could not that stigma be taken away from him without his knowledge also. Is it not more in conformity with God's mercy to take away this stigma without the knowledge of the child than to let it remain, and thus debar him from His kingdom? Certainly a child of wrath cannot enter the kingdom of God, and if nothing is done to obliterate the stain in which we are born, we still remain children of wrath, therefore it is easy to see what St. Peter means when he says we are saved by water, and what Ananias says of it in connection with washing away sins.

The Baptists are a wonderful people according to Rev. Seasholes. He says they have followed St. Patrick since 300 years before he was born, and have followed him ever since. How a man could accomplish the intellectual or pedestrian feat of following a man 300 years before he was born, I leave to the gigantic intellect of the Rev. Seasholes to explain. However, since he has assailed the unified and crystalized affirmative sentiment of 1500 years that St. Patrick was a Catholic, in endeavoring to make a Baptist of him, he will feel equal to the lesser effort of showing how Baptists followed a man 300 years before he was born. And yet, who ever saw a Baptist wear a shamrock? A sham effort to make St. Patrick a Baptist, but a shamrock, never! But I must be reasonable. How could it be expected that St. Patrick should be honored as a Baptist until the fact was discovered? The new discovery will be sufficiently heralded by the 17th of next March, and I am satisfied the Irish Catholics of Dallas will be invited to take a back seat while the Rev. Seasholes walks at the head of a Baptist procession, with a shamrock in his hat, the green flag of Erin floating over his head, and keeping step to the magical and inspiring air of

"St. Patrick's Day in the Morning." Oh, the bitter irony of fate! A procession on St. Patrick's Day without a Catholic, or an Irishman, or a man named "Pat" in the whole outfit.

It's painful to dignify the matter by a serious reply to such trash as Rev. Seasholes has written. When a man becomes a candidate for the shafts of ridicule, he always makes his election sure.

If, as Rev. Seasholes says, St. Patrick did not believe in infant baptism, will he be kind enough to explain why the Catholic Church canonized him, placing him on the calendar of saints, when the church has always taught a different doctrine. The Catholic church has declared: "If any one should say that children having received baptism should be numbered among the faithful because they have not actual faith, and therefore when they come to the years of discretion that they should be rebaptized, or that it is better to omit baptism than to baptize in the faith of the church alone those who have not actual faith, let him be anathema." Now then, if St. Patrick was opposed to infant baptism, we have here the anomaly of the Catholic church cannonizing and anathematizing the same man. What need of going further to annihilate the pretensions of Rev. Seasholes.

I once read of a judge who asked of a bystander why a certain witness was not present in court. He replied that there were a great many reasons why the witness was not present, the first of which was that he was dead. The judge said he didn't care to hear any more. So there is no use in wasting further ammunition on Rev. Seasholes when he's killed by one shot. I am sorry for our Baptist friends that they have no saint of their own, but I'll see to it that Rev. Seasholes shall not lay larcenous hands upon the great saint of the Emerald Island, who brought

to my ancestry the beautiful truths of the Christian religion. Besides, I wish to shield my parents from the imputation of ignorance, who, according to Rev. Seasholes, named me for a Baptist, supposing that he was a Catholic. It is certainly an anomaly in nomenclature that so many Catholics are called after a Baptist saint, and yet no Baptist will take the "Pat"-ronymic. But then, I must be reasonable, since the discovery that St. Patrick was a Baptist is only a week old. I am afraid Rev. Seasholes, if he wants a Baptist saint, will have to fall back on Mr. Brann of the great Baptist monthly, the *ICONOCLAST* of Waco. The Catholic church is very deliberate in canonizing Catholics, requiring, sometimes, more than one hundred years; but Mr. Brann canonizes some Baptists once a month; and if the necessity became at all urgent or imperative he could do it while you wait.

If St. Patrick was a Baptist and taught Baptist doctrine to the Irish people, what caused the whole nation to abandon him and become Catholics? If he was a Baptist, they repudiated the religion he taught them, and upon this hypothesis how can it be explained that they love and revere the memory of a man who taught them a false religion? If they had not believed it to be false, certainly they would not have become Catholics. How many Baptist churches are there in Ireland? Where are they and how long have they been there? How many Baptist churches are there in Palestine, the cradle of Christianity, and how long have they been there, if any?

The Baptist pretensions to antiquity is on a parity with the extravagant folly of trying to make a Baptist of St. Patrick.

Where are your bishops? Rev. Seasholes says: "Each Baptist church has its bishop whom we call a pastor, but

our Baptist scholars call bishop." So it seems that to enjoy the privilege of calling a Baptist pastor a bishop, the Baptist who does it must be a scholar. Governed by this criterion I have never yet met a Baptist scholar. Rev. Seasholes withdraws himself from the catagory of scholars when he says "*we* call him pastor." I am glad to see this expression of humility. It extenuates, to some extent, the brazen effort to make a Baptist of St. Patrick, because if he had been a scholar, which he acknowledges he is not, he never would have made this ridiculous and abortive attempt to make a Baptist out of a Catholic saint. I don't see why Rev. Seasholes and the common Baptists cannot employ the term bishop whenever it is meet and fitting to do so. I think I know why they don't use it. In 20 chap. of Acts, 28 v. we find: "Take heed to yourselves and to the whole flock wherein the Holy Ghost hath placed you bishops to rule the church of God which he hath purchased with his own blood." It seems, then, that the plan of the church of God is that the Holy Ghost places bishops in a church to rule it. Now, our Baptist people boast of being democratic, and say that no man shall rule over them. So that when they say to a Baptist preacher, come! he may come, and when they say go, he has to "pull out." So, instead of what Baptist scholars, alone, call bishops, ruling the church, the church rules them. No wonder they have expunged "bishop" from their ecclesiastical vocabualry. If Bishop, elder, and pastor are synonymous, why is it said of bishops only that they rule the church of God?

We suppose all this is compensated for by the fact that the richest man in the United States is a Baptist, so Mr. Seasholes seriously informs us. Jesus Christ had no place to lay his head, and furthermore he said that it is as easy for a camel to go through the eye of a needle as

for a rich man to enter the kingdom of Heaven. And yet his disciples are boasting of their rich men!

However, we will take courage. We are still further assured that the largest man in the world is a Baptist. This fact nearly scared me off when I started out, because I am a small man; but as I never heard of Captain Bates living in Texas, I thought I would write and risk it. Think of men with beard on their faces seriously claiming it as a badge of distinction that muscularity and adiposity, to make a word, are in some occult way, related to sanctity. Now, if it can be shown that "Jack, the giant killer," was a Baptist, I will throw up the sponge and quit the fight. I wish to do Rev. Seasholes complete and ample justice. I would willingly rob no man of the eulogium which always belongs to truth. Truth is weighty and has a tendency to go to the bottom, so, under a mountain of chaff, I have found at the bottom of his sermon the precious and scintillating gem of truth. He says: "St. Patrick is dead." Now, if he will acknowledge a fact which everybody else knows, that his abortive attempt to make St. Patrick a Baptist, is as dead as St. Patrick, the world will continue to honor the memory of their patron since he has made the candid acknowledgment that he is not a scholar.

Somehow or other I feel that the Irish Catholics of the world may forgive him for his temerity, more especially saint, even those in Dallas. On each recurring 17th of March the Irishman in every country and every clime goes back in spirit to the land of his birth. He reads its tragic history in the deserted town, the wretched poor-house, and the flapping canvas of the emigrant ship. He remembers the coffinless graves of his poor fellow countrymen: he reads in letters of fire and blood the words upon

the red pages on which a cruel fate has written the destinies of his country. He sees the children of forty generations entombed in premature graves, or driven by cruel laws to beg from strangers that protection which was denied them at home.

He hears upon the zephyrs these plaintive words which are an epitome of his country's history:

“ ‘Sad is my fate,’ said the heartbroken stranger,  
The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee;  
But I have no refuge from famine and danger,  
A home and a country remain not for me,’ ”

But his faith and the memory of the glorious saint who brought it to his kindred are with him eternal and imperishable; and they are the silver lining to the dark clouds of sorrow which envelop him. Or, as Ireland's sweet poet expresses it:

“The gem may be broke by many a stroke,  
But nothing can cloud its own native ray,  
Each fragment will cast a light to the last;  
And thus, Erin, my country, though broken thou art,  
There's a lustre within thee that ne'er can decay,  
A spirit that breathes through each suffering part,  
And smiles at the pain on St. Patrick's day.”

PATRICK F. BRANNAN.

*Weatherford, Texas, July 17, 1896.*

If the editor of the *Sulphur Springs Tribune* has any friends, they should either give him a few doses of the “lost manhood restorers” which he so extensively advertises, or tie his hands behind him. His paranoiac utterances indicate that his brain has sprung a leak, that the

stopcock of his nervo-muscular energy has worn out its washer. He thinks the "Apostle" awfully bad. Perhaps he is—he never posed as a feathered angel; but he will say this: The editor who will print such advertisements as some of those appearing in the *Tribune*, and fling them into decent women's faces, is the mangiest cur in all the great hierarchy of hell. He has the social pride of a pariah and the moral concept of a maggot. He has touched the profoundest depths of human degradation. Judged by all the elements of morality, by every principle of manhood, he's infinitely below the Bowery bum who pimps for his mother and puts the frowsty charms of his best girl up at auction.

\* \* \*

## PAT DONAN'S PROGNOSTICATIONS.

THE *Utahnian*, a snappy handsome weekly published at Salt Lake City, the metropolis of the "Mountain-walled Treasury of the Gods," reproduces an interview with Col. Pat Donan, had in August, 1893. Col. Donan is always interesting and usually instructive, and the interview in question is so pertinent to present conditions, that we reproduce it.

"I expect no good from this extra session of congress. The man who does is an ass, whose ears would make umbrella covers for cathedral spires. It would be looking for figs from jimson-weeds and brandy peaches from dog-fennel bushes. This congress is just like those whose ignoramus and lunatic legislation, for thirty years past, has caused all our national woes. To hope for any benefit from it would be proclaiming a marvelous faith in the principle that 'the bite of the dog is good for the hair.'

“There is not a man in either house who ever originated a statesmanlike measure, uttered a statesmanlike sentiment, or conceived a statesmanlike thought. There is not one whom an original idea would not split open from collar-button to hip-pocket. Their intellectual and political horizon is bounded by the puny lines of their state or section, their party or their purses. Most of them never saw a fifty-dollar bill till they crawled out of their native brush-piles to come here and set up as caricatures on statesmanship. They are generally cheap office-hucksters and self-pushers; and some of them, if justice were not squint-eyed, would be serving terms in states’ prisons instead of the United States senate and house of representatives. Our American congress is a body most honored by those who know least about it.

“All the talk about silver and the silver question, in connection with our gigantic financial ills, seems to me the babble of ignorance and folly, almost beyond the power of God Almighty himself to alleviate or enlighten. Silver has little, if any, more to do with the present smashpup than paving stones or pigs-feet. Silver is but an atom in the vast aggregate of our continental bustedness, a mere fly-speck on the mighty chart of impending disaster.

“The whole population of the Silver states—Arizona, Colorado, Iaho, Montana, Nevada, New Mexico and Utah, all combined,—is only 1,095,621; or scarcely one-sixtieth of our grand muster-roll. We could exterminate them—wipe the last man, woman and child of them from the face of the earth—and not know it three weeks afterward. We import nearly as many new inhabitants every year.

“Our total silver produce last year was but 58,000,000 ounces, worth to-day about \$38,000,000. We could dump it all into some Yellowstone geyser, pension swindle, or



other governmental hellhole, and never miss it. The hen-eggs of the old women of the country are of more value and importance. Compared with our \$250,000,000 cotton crop, our \$150,000,000 wheat yield, our corn, hay, coal, iron, timber, or ochre-yellowed oleomargarine butter, silver is absolutely insignificant and contemptible. Attempting to make it the scapegoat for our financial sins, follies and miseries, is trying to pile all hell and the Rocky mountains on an infinitesimal mining-camp jackass. The pack-saddle is not big enough by a million moral—or immoral—leagues. Cleveland's message and all the flapdoodle of our sham statesmen to the contrary notwithstanding, silver is a puny incident, and not a potential factor, in our deep damnation.

“What, then, is the cause of our trouble? That is easy to answer. For a full generation past we have been living at the ‘pace that kills.’ Everything has been run on the high-pressure plan, with steam up to the bursting-point, and a darky sitting on the safety-valve. As a government, as a people, and as individuals, we have splurged and plunged in a world-amazing fashion,—and all on credit. Our whole history, public and private, has been a madcap story of rant, riot and revel. We have squandered thousands of millions of dollars—all borrowed—on anything, everything, and nothing, that tended to tickle our vanity or increase our braggadocious possibilities. No swindle has been too gigantic, no humbug too transparent, for our greed and folly. With our war-tariff in time of peace, we have filched untold millions on millions from our own pockets, to be wasted in the wildest business and political orgies. We have given hundreds of millions of acres of our public lands to thievish railroad corporations. We have lavished hundreds of millions of dollars on a fraudulent pension list—\$160,000,000 a year—much of it

to bogus heroes and national grass widows—enough to our alleged cripples of a lifetime ago to maintain all the standing armies of the old world; enough to pay all the expenses of our government, honestly and economically administered.

“We have made the eyes of all God’s creation bulge out past its hat-rim by our extravagancies and profligacies—and all on credit. We have issued thousands of millions of bonds—national bonds, state bonds, county bonds, city bonds and private corporation bonds,—at extortionate rates of interest, on twenty, thirty or forty years’ time, and these bonds are coming due. We have built thousands of miles of railroads at \$10,000 a mile, and bonded them at \$100,000 a mile, and the managers have become multimillionaires by pocketing the trivial discrepancy of \$90,000 a mile. Our printing presses have hummed day and night, grinding out bonds to build our courthouses and schoolhouses, to rear our sixteen-story architectural monstrosities of bluster and buncombe, to open our great mines, and to develop our big farms and ranches. We have floated bonds to pen our pigs, to milk our Texas steers and to amuse our sportive bulls and bears. All this fun-on-time must be paid for. We have madly discounted the future;—and the future is here. We have sown the whirlwind and our cyclone harvest is ripe. We have scattered and squandered and caroused, like bacchanalian spend-thrifts, on credit—and pay-day is at hand. That is what ails us.

“All the silver we could produce in the next quarter of a century would be pitiful beggars’ pennies and pewter nickels beside our appalling needs. We have out at least \$10,000,000,000 of national, state, county, municipal, corporational and individual bonds. Think of it! Ten thousand million dollars of public and private bonded

Debt! All nations are our creditors. They want cash—and we have not the money to pay them.

“Meanwhile our reckless home expenditures go on, as in the maddest, merriest inflation days. We are spending a billion a year for government such as it is. Hear those figures again: \$1,000,000,000 a year for our national, state, county and municipal government—\$500,000,000 a year for national misrule alone. A thousand millions of dollars a year! It is more than any government, more than all government, is worth! It would bankrupt all Europe to pay it. The Czar of all the Russias would lose his crown and his head, if he should try to grind out so vast a sum from his 150,000,000 subjects in a single year. No nation of 65,000,000 people under heaven can stand it long without universal bankruptcy and pauperhood.

“Our whole country, government and people are on stilts. We have all done business for thirty years on the wildest credit basis—and we are now face to face with such an aggregation of debts as no nation on earth ever had to meet before. That is the situation, and a howling hell of a one it is.

“All the silver tinkers that ever the golden sun shone on cannot aid us. A national liquidation must be gone through, and then our whole political, financial, commercial and industrial system must be readjusted to a bed-rock cash basis.

“Let Cleveland and his Capitol Hill menagerie of alleged statesmen prate as they may, the United States and its people must tumble from inflation to hard-pan, from credit to cash; and many a tumbler will be broken. The inevitable has come. That is all. We could no more escape it than we can death or the day of judgment.

“The great want of the country is money to pay debts and meet obligations. We need hundreds of millions of

'dollars more than we have. And our financial quacks tell us this direful, paralyzing lack of money is to be relieved by destroying a large part of what we have! The despair-and death-dealing scarcity of money is to be remedied by making it scarcer still! The man who says it, or believes it, be he gold-bug president, cheapjohn congressman, metropolitan editor, rural dirt-digger or statesmaniacal dime-museum freak, is a fool beyond all reach of reason or hope of redemption.

"Thousands of millions of dollars of this monstrous aggregation of indebtedness were contracted in greenbacks at from thirty-five to forty-five cents on the dollar. To make it payable now in gold, would be to wring the life-blood from the nation, to rob millions of outraged former-freeman of half their earthly all, to desolate and pauperize a hemisphere, and to invite total Repudiation—or Revolution! Let the unclean Buffalonian Beast in the White House, and his associate goldbugger bandits, halt in their hellionism before they drive a long-suffering people, in blind desperation, to a choice between the two R's!"

\* \* \*

## FREE COINAGE OF INTERVIEWS.

PRAISED be all the gods! I have made a new discovery—have learned that, within the broad confines of Texas, there is such a party as "the Hon. W. Poindexter," of Cleburne. After serving for a dozen years as editor of leading Texas dailies, I discovered, quite accidentally, this "man of muckle might." He was, at the time, industriously "interviewing" himself for the *Dallas News*. He prefaces his two-column polemic with the intimation that the reporter run him down and compelled him to

yield up his intellectual treasure—bearded the lion in his den, the Douglass in his gall. Perhaps so; but I'll wager "the Hon. W. Poindexter" one hundred gold-standard dollars that he prepared that "interview" himself, that he propounded every "question," and wrote every "answer"—that he never "talked it off" to any reporter on earth. Some cheap news hustler, heart-hungry for a space-filler, may have asked him what he thought of the Chicago convention, or Nailey's attack of the mugwump bots, the ravages of the army worm or the length of Editor Saurlock's ears; but I doubt it. The chances are as one to infinity that he sat down all by his little self, manufactured the "interview" without further suggestion than his own inordinate egotism, and threw in a fulsome gob of taffy for the *News* to insure its insertion. I have burned up tons of just such "interviews" with peanut politicians, which opened with the modest intimation that my reporters had sweat blood in the effort to run the honorable gentleman to earth and twist unwilling expressions of opinion out of them with a money-wrench, to open their invaluable think tanks with a cork-screw. The reporters invariably find these gentlemen dreadfully busy and little inclined to talk. Like a female nigger, they are always "forced." "Interviews!" Great Gawd! It is the insistence of such people for the sacred privilege of airing their ignorance, their inordinate itch for notoriety that makes the average editor's life an agony. They are harder to dodge than picnic red-bugs or buck ague in the Brazos bottoms. The small-bore politician without a ready-made "interview" concealed about his person—and which he insists upon reading to the editor if he gets within reach—is an exception to the rule. "The Hon. W. Poindexter" is discovered, as the curtain rises, sitting in his library half buried in musty tomes of political economy, congressional

records, biographies of Jefferson, Jackson, Benton and other Democratic saints—all wearing gold halos and biting their thumbs at free silver. “The Hon. W. Poindexter” turns from his work with an air of weariness. He had hoped that he would be spared the necessity of rushing into the breach this year and saving his bleeding country, but the crisis has become so acute that he must not withhold his hand.

“The time is out of joint: O cursed spite!  
That ever I was born to set it right!”

Now that “the Hon. W. Poindexter”—whoever he may be—has seized his pen, the country may be considered safe. He begs us to reflect upon our latter end. He reminds us that the Supreme Court criticized by the irreverent roysterers at Chicago, once “unlocked the doors of the dungeon and struck the chains from the limbs of free men.” Just which end “the Hon. W. Poindexter” was reflecting on when he made this startling assertion it were hard to say. Clearly any man who can conceive of “free men” locked and chained in a dungeon, should be listened to with respect bordering upon reverence when he deigns to illumine the tenebrous ignorance of a Teller, or point out the economic errors of a Bryan or a Bland. Having thus in some measure prepared our minds for miracles, “the Hon. W. Poindexter” assures us that the free coinage of silver will drive \$626,000,000 of gold out of circulation, contracting the currency by that amount and playing the very deuce with our industries—that it will require from fifteen to twenty years to coin enough of the white metal to fill the hiatus caused by the expatriation of the “yellow boys”; yes, despite the fact that the exchanges of the country will have to be effected with the currency so con-

tracted, the dollar will depreciate 50 per cent in purchasing power! In other words, the smaller the supply of money relative to the demand, the less it will be worth! Instead of reflecting on his latter end, perhaps, "the Hon. W. Poindexter" has been reflecting with it. He assures us that since the Chicago convention convened he "has examined more than a dozen standard authorities on political economy and money." Very well: If he will name a single standard on money who declares that contraction of a country's currency, of whatsoever make, will reduce its purchasing power, I'll make him a present of a plug hat and hire a nigger to call him Colonel. There is scarce a standard authority on such matters, from Smith to Walker, from Quesnay to Jevons, but points out that the purchasing power of money depends on the supply relative to the demand. Many of them go even farther and point out—what must be obvious to every man of average mind—that even an irredeemable paper currency would not depreciate in purchasing power if it were positively known that the volume would not exceed that required to do the necessary money-work of the nation. Now, if that be true, how in the name of God could the extinction of one-fourth our circulating media—coupled with the impossibility of supplying this deficiency for fifteen years—reduce by one-half the purchasing power of the remainder? If "the Hon. W. Poindexter," or any other of the thousand goldbug editors, orators and self-interviewers now declaring that free silver means both a "contracted" and a "debased" currency, will cite any "standard authority" in support of their remarkable thesis, I'll vote for Bill McKinley, if it "busts" me. What we need is a law in this land prohibiting the free coinage of "interviews," by economic idiots.

## BAILEY AND THE DAL-GAL.

THE *Dal-Gal News* has undertaken to ruin Congressman Bailey politically because he is a patriot instead of a peon, an independent American Sovereign instead of an anglomaniacal mugwump. That means that Bailey can have anything he may happen to want in the way of office that Texas has to offer. The opposition of the "double-ender" is the shortest possible road to political preferment, for the people take it for granted that what it opposed is a pretty good thing for them to approve. Its candidates never keno. As a newspaper it has no equal in the South, but the people have absolutely no confidence in its editorial utterances. It is a political Jonah. Its breath of praise is as a upas blight, its anathema maranatha as the gentle dews of heaven. Hogg understood this, and kept the Texas Thunderer pounding away at him so long as he remained in politics. If the "Old Lady" should win a political victory she'd require an immediate change of lingerie. The *News* deliberately misrepresented Mr. Bailey, and when he called attention thereto, proceeded with brazen impudence to add insult to injury. It attempted to sneak out of its falsehood by means of a string of sophistry that would disgrace a chicken-court shyster, then, in perfect conformity with the French theory that we hate worst those we have misrepresented, returned to its virulent attack with redoubled vigor. It first stated that as Bailey voted with the Republicans to censure Bayard for telling the truth anent the corruptive influence of the American tariff, and when called down declared that the resolution was framed with that intent, and that Bailey voted for it its original statement was literally true. No utterance is true that is inended to



and does convey a false impression. While the resolution of censure was pending Mr. Bailey explained in a speech why he gave it his support. He declared emphatically that had our Ambassador to Great Britain been guilty of no greater impropriety than censuring the American tariff to tickle the ears of an English audience, he would vote against the adoption of the resolution; but that he would vote to censure Mr. Bayard because he had committed a flagrant "offense not merely against good taste and diplomatic etiquette, but against common sense and sound patriotism" in describing his own countrymen as "a violent people who need to have their will obstructed. Mr. Bayard was extolling the president," said he, "and in order to exalt a magistrate he defamed the people." Mr. Bailey answered the calumnious utterance of the "double-ender" by producing an official copy of his speech. Now note the rejoinder of the paper that is forever throwing flowers at itself because of its alleged "fairness:"

"Whatever he (Bailey) may say about it, his work stands and shows for itself, and is generally understood to be inspired by animosity to the present Democratic administration, and not by the zeal of a faithful Democrat. The resolution of censure is the main thing," etc. In other words, Bailey was guilty of the heinous crime of casting his vote with the Republicans on this occasion, instead of rushing to the defense of Bayard at the beck of the administration, with "the zeal of a good Democrat." And this is the same paper that has been so long lamenting lack of individual independence in American politics, and hurling foul scorn at those who yield a servile obedience to party bosses! And side by side with its column "roast" of Bailey for disregarding the party lash, stands a tearful appeal to the "sound money Democrats" of

Texas to disregard the authority of the state executive committee! It appears that what is sauce for the gold-bug goose is not sauce for the free-silver gander; that political independence must stop short of patriotism,—that to approve a measure not seconded by a mugwump administration is an unforgiveable sin. Mr. Bailey's explanation of his vote angers the bifurcated pro-British paper more than did the ballot itself—provokes it to a display of animosity to American institutions. It declares that we are a violent people who need to have our will obstructed. By whom, pray? By that tub of rum-soaked tallow who entered the presidency a pauper and, in seven years of duck-shooting and bond-selling to private syndicates at prices ruinous to the people, became a seven-figure plutocrat? Is this a government of, for and by the people, or a government by a political boss whose business it is to obstruct the popular will? What becomes of our *vox populi Dei* if we need a political guardian? If we require "a strong man" to keep us from running headlong to ruin, why not ask the Czar of Russia to take charge of our political affairs? "All the wayward children of men," says the *News*, "need to have their wills obstructed. Both sacred and secular law prove this to be so. For this purpose we have constitutional restrictions, the gubernatorial and presidential veto," etc. What is a constitutional restriction but a check placed by the people upon their public servants? From whence does the President derive his veto power? From the people, who have made him their chief servant and expect him to exercise it when need be, not to obstruct, but to secure a faithful execution of their will. The supreme power rests with the people. They can amend the constitution or abolish it altogether. Mr. Cleveland received his instructions from the people in the shape of a political platform. In

so far as he has ignored those instructions and substituted his own ideas of public polity, he has falsified his declaration that "a public office is a public trust." There is really little danger that the "double-ender" will corrupt any great number of people with its misfit monarchical ideas and doctrine of presidential infallibility, for its editorial page, while caviar to the general, is a literary nightmare to the illuminati. A *News* essay is a halting compromise between Browning's poetry and the sage observations of a Boston parrot.

N.B.—In the April *ICONOCLAST* I stated that the *News* was publishing portraits of congressional candidates with soft-soap biographies, at regular advertising rates. I am assured that the *News* makes no charge for printing wood-cuts of candidates for the honor of helping "a strong man" obstruct the will of a violent and head-strong people. I will not attempt to disguise the misstatement with a column of transparent sophistry. The *ICONOCLAST* is not infallible. It seeks only the even and exact truth and presents it in the plainest language possible. It would do no one an injustice. It was misinformed and gladly makes the *amende honorable*. The "Old Lady" gets nothing for her portrait gallery—but she should get at least five years.

\* \* \*

## POLITICAL POT-POURRI.

BUCKSHOT VS. BOODLE.

IN days agone it was the custom in some parts of the South to keep the coon away from the polls by suggesting to him that exercise of the elective franchise might

prove a trifle unhealthy; now he is not only permitted to enjoy his legal prerogative, but for doing so is usually well paid. In other words, we have substituted boodle for buckshot, and the change is not for the better. The new plan of avoiding black domination is bad for the nigger and worse for his betters. It debauches our politics—makes the question of office one of money instead of merit. This may not be true in every case, but the exception proves the rule. The man who is not willing to purchase the colored vote might just as well keep out of politics wherever Sambo holds the balance of power. The South has learned by bitter experience that to trust the black man with public office were like turning a lunatic loose with a box of matches in a powder magazine. What he can't steal he'll destroy. If race pride be not sufficient reason why the Caucasian should rule, the preservation of life and property makes such dominance imperative. Experience has demonstrated that it were infinitely better to have adhered to the old method of dealing with the black vote and suffered the adverse criticism of philanthropic fools than to have debauched our political life by permitting him access to the polls. Open violence were better than sneaking fraud. A little bulldozing were preferable to the purchase of office at the hands of the blacks. Placed between two evils we should have chosen the least. Under ordinary conditions the man who gives a bribe is as bad as the one who accepts it; but the purchase of nigger votes in the South may be an act of purest patriotism. They are on the market—going to the highest bidder. If men of good reputation declined to soil their hands with the unclean traffic the country would soon be turned over to the tender mercies of the toughs. Doubtless our Northern neighbors expected that the crown of American sovereignty would ennoble the black man; but it has had exactly

the opposite effect. He considers the right of suffrage a boon only when he can exchange it for boodle. Conferring upon him the elective franchise has effected him much as brandy does a bawd. There is a large purchaseable white vote in the North, but it is not altogether destitute of shame, and education has a constant tendency to reduce it. The nigger has absolutely no moral character to operate upon. He is simply and solely an animal—a differentiation of the lustful and lazy simian. Male and female are hopelessly corrupt. Educating the nigger only makes him impudent. It were like placing a jewel in a swine's snout or a golden collar on the neck of a mangy mule. Sometime the North may comprehend the crime she committed against the South and make the *amende honorable* by helping us disfranchise the coon.

\* \* \*

### A BRASS COLLAR DEMOCRAT.

MR. J. C. PATTON of Dallas has concluded that it is imperatively necessary that he go to congress and save the country. I do not happen to know who Mr. Patton may be, but he seems to have contracted the itch for office in its most virulent form. According to his own statement he is willing to make any sacrifice of principle, and even work against what he considers the best interests of the people in order to secure a congressional cushion and be luxuriously supported at public expense. In this respect, however, he is not peculiar, for pretty much every congressional candidate now pleading for the support of the people has frankly professed a perfect willingness to betray them to promote the well-being of some pie hunting political party. Mr. Patton opened his campaign with a

speech in which he declared himself "flat-footed for free silver," and that he believed it right to remonitize the white metal, then avowed himself a "brass collar Democrat" who would accept whatever financial plank might be put in the national platform. In other words, if elected, he will do whatsoever he is bid by the Chicago convention, whether he considers it right or wrong, for or against the interest of the people who are paying for his pie. If the party should declare for protection or a force bill he would lift up his voice in its favor. He would support the nominee of the party though he happened to be a half-wit Indian. He promised if elected to "defend the Democratic president and congress and not repudiate their acts," whatever they might happen to be. That's the kind of talk put up by a majority of the candidates of the various political parties, and Patton, who appears to be a harmless kind of lunatic, is only following where others lead. They are all after the loaves and fishes—are willing to remain ever the humble slaves of a partisan machine in order to get their mangy muzzles into the public flesh-pots. This country has sent entirely too much such political peons to congress. We need men to make our laws who are the servants of the people instead of the slaves of a party,—men who possess minds of their own and are imbued from head to heel with the courage of their convictions. Those who admit that under any conditions they would act in opposition to what they believed the best interests of the people; who place the badge of party servitude above the crown of American sovereignty, are potential Benedict Arnolds who should be coupled to a ball and chain and set to cultivating cotton or poisoning potato bugs.

## THE THIRD TERM CONSPIRACY.

THERE is every indication that President Cleveland is prudently eager to go down in history as the first man to serve this mighty Republic three times as its chief magistrate. When first nominated he declared that no man should occupy that exalted office more than one term—but appetite grows by what it feeds upon. He readily accepted a second installment of power, and would not object to again carving the pie. For months past the administration organs have been poo-pooing the “third term prejudice” and intimating that it might become the “duty” of Mr. Cleveland to again “save the country.” Like Cæsar, he has been putting back the crown—“but each time more gently than before.” John G. Carlisle is supposed to be his political heir, but his calling is uncertain and his defeat is sure. The plan appears to be to push the secretary into the convention shambles, and when he is slaughtered to bring forward as the only available candidate his big-bellied boss. Of course if the silverites succeed in capturing the convention neither Cleveland nor Carlisle will be considered; but if the gold-bugs control it, another “Old Guard” demonstration will immediately ensue, and probably with better success than when the third term racket was first attempted. The chances are, however, that the National Democracy will give us another Sibylline oracle anent the money metals, will consent to another “cowardly compromise in order to hold the hydra-headed animal together and secure four more years in the succulent clove-field. In that case it were difficult to name the probable nominee. Cleveland would not be available, for “it is impossible to fool all the people all the time,” and his nomination would simply

transform the equivocal financial plank into a gold-standard pledge. Some conservative Western man, whose financial opinions are not too pronounced, would be made the leader of the party. It is a comfort to reflect that if Cleveland is nominated he will be defeated, but not much satisfaction to know that he would be shoved into the mul-lagatawny by a wooden-head like McKinley. The South and West would not support the fat party from Buzzard's Bay. Here and there a place-hunter or small-bore politician might be found trailing in his wake like a poodle-dog in that of a bull-elephant; but the great mass of the people would give him the frozen face. They consider the betrayal of silver one of the least of his faults. The useless addition to the interest-bearing national debt; the sale of bonds to pet syndicates at prices ruinous to the people; his rapid accumulation of a vast fortune in an office which America's greatest left poor in purse but rich in the world's respect; his attempt to sacrifice the producer of raw material for the enrichment of eastern manufacturers—these are a few of the grievances which would cause honorable Democrats in the West and South to decline to rally to his support. Mr. Cleveland is serving his last term. If he again sends his presidential pitcher to the well it will not come back whole in his hand.

\* \* \*

## BEHIND THE SMOKESTACK.

A TALK WITH TRAINMEN.

FOR some time past railway employes have been forwarding to this office specimens of politico-financial literature distributed among them, and requesting that it be sub-



jected to impartial analysis. From the tenor of the letters received, I infer that the million of American railway employees are, to a considerable extent, undecided what would make to their best interests in matters monetary, and honestly desire an expression of opinion by a strictly non-partisan journal. I cannot presume to speak authoritatively on any question regarding which so many men of acknowledged ability and integrity disagree; but I can examine the literature submitted and state whether it conforms to conceded economic facts. For many years I have made a careful study of the science of money; not with a view to bolstering up any pre-conceived theory, but in the humble hope that my conclusions might be absolutely correct. I have invariably found that the men most rabid for or against any proposed monetary system, are those who received their education in such matters from heated political orations and the special pleadings of a partisan press. Graduates of such a school are usually impudently intolerant of dissenting opinion. They know exactly what should be done—another illustration of the axiom that “a little learning is a dangerous thing”; but the man who, for long years has sweat blood over the standard works of political economy and the industrial history of nations, isn’t so cock-sure. He is willing to admit that there are two sides to every shield. Savants disagree so radically on almost every proposition, the experience of various countries has been so divergent, that he stands, like another Hamlet, lost in his own irresolution.

Many of the specimens of monetary literature sent me by trainmen bear the imprint of the *Railway Age*, and are evidently intended to grossly deceive those whose arduous duties leave them insufficient time for an exhaustive study of the currency question. The *Age* is trying to convince railway employees that free silver means their industrial

destruction—striving desperately to drive them, like a flock of frightened sheep, into the McKinley shambles. The *Age* has a perfect right to plead for the gold standard if it deems best, but is not privileged to resort to the persuasive methods of the Malayan pirate, or to reinforce its argument with falsehood. Of course—like Desdemona—it “may be honest”; but it is certainly not supplying Mark Hanna with so many tons of literature at its own cost. If it has entered into a compact to exert its very considerable influence as a class journal to deliver the railway vote to McKinley; if it is grinding out campaign literature for a consideration, then it is simply a disreputable decoy, whose every statement should be regarded with profound distrust. The methods adopted by the *Age* are not calculated to inspire confidence that it is incorruptible. I cull the following excerpt from a card bearing its imprint, and which I am creditably informed the employes of various railways have been notified by the general managers to “either sign or decline to do so.” This simply means, if not the merest baby-play—to which railway managers are not much addicted—that men who refuse to sign this card may look for an early “lay-off,” without time limit. This is certainly a much more satisfactory way of “bringing the men to their senses” than undisguised coercion of American citizens, which might result in a very disagreeable revolt.

Notice: This is a statement of my personal reasons for being opposed to the Free Coinage of Silver:

1. Because my present pay won't quite enable me to buy everything on earth, and I have no desire to have that pay cut in two.

2. Because I prefer to have what few dollars I earn worth 100 cents apiece, not 53 cents.

3. Because I do not see why I should be any better off if the price of everything I had to buy was doubled.

4. Because I have no idea it would profit me if the whole country went bankrupt.

5. Because, though the ratio may now be 16 men out of work to 1 who has a job, I do not desire to swell the ratio by turning tramp myself.

6. Because, though I do not happen to be general manager of this road, I am still no blooming fool.

I freely concede that a railway employee might attach his signature to the foregoing symposium of financial folly without being a "blooming fool." Having a family to support, and feeling morally certain that the slightest exhibition of political independence would cause the loss of his situation, he might sacrifice his manhood rather than see his loved ones suffer. True, only weaklings could thus cower before the grim spectre of Want; the man with iron in his blood would make answer that 'twere better that children should die in the faith that they were sired by sovereigns, than live in the knowledge that they were spawned by slaves. One may sell his political birthright for a mess of pottage without being a "blooming fool"; but I cheerfully undertake to demonstrate that the author of the card is a blooming burgeoning, ebullient ass, who can easily fan himself with his ears. The idea floating about in his majestic mind is that free-coinage of silver would, by doubling the price of all products, bankrupt the country and leave devil a thing for the railway man to do. This idea is the pivot around which all gold-bug arguments revolve. I sometimes think the McKinley mag-piers have rehearsed this ridiculous romance until they believe it appears somewhere in the Bible. To see them all weeping and wailing around Mark Hanna—protective

tariff baron and professional wrecker of labor unions—because of the enhanced price of everything the workman has to buy, were enough to wring the briny from a terracotta bust of Sitting Bull.

Doubling the price of the products of farm, and mine and factory, would, as the veriest tyro in political economy knows, powerfully stimulate production. Millions of acres of land that have long lain fallow would come under cultivation, the flocks and herds increase, new mines vomit forth their hidden wealth, the roar of long-silent furnaces and the hum of new factories be heard in the land. Every transportation line would be taxed to its utmost limit. All the antiquated engines capable of turning a wheel would be pressed into service, every old “flat-footed” box refurbished and sent pounding down the long lines of shimmering steel. There would be a tremendous demand for labor—employers would bid against each other until the wage rate in every calling reached the highest point the business would bear. Who said so? Every standard authority on political economy for 200 years—excepting only the editor of the *Age*. It is a lesson taught in the school of experience—that academy where even “blooming fools” are supposed to be educated. The *Age* editor takes issue with all the experience of the past and all the wisdom of the present in declaring that free silver would double prices, and, at the same time, send us industrially to the devil. According to his theory, carried to its legitimate conclusion, all we need to become wonderfully prosperous is one-cent cotton and five-cent corn. This is the genuine gold-bug idea, to benefit the poor by decreasing the cost of everything they have to purchase—by electing Protective Tariff McKinley president! The *Age* editor wants a high tariff to push the price of American products up, and a gold standard to push it down—all for the bene-

fit of the poor brakeman. But he is only playing on the currency string at present. When the country comes to one-cent cotton and five-cent corn, the railway employee will be right "in the push." 'Cause why? He can feed and clothe himself at so little cost—his salary will enable him to "buy everything on earth." And being on a gold basis, of course there won't be the slightest danger of its being "cut in two." If an engineer receives \$4 a day when corn is 50 cents a bushel, he'll get no more if it goes to a dollar, no less if it slumps to a dime. While on a gold basis, everything has a tendency to decline in price except the labor of the railway employee. A man with such ideas as that ought to consult an alienist.

This remarkable mental homunculus who lays down economic law for the poor benighted railway employee, will doubtless attempt to crawl out of his awkward predicament by saying he meant that free-silver would increase prices nominally, but not actually. Reference to paragraphs 2 and 3 of his card will demonstrate that he meant nothing of the kind; that the idea he meant to convey, and he did convey, was that free-silver would both reduce the purchasing power of the dollar to 53 cents in gold, while doubling the price, as measured by the yellow metal, of all that the railway employee must purchase. To interpret the two propositions in any other manner were to reduce them to the merest drivel. I am charitable enough to concede that—despite the abnormal length of his ears—he would not file a kick with both hind feet because, under free coinage, workmen would give two pieces of metal worth 50 cents each, for what they now give one worth 100 cents each—because it would still require two pints to make a quart, two halves to make a whole. He is on record either as urging that free-silver would double the price of all American products, and at the same time create

universal bankruptcy and turn railway employees into tramps, else as making a foolish roar because a man, having a piece of metallic property, could not exchange it for that worth twice as much. He may take either horn of the dilemma he likes.

But let us give him an opportunity to "saw-by," to "take the slack" and get over the grade. In railroading, the "boys" are very careful of new beginners, and the same rule should obtain in economics. We will concede that he is really trying to say that the silver would have only about one-half the purchasing power of the present gold dollar—that it would require two of the former to obtain what can now be had for one of the latter; in other words, that prices of products would remain really as now, but would be nominally doubled when measured by the white metal. So free-silver is not to affect actual prices—they will remain even as they are now; and while they so remain how can there be any marked change in industrial conditions? From whence is to arise that forbidding cloud which will envelop us in universal bankruptcy? An era of panic and general bankruptcy, synchronous with stationary prices, were a miracle never yet witnessed by mortal man. It were an effect without a cause. I have often wished I could think of thoughts of Infinity—and here am I, trying to analyze the amorphous ideas of an ass.

He lays it down as financial law and economic gospel that, under the new dispensation, you would receive exactly the same number of "50-cent" silver dollars for labor that you now get "100-cent" gold dollars; ergo, your wages—or their purchasing power, which is the same thing—would be greatly reduced. In other words, railway labor is to be the one lone, lorn sufferer by free-silver. The farmer who now gets 40 cents gold for his corn, will

receive its equivalent, or 80 cents silver, and cannot kick. The planter, instead of 7 cents gold will get 14 cents silver for his cotton, and go bury his sorrow. The carpenter, who will now build your house for two gold-basis dollars per day, will receive four blonde jinglers and go on his way rejoicing. You will pay 30 cents for a shave, because the gold basis has been knocked from under the pale metal, and it stands on its own bottom. Your cook lady will demand a double salary as measured in silver, and your wash-lady wants two-bits for starching the tail of your Sunday shirt. The railway sandwich will cost you 20 cents and the cannon-ball doughnuts scoff at your dime. The milk man will raise the price of the product of his pump, your butcher, baker and candlestick maker just double their bills. But in this general equalization of prices, this doubling up of "50-cent dollars" to secure to all others their present purchasing power, nobody will care for the down-trodden conductor, the autocrat of the locomotive will be left out in the cold. Whether out of this wreck and wraith the Pullman porter will rise triumphant, like an ebony phoenix from the ashes, deponent saith not. Just why the trainman is to be side-tracked at a flag-station with a dead engine, I was unable to understand until I had waded through the more pretentious economic efforts sent out by the *Age* for the world's enlightenment. From its "Sound Money Talks to Railway Men—No. 1," I learn that, "within six months after the enactment of a free-coinage law, every railway company in this country will be unable to meet its interest payments, and go into bankruptcy." I give him a chance to make you shiver.

"The gold wherewith to meet charges will not be obtainable in this country and will only be obtainable in Europe by paying for it in silver at the ruling market

rate for bullion—not our 16 to 1 ratio, but the ratio of the London bullion market. Every American railway would have to pay every cent of its gold obligations (about) twice over. I say “about,” because there is no knowing where the bullion price of silver would go to. And there is no railway in the country which could do that. In the struggle to do it there would be such a cutting of wages and forces as we have never yet dreamed of.”

So it appears that railway companies, as well as their employees, will go through the financial trestle, weakened by the free-silver flood. Why? Because they will have to carry great ship-loads of our silver to Europe and with it buy gold to meet the interest on their bonds—will have to pay every cent of their obligations “about twice over.” The *Age* editor quotes—in a yaller-back pamphlet accompanying his “Talks”—President Ashley of the Wabash as saying that the American railways are mortgaged for 5 billion dollars, principal and interest—the latter aggregating 250 millions per annum—payable in gold. Now boys, line up alongside o’ this box-car and let us test the wisdom of our new Solomon.

The proposition is that we will have to send abroad every year enough silver bullion to purchase 250 millions of gold, with which to meet interest charges on railway mortgages. We now have 500 million of silver coin. At bullion rates that would secure the necessary gold for one year. Once abroad it would not come back because worth no more here under free coinage—so say the gold-bugs—than anywhere else. We produce less than 100 millions of silver a year, coin value; less than 50 million bullion value. Of this we use one-tenth in the arts. Now where in God’s name are we going to get silver the second year with which to buy in Europe 250 millions of gold? And



if we send abroad all the silver we can rake and scrape, to buy gold to pay interest on our railway bonds, from whence is to come that awful avalanche of 53-cent dollars which is to wreck our industries? But suppose that we can produce the requisite amount of silver with which to purchase 250 millions of gold every year and turn it loose in the land: In 10 years we'll have a gold currency of \$2,500,000,000. Hully gee! The free silverites seem to be the only sure-enough gold standard men after all. While Cleveland has been worrying about the "reserve," and haunted by the free-silver bogey, Teller, Peffer, et al have concocted a scheme whereby all the troublesome white metal will be unloaded on Europe, while Uncle Sam runs a corner on the gold of the world! "But hold," says somebody in the crowd; "big blocks of that 5 billion o' bonds are held in Europe. These will drain us of both gold and silver." Don't open your throttle till you get the signal! This nation is mortgaged for some 15 millions—gold. The real estate and railway mortgages amount to nearly 12 billions, to say nothing of the federal, state and municipal funded debts. About two-thirds of these securities are held here at home; hence, if our gold goes abroad, and we buy it with our silver to meet interest charges, we will have to bring two-thirds of our purchase to America, or some 500 millions annually—the exact amount we now have in circulation! But let us find another car and tackle the problem from a different point. "Figures won't lie"—but there's lot o' romance in them. We now have the blessed gold standard, and are expected to believe that the annual interest charge on some 15 billions of mortgages are paid in the yellow metal. About 5 billions of these securities being held abroad, it follows that we send to Europe 250 millions of gold annually. Now we produce an average of about 35 millions of gold

per year, of which we use 8 millions in the arts. Yet, while steadily exporting 9 times our annual product available as an exchange medium, we have managed to accumulate 556 millions! Talk about the miracle of the loaves and fishes! Why it wasn't in it a little bit with the financial thaumaturgy of Uncle Sam! Mark you, I am simply working out the prize "examples" which I find in the monetary arithmetic used by the *Age* editor and President Ashley. I think it might be a good idea for these distinguished economists to "verify their running orders." They're liable to telescope their logical sequence.

I only proposed to prove the *Age* editor a "blooming ass"; but as he's a fine large animal, I'll ride him a little further. A vast amount of American securities are held in foreign countries; but the annual interest charge thereon is not paid in either our gold or silver coin, but in cattle and hogs, cotton and corn. In 1896 we sent to Great Britain goods to the value of nearly 400 millions and received from that country merchandise valued at less than 160 millions. Did 240 millions of British gold come to this country to settle the balance? Have you seen any of it? From all the nations of the earth combined we imported but 35 millions of gold that year, exported to all combined but 66 millions—and these trifling imports and exports of the precious metal were chiefly for speculative purposes. That 240 millions, which England apparently owed us at the end of the year, was largely applied to the payment of interest on our foreign indebtedness. Europe doesn't want our gold; it wants our goods, and when it buys our securities that is what it expects to get—knows it to be the only thing it can get. When England "lends us money," does she give us gold? Nit!—she lends us her credit.

If the free coinage of silver should really drive gold abroad, and we needed it to meet interest on mortgages, what then? The *Age* says we can get it by selling silver at the market price in London. Then why worry? If we obtain the market price for our bullion, how are we robbed? And if we can obtain gold by selling silver bullion, can we not get it by selling beef? And when we sell our products for their full value in the world's markets and apply the proceeds to the discharge of our gold obligations, how in the name of Socrates do you figure it out that we "pay every cent of our obligations twice over"? Will the editor of the *Age* explain how we get gold now, either here or in Europe, except by selling something? Some obtain it by selling peanuts to the people, some by selling their labor to railway corporations, and some by selling their souls to Mark Hanna. We are solemnly assured that "gold is the basis of our currency system, the mainstay of our credit." Why, all the gold we've got would not pay the expenses of government, federal, state and municipal, so long as it took the *Age* editor to write himself down an economic idiot. There are ten men in this country who could corner all we've got. Suppose they should decide it to their interest to do so, and should bury it and forget to mark the spot: Wouldn't this nation be in a hell of a fix? Is it really possible for a street-car load of men to everlastingly wreck this, the wealthiest, most progressive and powerful nation in the world, by gathering up all its pound weights? Yet our dollar measure of value is really of no more importance than our pound measure of quantity—we are no whit more dependent upon it for our prosperity. Were they both taken we would quickly devise other trade tools. "Our gold will go abroad!" Not unless somebody wants it worse than we do—and will give more for it. Why does any

American product go abroad? Isn't it because it makes to our profit to assist its departure?

All this prattle about free silver giving us a depreciated dollar and recking our industries, is the merest moonshine. Who says so? Every gold-bug orator and editor in this country solemnly declares it. Cleveland, McKinley and Col. Dan Malvin all frankly admit it. There are one million railroaders in this country. Suppose that half of them should go to Europe and forget to come back; that it would require 15 years to fill their places, the railways increasing both their mileage and their tonnage all the time: What would be the effect on the railway wage rate? Would it go up or down? You know it would jump like a jack-rabbit that had inadvertently gone to roost on a red ant hill. Very Well: Now it is an axiom of economists that the purchasing power of money is affected like the wage-rate—by the supply relative to the demand. Money must do the exchange work of this country just as you do its railway work. When there are more men than jobs the tendency of the wage rate is downward; when there are more jobs than men the tendency is upward. When there is more money than business its purchasing power decreases, because it all presses for employment; when there is more business than money its purchasing power increases. We will say that we have 556 millions of gold and 500 millions of silver coin: That, according to the gold-bugs, is all the real money we've got, our paper dollars being simply checks issued against it. What do Messrs. Cleveland, McKinley and Malvin say would be the immediate effect of opening our mints to silver? The banishment of gold—the contraction of our volume of real money more than one-half. They further assert that it would require from 15 to 20 years to accumulate enough silver coin to fill the hiatus caused by the expatriation of

the "yellow-boys"—and our population and volume of commerce constantly increasing. In other words,  $\frac{1}{2}$  billion of money would have to do the money work now performed by a billion, just as  $\frac{1}{2}$  million railroaders would have to do the railway work of this country if the other half went away. The inference is dead easy: If coin be in fact the basis of our currency—as they claim—reducing its volume one-half would double the present purchasing power of the dollar. It has been time and again conceded by the wisest economists of the world; it has been time and again demonstrated by actual experience that, no matter of what the exchange media be made, its purchasing power will be enhanced by a reduction of its volume relative to the exchange work to be done. Twisting a brake is one way of making money out of a railway; there are others. It is sometimes more profitable to bring about conditions that enable the "railway magnates" to freeze out the small stockholder—of whom we are hearing so much at present—than to increase the tonnage of a road and swell the ranks of the industrial army. Pawnbrokers thrive best when the people are "broke"—and the great capitalists and mortgage companies are simply *doing a pawnbroking* business.

I am privileged to speak plainly to the railway men of America, for I have served a term "behind the smoke-stack." I did not get my railway experience in the political department. I was never wound up by professional railway "wreckers" and sent forth to tell the man in the grimy jacket how to vote if he desires to retain his situation. I may not know so much about the currency question as do those supplying "industrial cannibals" with campaign literature; still I feel like warning my old companions in cab and caboose of the slick artist now trying to play them for rank suckers. You are told that free

silver will cause railway construction to cease and throw existing companies into the hands of receivers. That were much like flagging a train already in the ditch.

Railway construction practically ceased sometime ago, and the receiver is numerous in evidence. The wage rate tends steadily downward and thousands of experienced railroaders are living on hope deferred. And the "honest money" of the McKinleyites is "in our midst"! Our great period of industrial development was between the close of the war and 1879—when gold had gone into hiding and you were "suffering the manifold ills of cheap money." Those were the days when railway men wore diamonds. Not only railway construction, but all industrial development is at a stand-still here—the capitalists preferring to plant their good money in free silver Mexico, the home of "repudiation." What they put out here is in pursuit of their pawnbroking business—in taking advantage of the people's necessities; what they send to Mexico goes to develop new industries and augment the legions of labor. Despite the enterprise and industry of its Celt and Saxons, America is really retrograding; despite the native worthlessness of her people, Mexico feels the magic thrill of progress.

In his blood-curdling yaller-back the *Age* editor quotes from President Hill of the Great Northern, who has much to say about "the 25-cent wage rate of Mexico, paid in depreciated dollars." They all do, and strive to create the impression that free-silver would inevitably place the American laborer on a parity with the Mexican. I exposed this falsehood in the August *ICONOCLAST*, but as the supply of papers was not equal to the demand, it may be well to put the gaffles into it again. How can men receive much for their labor when it produces but little? Furthermore, this "25-cent Mexican wage-rate" is an impudent false-

hood. The man who peddles it is either a liar by profession, else he ought to be castrated to prevent him getting fools. I quote the Mexican wage scale for 1895 from U. S. consular reports—compiled by a gold-standard department of state: Bricklayers \$10 per week, masons \$10.80, bakers \$7.60, brass-founders and cabinet-makers \$10 each, stevedores \$9, tailors \$7.14, telegraph operators \$11.50 and other skilled labor in proportion. Unskilled labor is paid an average of \$2.90 per week, or nearly 50 cents per day—a Mexican dollar purchasing fully as much of the comforts of life in that country as will a gold-standard dollar in this state. If President Hill is looking for a “25-cent wage” he can find it in gold-standard Italy, where drivers are paid 25 and hod-carriers 28 cents per day. The general wage-rate of silver-standard Mexico, Columbia, Ecuador, Peru and Venezuela is higher than that of gold-standard England, Scotland, Ireland, Belgium, Germany, Italy, Spain and France. The measure of value has no more effect on the wage-rate than has a pair of scales on the price of putty.

“Then why” you may well ask, “should capitalists really care to preserve the gold standard?” They have made of gold a fetich and are robbing and enslaving the people by playing upon their economic ignorance. They have builded a golden Joss and by the assistance of such evangelists as the editor of the *Age*, persuaded the people to pay it almost divine honors; to offer upon its foolish altar the first fruits and fat of the land—all of which is promptly referred to the larders of its chief priests and Levites. By means of this financial hoodoo they have induced the Titan of Toil to add to his already grievous burden 262 millions of interest-bearing bonds in a time of abundant crops and profound peace. Why? That a coterie of capitalists might pick up 10 million dollars in

as many days on the ridiculous pretext of "protecting the credit" of a 2-billion dollar currency, with 100 millions of gold! The *Age* explains that if you draw \$1,000 worth of orders against \$100 due you by the company, they will be worth only 10 cents on the dollar; yet our \$1,660,000,000 of paper and silver money is supposed to be drawn against the \$100,000,000 gold reserve of Uncle Sam! There's 16 to 1 for you with a vengeance! Of course government can get more gold—by selling bonds—to redeem its promises to pay; just as you can get more money—by selling labor—to keep your order at par. The great capitalists have employed gold to create panics that have closed factories, banrupted merchants, augmented the army of tramps and precipitated bread riots that ended in blood, simply to enhance the gains of a pitiless system of pawnbrokerage. Gold, by itself considered, has given them no more power than though they possessed an equal value of other forms of property; but they succeeded in convincing the people that the auriferous Joss was their industrial Palladium, just as the sacred thieves of ancient Ilium did the superstitious Trojans that, upon the preservation of a block of stone and the payment of tribute to its priests, depended the safety of their city.

I have no "free-silver wheels." The currency question, stripped of the boggy feature given by capitalists to gold, is simply a political pipe dream, an issue to get office. Considered from a purely economic standpoint, it is of no more consequence whether we open the mints to silver than whether you feed your face with a spoon or a fork. But I have treated of this phase of the question in previous issues of this paper. After careful study of the monetary rate-sheet, the economic time-card, I have concluded that should we ditch both the gold-bug string o' Pullmans and the free-silver freight, Uncle Sam as general manager of



the system, would require no explanation of the disaster. They are both political excursions running wild on the regular time of the hog-train. They should be pitched into the woods and the commerce of the road given the right-o'way. The heads of these currency agitators are so many hot-boxes that are filling the atmosphere with the malodor of frying dope and setting the culverts afire. Commerce will fix the measure of value and provide the necessary exchange media if these political tramps will but avoid a tail-end collision with their own brains and refrain from putting soap in the boiler. Our present hard times are almost entirely due to political agitation. The blessed saviors of the country won't let it be saved. They are forever reporting imaginary landslides and paranoic wash-outs up the line, and impeding the commerce of the country by tinkering around the d——d old work-train.

As a business man, I cannot see that free-silver would help or hurt me, whether it remained at par and circulated side by side with gold, or drove the latter out and slumped to 53 cents. A change in our measures of value might be inconvenient, but not necessarily disastrous. Commerce would quietly adapt itself to the changed conditions. Our bull would still gender, our cow still calve; the earth would continue to yield its increase and food-fish be caught in the sea. The manufacturer and the farmer would persist in exchanging their products though the Chinese yen or German mark became our exchange medium. I do not expect that free-silver will fill the Mississippi with honey and the Missouri with milk; but gold has been made a ridiculous idol, and I'm in the idol-breaking business. Like Mahomet, I say to men who bow down to this foolish fetich, "Behold! Your god has flies on it." When I was a little Sunday school boy, a school teacher named Decker tried to frighten me out of all my

faults. Assuming a hideous disguise, he entered by bedroom and informed me that he was Satan himself. As I had been told that the Devil would get me for swearing, I was not much surprised. I said: "You're a hell of a looking devil, but I believe you're lying; I'll just call you with this iron boot-jack." Satan didn't "get behind me," but he got. I'm all aweary of this bugaboo set up by the gold-bugs. It has thrown Columbia into commercial spasms and industrial convulsions. If she will but muster up sufficient courage to call it with a double-barreled boot-jack, she'll find it another harmless old Decker in disguise.

\* \* \*

## A CRUSADE OF CALUMNY.

THE brutal post-election assaults of the Republican and mugwump press on Mr. Bryan and those who followed his banner, is mournful evidence of the decadence of American manhood. Having accepted the arbitrament of the ballot, we should be accorded the "honors of war" instead of persistently Weylered. When brave men sheathe the sword the quarrel's done; to assault an opponent who is *hors du combat* bespeaks the cowardly cur. The dunghill rooster and McKinley editor are the only bipedal animals on earth contemptible enough to insult a fallen foe. During the campaign we expected to be belittled and belied by the opposition orators and editors—to be deluged with the malodor of polemical pole-cats—and were not disappointed; but what object they have in continuing their crusade of calumny after capturing the spoils, is beyond my comprehension. It must be because they are built that way—because their campaign of conquest has made them so corrupt that lying adds zest to life, so embruted

that they enjoy their own bestiality. Conspicuous among the blatant jacks now vigorously flaunting their cowardly heels in the wounded lion's face is that lantern-jawed libel of God's masterpiece who is making a futile attempt to fill the editorial toga once worn by the mighty Horace Greeley. Speaking of the Bryan campaign, the *New York Tribune*—one of the hungry dogs that ever hang about Dives' door—says with ponderous gravity:

“The thing was conceived in iniquity and was brought forth in sin. It had its origin in a malicious conspiracy against the honor and integrity of the Nation. It gained such monstrous growth as it employed from an assiduous culture of the basest passions of the least worthy members of the community. It has been defeated and destroyed because right is right and God is God. Its nominal head was worthy of the cause. Nominal, because the wretched, rattlepated boy, posing in vapid vanity and mouthing re-sounding rottenness, was not the real leader of that league of hell. He was only a puppet in the blood-imbued hands of Altgeld the anarchist and Debs the revolutionist and other desperadoes of that stripe. But he was a willing puppet, Bryan was, willing and eager. Not one of his masters was more apt than he at lies and forgeries and blasphemies and all the nameless iniquities of that campaign against the Ten Commandments. He goes down with the cause, and must abide with it in the history of infamy. He had less provocation than Benedict Arnold, less intellectual force than Aaron Burr, less manliness and courage than Jefferson Davis. He was the rival of them all in deliberate wickedness and treason to the republic. His name belongs with theirs, neither the most brilliant nor the most hateful in the list. Good riddance to it all, to conspiracy and conspirators, and to the foul menace

of repudiation and anarchy against the honor and life of the republic."

There is much more of it; but my readers will doubtless find the foregoing amply sufficient. It is offered as a fair sample of the impudent post-election utterances of the McKinley organs. Thousands of columns of that kind of slop have been spewed forth by editors posing as "public educators," and whose bellies are still plethoric with bile. It provokes the contemptuous pity rather than excites the anger of intelligent people. It is impossible for such foul-mouthed blackguards to insult well-bred American sovereigns; still it is well to understand with what kind of cattle we have to deal, that we may waste no courtesy upon them in the next campaign. Such utterances prove conclusively that the consideration shown them by Mr. Bryan was a mistake—that "'tis a waste of lather to shave an ass." In treating his opponents with Chesterfieldian courtesy and assuming that they were patriots honestly holding erroneous opinions, he was casting pearls before creatures whom it were fulsome flattery to characterize as swine. By employing legitimate argument he provoked their unappeasable anger, and the further they get from the election the greater their fury. In appealing to their honor and understanding, he addressed himself to the non-extant. Perhaps, after all, Mr. Bryan was too inexperienced for the presidency. He ingenuously judged his opponents by himself—supposed them honorable when they were really infamous. He could not comprehend that courtesy was utterly wasted on even the most contemptible of those unclean creatures called into being by the inscrutable wisdom of God. It appeared to him impossible that editors like Reid and Watterson, Belo and Pulitzer, while posing as tribunes of the people, could be corrupt to

the heart's core—could be vulgar as buzzards and vicious as bulls. And so he appealed to the reason of the people and ignored the coarse insults of the opposition—refused to sling slime with the lepidosauria, to fight the devil with fire. He bore himself in battle with all the gracious courtesy of an Arthurian knight; and, while realizing that he had been o'erthrown by fraud—had been struck in the back with a golden dagger by base conspirators—accepted the adverse decision without complaint and left the lists with clean hands, carrying with him the love and admiration of all capable with an empty treasury and basely deserted in its hour of peril by those whom it had long delighted to honor; handicapped by a malevolent traitor-breeding administration and opposed by the tremendous resources of a money power as destitute of conscience as of patriotism—such was the trying position in which Mr. Bryan was suddenly placed. The battle which he waged against these overwhelming odds will pass into history as the mightiest struggle made by one man for human rights since Rienzi contended singlehanded with the gilded robbers of Rome. Self-poised as Washington, eloquent as Webster, courageous as Jackson, honest as Lincoln, and the equal of a thousand McKinleys in intellect—such will be the estimate of W. J. Bryan by the Carlyles and Macaulays of the Twentieth century. And this is the man upon whom the *Tribune* and other journalistic peons and Wall street panders are emptying their stink-pots, just as they emptied them upon Lincoln and every other patriot who has dared proclaim that the people have rights which even the money-power is bound to respect. “Fool, knave, demagogue, anarchist, clown, idiot”—these are a few of the epithets applied by New York's boodle press alike to Bryan and Lincoln. Never did a man of sterling integrity offer for the presidency but had to run the brutal

gauntlet of New York's journalistic bravos. Think of such a man as Bryan—a man as rigidly honest as that ill-starred Roman who proposed to coin his heart's blood into drachmas rather than despoil the poor—being declared “apt at lies and forgeries and blasphemies and all the nameless iniquities against the Ten Commandments.” And this by a disreputable journalistic misfit and political Jonah who four years ago sought to attain the vice-presidency by means of votes bought in “blocks-of-five”! Out upon you, you cadaverous hatchet-faced Anglo-manicacal parvenu—you canting hypocrite rolling your watery eyes to heaven and mouthing of God and the Commandments while striving to steal by means of malicious lies the good name of honest men! If we had no better Americans than you, we'd be the very humble subjects of Albert Edward and John Brown's beery relict, or the barefooted, dog-eating peons of Dictator Diaz. Haven't you got gall to assume that a party which contains you and 8 million other disreputable niggers and unmanly mongrels represents the intelligence and integrity of the most enlightened land upon which shines the sun! Hadn't you best get on the port side of yourself and make a cautious inspection of your panties after denouncing a majority of the native-born white men of America as repudiators of their honest debts and conspirators against the life of this Republic? There are many good men in the Republican party, but they didn't elect Mr. McKinley. His popular plurality, of which you are so proud, represents the votes of niggers who will steal anything they can carry—who will barter the sexual favors of their wenches to white Republicans for half the money they demand for their ballots. It represents the venal suffrages of illiterate paupers imported from Southern Europe by Mark Hanna and other leather-lunged “protectors of American labor.” Take

out the nigger vote and Bryan has a popular plurality; take out the votes of Slavs and Huns, of Poles and Sicilians, of the Italian Lazzaroni and other beggarly scavengers of Europe's back alleys—who went as one man for McKinley—and Bryan is elected with votes to burn. These are the critters who smashed the “league of hell,” the “conspiracy against the honor and life of the Republic”—entered into by men whose fathers were the first defenders of Freedom's flag! I have no bricks to cast at intelligent men of foreign birth whose honesty and industry lend dignity to the land of their adoption; but as we are here discussing the relative worth of the personnel of the two great parties, it is not amiss to call attention to the fact that those states containing the largest contingent of undesirable Europeans rolled up the biggest majorities for McKinley—that this one element of the Republican party furnishes more than 58 per cent. of our paupers and nearly 57 per cent. of our criminals. To these malodorous factors in the “preservation of the national honor”—the buck niggers and assisted emigrants—must be added a third, fully as foul. I refer to those conspirators who nominated Palmer for the express purpose of deceiving the people and electing McKinley. The man who resorts to political skulduggery, who deliberately practices deception, is a thief at heart and would not scruple to rob a corpse if sure he wouldn't be caught. Doubtless many gentlemen voted for McKinley—men who are infinitely better than their party. For these I have no word of criticism—their chagrin at being caught in such disreputable company is sufficient punishment. It is eminently fitting that Whitelaw Reid be organ-grinder for such an aggregation—the piano in a bawdy-house should be played only by a pimp. The honesty, patriotism and intelligence of this nation must be sought among its native-

born citizens, and those naturalized Europeans who have made a careful study of our institutions of the Republic—the greatest good to the greatest number; and it was from these classes that Bryan drew his support. The niggers and Huns, the vote-peddlers and men with axes to grind at expense of government, and those political shysters who attempted to bunco the people out of their ballots by means of the Palmer-Buckner green goods game, had no place in the Democratic procession. Mr. Bryan was the choice of two-thirds of those who create the nation's wealth—who support the government in peace and defend it in war. Had an educational test been generally in force, not a single state could have been carried for McKinley. Yet, having assisted in marshalling the ragtag and bobtail of Europe and Africa to the battle of ballots, where the nigger craps shooter or the Hungarian helote is potent as the noblest patriot; having helped deliver Columbia into the hands of professional despoilers, the *Tribune* has the colossal impudence, the monumental nerve to add insult to injury by denouncing the very men who have made this the greatest nation on the globe, as its most dangerous enemies. If I might presume to give the *Tribune* and other papers of that ilk a little advice, I would “tell ’em to don’t.” The Republican boodlers should enjoy their stolen fruits without unnecessary ostentation. The people realize that they have been swindled; but, while inclined to let it go at that—as they did in 1876—they do not much relish being abused. We were frankly told during the campaign that if Bryan was elected, his inauguration would not be allowed. We know that McKinley was not elected in conformity with the laws of the land—that he should be put in the penitentiary instead of the presidency. The West and the South are a trifle quick on the trigger; hence it were the part of wisdom to jolly them up



instead of making a bid for trouble. Mr. Bryan might become tired of being systematically insulted by such intellectual tomtits as the *Tribune* man, and announce that, having been rightly elected president, he proposed to occupy that office. Persistent abuse of his followers enhances his power—and there are already in the West and South a million men who would shoulder Winchesters and follow him to Washington. If he is the “rattlepated boy” and disreputable demagogue the *Tribune* would have us believe, it were good policy not to monkey with him overmuch at this stage of the game. He might precipitate a little *contretemps* that would knock so much wind and water out of speculative values that the *Tribune* would find pimping for the plutocracy no longer profitable. This is emphatically one of those cases wherein “the least said is soonest mended.” Never awaken a sleeping bulldog with a kick in the ribs just for the pleasure of expectorating tobacco juice in his eye. The South once became weary of the infernal impudence of the East, and would have whaled h—l’s bells out of her in a hundred days had not Grant’s Westerners spoiled our sport by getting between us and the impuissant blue-bellies and given us the bayonet. When the East rides both the South and West, she should warble a soothing roundelay instead of berating us in choice billingsgate.

\* \* \*

## IS BRYAN A BOODLER?

HIS CRITICS “CALLED” WITH COLD CASH.

THERE are various kinds, classes and conditions of thieves, ranging from the professional railway wrecker to the pitiable literary pirate. It is possible to muster up some faint

adumbration of respect for those whose mental superiority enables them to despoil the common people and avoid the penitentiary, for genius gilds infamy itself with a kind of infernal glory. The great white light which beats upon the brow of the lord of intellect makes us forget his faults. Dazzled by the splendor of their genius, drunken with the wine of their words, we care not that Demosthenes was a coward, Horace a parasite, Cæsar a tyrant, Shakespeare a poacher and Byron king of the bawds. Lapped in the philosophy of Lord Bacon—lulled by the music of the spheres and deep calling unto deep—who can remember that he was “the meanest of mankind?” Appalled by the thunderbolts of Junius, we forget that they were not dealt in honorable fight, but hurled by an assassin’s hand. We can even admire the Lucifer of Milton, who chose to be sovereign in hell rather than a servant in heaven. A man of superior talent may be guilty of almost any offense in the great calendar of crime and be forgiven; but for the plagiarist—the intellectual nonentity who struts before the public in borrowed plumes, seeking its applause—there is never a pardon. Once convicted of this pusillanimity, he becomes a despised outcast, a pitiful pariah. The public may discover that its idol is a drunkard or a homicide, an ignoramus or a rouse, and continue its adoration; but once convinced that he deliberately deceived it by stealing the honor that rightfully belongs to others, it turns from him with contempt.

That is why Dana of the *New York Sun* (price 2 cents), aided and abetted by the lesser goldbug lights, has undertaken to convince the people that Bryan is a literary boodler, that he stole the salient points of that superb speech which is supposed to have made him the presidential nominee of an appreciative people. Dana knows full well that no other offense which skillful innuendo or

brazen falsehood might fasten upon Mr. Bryan would make him so ridiculous or do more to accomplish his defeat. As might have been expected, the "Old Lady," alias the Galveston-Dallas *News* heartily approved the villainous plot, donned her gingham sunbonnet, grabbed her snuff-stick and sallied forth to exploit the scandal, to roll the four calumny as a sweet morsel under her tongue, to ring the charges upon a slight vraisemblance and make of it a malevolent lie. True to its vulturous instincts, the Louisville *Courier-Journal* adds its fetid vomit to this *Cloaca Maxima* of villainy. And what evidence has the *Sun* to offer that Bryan stole one sentence of that remarkable oration which made trusts and monopolies tremble, while infusing fresh hope into the hearts of a poverty-stricken people? Dana, whose talents should cause him to regard with contempt the vile *tracasserie* of "practical politics"; whose position as *facile princeps* of journalists should adjure him to be rigidly just; whose age should make him the loving monitor and charitable apologist of heady youth, descended to the level of a divorce court detective—went hunting for vice instead of virtue—and finally discovered—*O, mirabile dictu!*—that on the six-and-twentieth day of the first month of the year of grace 1894, one S. W. McCall, a Republican and a sinner, did employ in a congressional harrangue, these very words:

"Do you regard your bill with reference to labor? Ready as you have ever been to betray it with a kiss, you scourge it to the very quick and press a thorn of crowns upon its brow."

Now, mark the destructive awfulness of the deadly parallel, the lethal hemlock in the following lines. Something like eighteen months thereafter, Mr. Bryan employed this language at Chicago:

“Thou shalt not press the crown of thorns to the brow of labor, and thou shalt not crucify the best interests of this great republic on a cross of gold.

And there you are! Isn't it clear as mud that Bryan was but parroting the words of Congressman McCall? Sure! Dana says so; and if Dana doesn't know, who does? The *Gal-Dal* says so; and if an editor who fills his columns with mysterious allusions to “flammivomous cotqueans, altisonous shouts, melancomous Cardens and Sanguinivorous Bookhouts” is unable to identify metaphors by the thumb-marks, what in the name of Grover the Good are we to do for literary guides? 'S'use o' prating longer of the higher criticism if we cannot see that McCall's speech in congress was the ovulum of Bryan's at Chicago? Didn't both say “labor” and “crown of thorns?” Did the Nebraskian specify a different class of labor from that alluded to by the man from Massachusetts, or so much as intimate that he had used a peculiarly western brand of thorns in the construction of his crown? Evidence of plagiarism? Rather! True, I cannot, to save me, remember my own speeches eighteen hours after I deliver them; but that's no reason why Bryan shouldn't be able to repeat McCall's after the lapse of eighteen months. And of course the latter is just the man an aspiring orator would select as his model. He is so unusually eloquent that nobody ever heard of him until the Danian discovery. A man eager to make “rep” on the rostrum would naturally pass by Burke and Beecher, Clay and Conkling, and cast his eloquence in the mold of that new-found Demosthenes, Sammy McCall! But if further evidence be needed of the shameless plagiarism of the Nebraskian we have only to turn to Dana's great diurnal. It deposeth that only a few days after McCall's

long-forgotten effort, Congressman Bryan did arise in the full assembly of the gods, and deliver himself as follows:

Oh, sirs, is it not enough to betray the cause of the poor—must it be done with a kiss?

Just look at that! Stole the kiss before it was hardly cold, and in eighteen months made a sneak on the crown of thorns! Small wonder that Dana's office cat has been thrown into convulsions by his vociferous call of "stop thief!" Just as like as not Bryan has McCall's "scourge" laid up in his woodshed likewise and will spring it in the present campaign. If McCall has applied for a copyright on allusions to Jesus Christ and Judas Iscariot he should lose no time in filing a brass-mounted, copper-riveted caveat.

It is difficult to treat with becoming decency editors who will engage in a scheme so damnably disreputable as that engineered by old Dana. It has in it nothing suggestive of Machiavelli or Mephistopheles. As an imposture it were unworthy even a Cagliostro—is marked with the pretty malignity of a Quilp, the innate meanness of a Caliban. One is tempted to "cuss out" such bungling thieves of reputation, to express in plain English his opinion of such vindictive but impotent pueriles; but it would scarce be printable in this popular society journal and Sunday school periodical. There is not the slightest evidence that Mr. Bryan heard the harrangue of Congressman McCall. There is not a sentence in his Chicago speech which suggests it. The kiss of betrayal has been used as a metaphor since the days of Solomon. The crown of thorns has been employed for ages as a symbol of oppression. I find it in my own writings before either McCall or Bryan

was elected to congress. In my callow days—when I was wont to pour my lucubrations through crimson clouds and use the rainbow for a blotting-pad—I alluded to a lockout as “a crown of thorns woven by the wolfish fingers of Greed and pressed upon the brow of helpless Need.” I’ve been sorry for it since. If I had it to do over again I would hang the “crown of thorns” upon the hat-rack and saw the “wolfish fingers” off at the elbows; still I was not poaching on the preserves of Dana’s congressional pet. I had supposed hitherto that the “Judas kiss” and “crown of thorns,” like the “knife to the hilt,” the “rosy fingers of the morn,” the “dull sickening thud,” and all that kind of thing, were common property—constituted a general magazine or public trash-barrel, to which young authors and orators were privileged to resort for metaphorical bric-a-brac with which to “point a moral or adorn a tale.”

If Dana has proved Bryan a plagiarist, then, by the same token, I will undertake to demonstrate that every orator since Alcibiades, and every author since Æschilus was a literary pirate. By applying this hitherto unheard-of rule of criticism, Dana concedes its justness—and “with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged; and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again.”

I will wager \$500—in gold—that I can take any column editorial that has appeared in the *New York Sun* or *Courier-Journal* during the present year, and prove—under the rule promulgated by Dana and sanctioned by Watterson—that its author was guilty of gross plagiarism. The same offer is open to the *Galveston-Dallas News*, and all other gold-bug organs. Nay, more: I will wager the *Galveston-Dallas News* \$500—in gold—that it cannot demonstrate that it has printed, as editorial, one original idea during the past sixty days. (I haven’t read the paper closely, but I know its editors.) Now, gentlemen

journalists, who have been so busy hunting through Bryan's speeches for small pegs upon which to hang imposing charges of plagiarism, be kind enough to either come up with your boodle or spike your jaw-bones. "Money talks," and it says you have set deliberately to work, with malice prepense, to deceive the people—to foist upon them a damnable falsehood. It says that men who will engage in such vicious vandalism would corrupt the morals of a mangy coyote and disgrace by their company a sheep-stealing dog. Yes, "money-talks"; and my little-esteemed contemporaries are invited to make it change the tenor of its remarks. Understand the proposition: \$500 that I can prove the *Sun* and *Courier-Journal* guilty of plagiarism; \$500 that the *News* cannot establish a valid claim to one original editorial idea during a period of sixty days—and if the time is too short I'll extend it. This looks like a case of "put up or shut up"; but they'll do neither. They'll not "put up" because they dare not; they will not "shut up," because they're destitute of shame.

If Bryan stole his speech from the Republicans he exhibited excellent judgment in taking only that which is good; the *News*, *Courier-Journal* and *Sun* have been filching from the same smokehouse, and have appropriated only that which is bad. Bryan appears to have secured the ivory tusks of the Republican bull elephant, leaving to Dana, Watterson and Belo only its putrid bowels.

Solomon said—probably on the morning succeeding his seven-hundredth marriage—"There's nothing new under the sun." And there wasn't—else he'd gone after it. If the gold-bug scribes and screechers would religiously refrain from revamping old ideas and exploiting musty metaphors, many a pretentious editorial page would become a *tabula rasa*, and the stentorian roar anent "re-

pudding" resolve itself into a silence so profound that we could hear the doodle-bugs sing. Modern literature is little more than bits of colored glass in a kaleidoscope. New combinations are continually occurring, but there are few creations. Show me a drama, novel, poem, religious thesis or economic idea brought forward during the present century, for which the industrious critic cannot find a "prototype." According to the Danian school of intellectual anatomy, Shakespeare was the prince of plagiarists, and Dante but a clever redacteur. The beautiful peroration of Lincoln's Gettysburg speech has been "discovered" in an old schoolbook and even the God of the Bible was borrowed.

Ninety-and-nine per cent. of the ideas which dwell in the mind of the wisest man of this world were born in other brains—and the larger the proportion of borrowed knowledge the further his remove from barbarism. Writers and speakers often think they are creating when they are only remembering. The literature of every land, from its profoundest philosophy to its nephritic poetry, is thick-strewn with unconscious plagiarisms; while, *per contra* many seemingly just accusations are based on mere coincidences. Every author must sometimes feel a cold chill creep up and down his spinal column as he peruses for the first time some ancient tome, and there sees a pet idea, which he had evolved with infinite labor, exploited in almost his own language. While a barefoot boy, following a lazy team afield, I became imbued with the idea that the initiative and referendum was necessary to the life of this nation. I had never heard of the plan and knew not the meaning of the words. And so it is with others. As Samantha Allen would say, "When a feller reaches the goal he finds somebody asetting' on it."

From age to age the race has added, little by little, to



its store of knowledge. The man who contributes much to this general stock we call a genius; that most expert in diffusing it, a scholar. Each is entitled to the honor he may earn, and any attempt to appropriate it is plagiarism. Bryan has taken nothing from McCall. The metaphors used by both were older than either; that employed by Bryan alone was new, so far as I know—a beautiful floweret which blossomed in his fecund brain, to blush between the snow-cold breasts of Knowledge. We are told by the editors and orators of the auric standard that the greatest crisis in the history of this country is at hand. They assume the rôle of public educators, directors of the people. And how are they discharging this important duty? Are they carefully analysing measures, weighing men, studiously seeking the best means of serving their country in her supposed hour of agony? Before addressing the public, Pericles was wont to pray the gods to allow only words of truth and wisdom to pass his lips, yet the great Athenian could make himself heard only by a few hundreds. “The *Sun* shines for all.” Think of the responsibility in times like these of an editor who speaks day by day to a million Americans! Wisdom would stammer, conscience weigh every word, patriotism humbly pray for inspiration. How is it with Dana? He pours into his columns moldy chestnuts about the repugnance of Populists to socks and soap, gives the “Chicago lunatics” a vitriolic bath, then goes chasing through the Congressional Record for crowns of thorns, Judas kisses and metaphorical crucifixions. He proposes to tide the country over a supposed great currency crisis by demonstrating that W. J. Bryan is not a deaf and dumb Digger Indian, and, therefore, not altogether “original.” Verily there are divers and sundry ways of “saving the country.”

## CONFESSES ITS FALSEHOOD.

SINCE the above was written the Galveston-Dallas *News* has admitted that it lied about the matter, proven its own guilt, cackled over this remarkable accomplishment—and deliberately repeated the offense from day to day! Geo. M. Flick having demanded its authority for the charge of plagiarism preferred against Bryan, it first insults him with its flippancy, then tells him that the “deadly parallel” it published was taken from the Chicago *Tribune*, via the *Courier-Journal*, and adds that “The *Tribune* is a dead shot on records.” This “deadly parallel” attributed to both McCall and Bryan the sentence “You shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold.” This was the only hook upon which a charge of plagiarism could possibly be made to hang. The *News* next admits having in its possession an official copy of the McCall speech, in which it declares the cross of gold and crown of thorns metaphor *does not appear*; and reproduces a letter it has received from McCall’s private secretary, saying that “THE TRIBUNE ERRS” in attributing the now famous phrase to the Massachusetts congressman! In other words, the *News* admits having charged Bryan with plagiarism on the testimony of a false witness, proves said witness to have deliberately and maliciously lied, then takes to itself great credit for turning down its interrogator and substantiating the charge! In other words, the “Old Lady boasts that she is a vestal virgin, then hastens to adduce evidence which demonstrates beyond the peradventure of a doubt that she is a dirty, malignant drab. I do not know what Proprietor Belo may think of such editorial ineptitude; but were the bifurcated journal mine, I would take a swamp-elm club, or cane made of an in-

edible portion of a defunct bovine, clean out the sanctum and select a new staff from the incurables at the insane asylum. The *News* confession that the *Chicago Tribune*, *Louisville Courier-Journal* and itself have lied all along about this crown of thorns and cross of gold business for the express purpose of belittling Bryan, is a campaign document which should not be overlooked by the Democratic executive committee. It will be found on the editorial page of the *Dallas* end under date of August 11. *Push it along.*

\* \* \*

## GEORGIE CLARK'S COMPOSITION.

### A TURGID SEA OF TOMMYROT.

JUDGE GEORGE CLARK, yclept the "Little Giant," because his coat-tails hang so near the earth and he is fond of defying the (political) lightning, has come to the succor of our gab-stricken country—has told us exactly what we should do to be saved. Hitherto reporters have had to chase him on pneumatic tires over weald and wold, sand-bag him and despoil him of his priceless intellectual boodle. The utmost activity on the part of the press failed to wring from him more than four "interviews" per week; but now he has surprised the public by voluntarily rushing into print, by unwinding three columns of minion, garnishing it with his portrait—and incidentally advertising his provincial law practice. He doesn't so much as intimate in his prolegomenon (*Scott vs. Bradwardine*) that a dozen reporters are wailing about his door, clambering over transoms and sliding down the chimney in a frantic effort to get in their augurs—that he has unwillingly paused a moment in the all-important case of *John Doe*

vs. Richard Roe to give Salisbury a few pointers, or the Driebund a little advice. He came to the solemn conclusion all by himself that it were cruel and an unusual punishment—and therefore clearly unconstitutional—to hide his candle under a bushel, to withhold from the world his wisdom. Ah, in these sordid times how seldom do we find such unselfishness!

Georgie prefaces his "piece" with a modest intimation that the national Democracy is tearfully turning to him for counsel in this dark hour of *sturm und drang*, and that, owing to the inability of the postal service to carry individual answers to the mighty flood of inquiries pouring in upon him from all points of the compass, it becomes his duty, as the infallible pope of Democracy undefiled, to issue an encyclical—to bankrupt his supply of brass by erecting in the political wilderness a nehushtan upon which those bitten by the fiery Populist serpents may look and live. We can but wonder how the world managed to wag along through countless centuries without the superintendence of the Brazos sage. What will become of the American nation when, in the course of unrelenting nature, his Ulyssean hand is removed from the helm, we can only contemplate with horror. How thankful we should be that we have for our political guide, economic philosopher and civic friend this *fin de siècle* Moses, this modern Simon Magus. Just how the people of Waco manage to gaze day by day upon his rayonant glory without the aid of smoked glass, must ever remain a mystery. When Jupiter revealed himself to his o'er curious leman she was incinerated and filed away in a jug; but a greater than Jupe is "in our midst," and wearing never a mask. Only a few acres shook when the chief guy of Olympus nodded; but when Waco's "Warwick" wags his brindle topknot the round earth trembles.

Clark always has a kick coming. As a calamity-clacker he takes both the cake and the cook. He's cursed with a bellyache that nothing can cure. He's the Witling of Terror, a natural Jonah, a professional Jeremiah. But, like dreams, his calamitous vaticinations go by contraries. When he howls in the morning it's an infallible sign of fair weather; when he laments at midday it presages a victory for Democracy; when he complains at night cotton rises in price. He's an inestimable boon to people who comprehend him, a priceless blessing to those who catch on to his prophetic combination. His idea that the mighty cosmos is forever trembling on the soaped verge of eternal chaos, and that he is resolutely holding it back by the bust of its breeches, is really an idiosyncrasy which gladdens his heart and does nobody harm. At present he is harboring the hallucination that the national Democracy has constituted him a board of arbitration to pass upon party nominees and the Chicago platform. After much labored lucubration and turbulent agitation of his think tank, he concludes that if the party really desires to preserve the principles enunciated by Jefferson and Jackson it should connive at the election of Bill McKinley. He wants it distinctly understood that he's a state's rights Democrat, and, having discovered in the Chicago platform, a couple of clauses which he considers inimical to duality of government, would elevate to power the party that strove to shoot the state rights' doctrine to death! He clamors for a strict construction of the constitution, yet gives aid and encouragement to an organization which wrote its denial of this faith all over the southland with sword and fire. The veriest political tyro knows that—barring death and the judgment day—either Bryan or McKinley will be our next chief magistrate. There is not a man outside the insane asylum but realizes full well that a second "Demo-

cratic" ticket could be but a diversion in favor of McKinley, yet that has hitherto been the counsel of Clark. This wonderful "king-maker" has taken for his motto, "Divide and Conquer!" In the article before me, however, he appears to have effected a change of front—nothing particularly remarkable in his political career. He "squints"—to employ one of his expressive provincialisms—at an over alliance of the "Democratic" malcontents with the McKinleyites. He says:

"This is no time for the indulgence either of sentiment or prejudice. . . . Let us move forward to the battle and not trouble ourselves with questions as to who touch elbows with us on the right or the left."

If this means anything, it means that all good Democrats should align themselves with the Republican legions. Why should they do this? Because, according to Clark, there are two planks in the Chicago platform which do not voice true Democracy. According to this new Coriolanus, when a few of our party principles are endangered we should overturn them all! In order to preserve in all its pristine vigor the party of Jefferson, we must roll over prostrate body the car of Jaganath! Which definition of pantagruelism we should apply to this remarkable proposition it were difficult to determine. By the same casuistry whereby Clark absolves Democrats of their party duty, it were easy to absolve Benedict Arnold. He disliked his commanding officer and disapproved some acts of congress; ergo it became his duty to "purify" his country by fire. The American flag having been "disgraced" by those with whom he disagreed, what could he do to wipe out that stain but take refuge beneath the British ensign and (to quote Clark) "fire on it with guns

'double shotted with grape and cannister?' Clark has a perfect right to change his party allegiance. He truly says that no man should abdicate his right as a sovereign to think for himself and act in accordance with his conscience. I will set foot as far as who goes farthest in warfare on partisan slavery, blind obedience to party fiat; but where a man fires upon the Democratic flag from a Republican redoubt, I deny his right to wear our uniform. Let Clark accept the name—as he has already accepted the principles—of the force-bill and reconstruction party, and we'll file no protest. When he has been formally initiated into the G. O. P. by Lodge and Hoar, Ingalls and Tourgee, Ida Wells and Wright Cuney, he will be privileged to turn his little squirt-gun loose on the party of Bryan and Reagan, Mills and Bland. He may then fire on the Democratic oriflamme with "grape and cannister"—even with turgid rhetoric and Thersitean calumny.

He offers as an excuse for his desertion that the Chicago platform is undemocratic—goes to the Republicans to find Democracy undefiled! Why is it undemocratic? Because, forsooth, it departs in some particulars from previous platforms. Are we to understand that the "Little Giant" is the foe of progress, the enemy of evolution? If his ideal party be one incapable of learning in the school of experience, it is small wonder that he has camped with the McKinleyites. Clark "planted" himself on the platform of 1892 and viewed himself with exuberant pride; yet that instrument differed materially with the enunciations of Jefferson and Madison. If Democratic doctrine be immutable as the law of the Medes, then Sewall appears to be one of the very few who have kept the faith, for the fathers of the party were for free silver and protection. Surely, if we find it necessary, in order to meet changed conditions, to amend the federal constitution, we are

privileged to deviate somewhat from our Democratic forbears without being incarcerated as "lunatics" or denounced as "demagogues."

"New occasions teach new duties,  
Times makes ancient good uncouth;  
They must upward still and onward  
Who would keep abreast of truth."

Clark, with that inconsistency which has made his unfruitful political career resemble the gyrations of a devil-chaser, or acephalous rooster, commends Cleveland for assigning federal troops to active service in Illinois without consent of the governor; yet denounces as undemocratic and subversive of state rights a clause in the Chicago platform demanding a law against discrediting any kind of legal tender currency issued by the general government. According to this corn-fed philosopher, it were in accord with the federal constitution and Democratic canons for the president to send a regiment of soldiers to Waco to take possession of the town, should he learn from his morning paper that a riot was in progress, despite the protest of the governor that the local constabulary and state militia were equal to the emergency; but when the people of these United States, through their accredited representatives, declare it unlawful to discredit, by means of discrimination, any portion of our federal currency, state sovereignty is in the soup, Democracy gone to the devil and the nation vibrating between a dictatorship and dissolution. Clark declares that Congress, which is empowered by the constitution not only "to coin money," but to "regulate the value thereof"—as well as to "fix the standard of weights and measures—cannot declare what shall be the legal tender in Texas without smashing the



sawdust out of our dual form of government; yet heartily approves of and earnestly defends the practical abrogation of state laws by the federal courts, which arrogate to themselves the legislative, judicial and executive functions. Some quibbling chicken-court attorney may reply to Clark in kind by urging that the constitution does not stipulate in what manner congress shall "regulate the value" of money—that its power to "fix the standard of weights and measures" is absolute, and money is as much a measure of value as a quart cup is of vinegar. Truth is ever straightforward and consistent; sophistry and contradiction are the twin sisters of deception. It requires no Roentgen ray to discover why this Polly Peachum of politics feels such an affection for the party of force-bill fame, the nurse-maid of monopoly. He is perfectly willing that the federal government should subject the State to the rule of the injunction and bayonet; but when the sacred prerogative of the plutocrat to make the mortgage on the workman's cottage and widow's cow payable in a particular coin—which he then proceeds to "corner"—is called in question, this life-long peon of corporate power hoists the State right's gonfalon and proudly displays it—from Republican ramparts!

Georgie has developed all at once into a learned philologist, a wonderful etymologist—albeit he continues to exhibit grave anarchical tendencies by defying the rules of grammar and ignoring the laws of logic. The Chicago convention having declared that "Congress alone has power to coin and issue money," he interrupts the song-service to inquire "where congress got the power to issue money at all," then adds, with the ponderous gravity of a parrot and the assurance of a Delphic oracle:

"The term 'issue' is equivalent to 'make' and if it was the intention of the framers of the constitution to

authorize congress to make money, what was the use in authorizing congress to borrow it? All that would be necessary for congress to do when the government needed money was (sic) to make all that was needed. This is fiatism pure and simple—yet here it is in a Democratic platform in unmistakable language.”

No wonder the Supreme Court justices “leaned far over and listened in wrapt attention” when our Georgie appeared before that august tribunal to argue the Greer county case. I can easily credit the statement of the ever truthful Wilyum Sterett that the court “had never heard anything like it.” Such a diversion, in such a place, must have been grateful as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. I cannot understand how he came to lose the case, unless his argument was too profound for the court. Perchance it was unable to distinguish between the ifness of his buts and the butness of his ifs. If “issue” and “make” be synonyms our lexicographers must be sadly deficient in learning. Webster declares that “issue,” as applied to money, means “to send out, to put into circulation”; but of course Webster was an etymological infant compared to “Warwick.” Most men travelling on the title of “Judge” would unhesitatingly say that the right to “coin money” carried with it, as a necessary sequence, the correlative right to “issue” it; but of course all such opinions must fall before the *ipse dixit* of this learned expounder of constitutional law. I have read the Chicago platform carefully, and can find therein no suggestion of fiatism. True, it declares that all paper which is made a legal tender should be issued by the government, and condemns the policy of selling interest-bearing bonds in time of peace to maintain the policy of gold mono-metalism; but it does not ask that our present volume of paper currency be increased one penny, while expressly stipu-

lating that it "shall be redeemable in coin." "But," says this bobtailed sage of the Brazos, "if bonds are not to be issued, how will the government obtain the coin with which to redeem its paper?" It was evidently the idea of the Chicago convention that it would do so by coining silver—by more than doubling the amount of our "money of final payment." Is Clark's ideal monetary system one that cannot be maintained in an era of profound peace and abundant crops without going ever deeper into debt? What kind of a currency system were that with which to undertake a prolonged war with an European power?

But what appears to be troubling the modern Polonious most is the nomination of Bryan by the Populists. That may be an impeachment of our candidate's Democracy; but his somewhat peculiar position is not without precedent. In 1892 one George Clark was the gubernatorial nominee of the self-styled dyed-in-the-wool Texas Democracy; yet, through the finesse of his managers, the Republicans, in state convention assembled, were induced to accept him as their candidate. I cannot exactly see why Bryan's managers should not accept Populist aid against the Republicans, when Clark entered into a conspiracy with "Cuney and his coons" to overthrow the regular Democracy. It seems to me that a white Populist would make almost as sweet a political bedfellow this warm weather as would a black Republican. Having received so large a share of his gubernatorial support from the "coons," our political Brobdingnagian could scarce do less than discharge his debt by using his "flootence" to secure a re-enactment of the force bill. Political apostasy is a venial fault, but ingratitude is the chief of sins.

I have often yearned to take our "Warwick" out into the woods and give him a few verses of good advice. I

would begin by warning him of the evil of too much gab. The gab-habit, like wine-bibbing, is a pleasant diversion when cautiously indulged; but at last it biteth like a serpent and kicketh all the boards off the barn. I would explain to him, in soft easy words of two syllables, that a man utterly incapable of continuity of thought should resolutely maintain a resounding silence. I would suggest, in my soothing Chesterfieldian way, that an unsuccessful politician, who has been everything in turn and nothing long, should not have an epileptoid convulsion and fall outside the breastworks because the party to which he professes allegiance chooses to slightly amend its confession of faith. I would read to him some of his nice home-made "interviews," open letters, encyclicals and speeches which have appeared in print during the last five years, and beseech him, as a man and brother, not to belabor with his herculean club every stiff-jointed unfortunate who has failed to exactly imitate all his political saltations and economic contortions. I would remind him that if Democracy has drifted upon the Inchape rock of fiatism, he, as the recognized oracle of the party, is responsible therefor. I would suggest that if the Chicago convention failed to fall down and worship the pinocle expert and beer canner of Buffalo, it may have been because G. Clark so recently denounced him as a tool of Wall street and traitor to his country—referring to him as a kind of Democrat suggestive of Oscar Wilde's Turkish atrocity. I would call his attention to the fact that conditions have not materially changed since he publicly expressed a willingness to have the government both "make" and "issue" three billions of irredeemable paper currency and lend it out *à la Populesque*, on any kind of security; that we are producing less silver to-day, as compared with the output of gold than when he had his mouth wide open, like a giant

bootjack clamoring for its free and unlimited coinage. I would strive to impress upon his judicial mind that, having read all the goldbugs out of the party four years ago, he cannot now expel the silverites without creating something closely resembling a vacuum. I would mention, in a nice, genteel way, that, after his still-born gubernatorial boom had sailed up Salt River, he confessed that Hogg was a better Democrat than himself, and add that a man who admits having warred on time-honored party precepts should not court-martial Democratic dissenters.

Clark will come 'round all right—he always does. He first admired, then damned, then deified Cleveland; he has simply begun on Bryan at the other end of his combination. In two years he will apotheosize the “Boy Orator”—in four he'll consign him to the *auto-da fe*. Having been first a “free silver fanatic,” then a fiatist, and next a goldbug, he is at the end of his economic tether—will have to go back and begin over again, for he cannot remain stationary—he is “constant to one thing never.” We may expect to learn at any time that the “Little Giant” has espoused the governmental faith-cure of Mother Lease. The great trouble with him is that he spends so much in umbilicular contemplation that his concept of practicalities has become a chaos. He has somehow conceived the idea that, because his navel is in the center of his body, it is the axis of the universe.

The Eumenides, having resolved to render him supremely ridiculous, inoculated him with the idea that he was a second Warwick, commissioned of God to make chief magistrates. With his mighty archimidean lever—and despite the party's “brutal majority”—he elevated General Ross to the governorship! Could the Little Cavalryman have foreseen all the evil effects of this more than Blenheim victory on the small-bore political boss,

he would doubtless have withdrawn from the race. No peacock was ever so inflated with its own importance. He began to issue economic ukases more wonderful in construction than the legendary papal bull against the comet. He declared that the free coinage of silver would, by expelling gold, both contract the volume of our currency more than one-fourth and decrease the purchasing power of every remaining dollar one-half—that the smaller the supply of a thing relative to the demand the lower the price! Having thus, at one stroke, reversed the fundamental principle of economics, we may expect him to tackle the law of gravitation. He concluded that the state imperatively demanded his sacrifice to its service, and stretched himself upon the gubernatorial altar; but the good God, who saved Isaac by sending a goat, preserved Clark by providing a Hogg. He met his opponent in joint debate, and cut so sorry a figure that he was pitied even by Democrats. But even the withering rebuke administered by the people at the polls failed to reduce his inordinate egotism. He is still directing the universe—deluging with unsought advice the party he has twice deserted. His pomposity might be tolerated if backed by talent, or even faithfulness to his political friends or fixedness of purpose; but his ignorance is dense as his egotism is distasteful, while as a publicist he's uncertain as a dose of salts. Instead of being a mental Colossus, as his handful of retainers would have us believe, he is what George Eliot would call "the quintessential extract of mediocrity." He was originally a very tall man, but has worn himself away to the knees chasing every new political fad and economic *ignis-fatuus*. Such is the man who is expectorating on the Chicago platform and bellowing like a hornless bull of Bashan at W. J. Bryan. I bear him no shadow of ill-will—have but attempted to paint his true

portrait. I would elect him to some small office were it possible, just to see how he would "perform." God made him, and far be it from me to caricature his handiwork; still, I sometimes wonder, in a vague, tired way, what was the object of Omnipotence.

\* \* \*

## THE ISLE OF CHANEPH.

MOODY & CO'S CURIOUS "MISTAKES."

'S'MATTER with Galveston? The people of the interior appear to regard it as the identical spot to which Pantagruel referred when he asked "what kind of people dwell in that damned island." Whether it be indeed Rabelais' famed Isle of Chaneph, or aggregation of slippery hypocrites and canting thieves, is not my province to determine; still, it were worth while to inquire what has given the general public that impression. A community is usually judged by its representative men, or rather by those whose prominence in matters commercial causes them to be so considered. Col. W. L. Moody is one of the wealthiest men in Galveston, perhaps the most extensive cotton factor in the state. Is he in anywise responsible for the general belief that the ghost of Lafitte haunts the "Pirate Isle"—that the erstwhile buccaneer is still doing business at the old stand? Is he, like Brutus, an honorable but much-maligned man, or a daring commercial desperado whose conscienceless cupidity has given an unsavory reputation to the city of Galveston? To the two million Texas people who have toiled through this long hot summer to make a little cotton, these be questions of vital importance. Can they ship the fruits of their labor to Moody & Co. and rest assured that they will not

be buncoed and beaten—that every dollar rightfully theirs will be promptly paid to the uttermost farthing? The people have a right to ask these questions, and it is the duty of the **ICONOCLAST**, as the only journal that reaches a quarter million Texas' readers, to answer it to the very best of its ability. I would not, for the price of my right arm, do any honest man an injury, but I would give them both, if need be, to shield the Texas people from a systematic swindle.

Col. W. L. Moody is the chief factor of the firm in question, therefore, responsible for any crookedness which may have occurred in its cotton transactions with the people of Texas. In order to correctly estimate a man, to know whether he be liable to moral lapses which cannot be passed over as inadvertent "mistakes," it is necessary to know somewhat of his history, for "previous good character" is a strong counter-plea when a man is suspected of criminality on evidence largely circumstantial. W. L. Moody drifted to Texas before the war from some *terra incognita* and hung out his law shingle in Houston. Clients were few and far between, however, so he removed to the little town of Fairfield, engaged in merchandizing, and failed. He then married the only daughter of a wealthy and popular gentleman, and thus rose, at one bound, out of the slough of Financial Despond. The war came on, and through the influence of his wife's family, he secured a commission. Deaths and resignations advanced him to the position of lieutenant-colonel of a regiment that never saw service outside of the Lone Star State. In a skirmish he was slightly wounded, upon which he was seized with such an attack of homesickness that he did not recover until after Lee's surrender. At the close of the war he removed to Galvston and blossomed out as a cotton-factor in co-partnership with his father-in-law.



The popularity of the latter throughout the country secured for the firm a large amount of business, and Moody bid fair to become a millionaire. Having now no further need of the "ole man," he managed to get him out of the firm and took in E. S. Jamison, who had accumulated a fortune by remaining at home to speculate while better men were at the front stopping Yankee bullets. But Col. Moody did not confine his commission business solely to cotton. After the overthrow of the Davis' régime it was decided to fund the State's enormous floating debt, and Moody, who had managed to get himself appointed State financial agent, was sent to New York to dispose of large blocks of 8 per cent. bonds. He formed a syndicate which took the entire lot at 90 cents—and the bonds immediately went to par and now command a large premium. The rake-off on this little deal has been variously estimated at from \$250,000 to \$500,000; but of course Moody didn't get it all. There were others—people who knew how to make politics pay; "but that's another story," and will be treated by the *ICONOCLAST* in a subsequent issue. We are now discussing cotton factors; not the dark but profitable ways of practical politics.

This *coup de maitre* seems to have dissatisfied Col. Moody with the slow-coach gains of 2½ per cent. cotton commissions, so he conceived the following brilliant scheme for increasing his profits: He employed a private weigher and deducted "for water" 10 pounds per bale. When the cotton arrived at Galveston it was promptly weighed by Col. Moody's hired man, but when it left the port its *avoidsupois* was ascertained by an authorized servant of the state. As the climate of the island is much more moist than that of the interior, and cotton a great absorbent, it usually gained materially in weight—notwithstanding the fact that 10 pounds per bale had been deducted "for

water." Col. Moody then made out his bill against the buyer according to the figures of the public weigher, and his account sales to the confiding planter by the private weight-book kept by his employe. If his patron complained, why, there were the figures—and a man ready to make oath that they were absolutely correct—and that usually ended it.

But Galveston's great Christopher Sly did not exhaust his ingenuity on one scheme. The receipt of merchandise by one pair of scales and its sale by another—the Lord enhancing it meanwhile by a most fecund atmosphere—were a trick well within the conception of an enterprising city milkman; but Moody appears to possess the strategical instincts of a commercial Napoleon. His firm seems to have made a regular practice of shipping out to Europe, on its own account, cotton received from interior planters and merchants, while the latter were led to believe that for months their staple was held in the Island City—and charged with storage thereon. The firm also made future contracts on its own account against the spots of its customers. It has reported cotton sold, and rendered an account thereof to the shipper, when it had not been sold, but was held for an expected advance in price. It has sold cotton at a good price, then waited for a strong decline in the market and settled with the shipper at the lowest figure reached. By this latter practice the firm of Moody & Co. is supposed to have made a profit of some \$300,000 last season; and the evidence of the swindle was so strong that it was compelled to disgorge some of its ill-gotten gains. The firm appears to own a controlling interest in a Galveston compress, for it is very insistent that cotton be shipped uncompressed. Whether this is because it opens up another fruitful field for fraud, I know not; but I do know that men who send cotton to Moody &

Co. have a great deal of difficulty in tracing it, and that there is no better place than a compress for so concealing its identity that not even a court of experts could establish its grade.

The plan of receiving cotton by one set of scales—with 10 pounds off “for water”—then selling by another set—after it had sucked in some 20 pounds of moisture from the atmosphere—and pocketing the difference, was finally exposed and created a roar at the forks of the creek that ’woke the echoes even in the Galveston Cotton Exchange. Moody was at the time president of that eminently conservative association, and listed, I believe, at about two millions—made chiefly out of cotton and Texas bond commissions. Despite his tremendous “pull,” however, it looked as though the Galveston Exchange would have to follow the example of that of New York and fire him out—fling him as a sop to the angry Cerberus. “Love is potent, but money is omnipotent.” Compromises were patched up with the more lusty of the kickers—at considerable cost; the columns of the *Galveston News* were crammed with articles in defense of Moody—prepared by an expert pleader in criminal cases—and the Exchange decided to whitewash its president, evidently fearing that if the “many-headed monster” secured one victim it might return for more. The criminal prosecutions so fiercely threatened, failed to materialize, and Moody’s double-standard of weights was wellnigh forgotten until the exposure of his plan of selling cotton at  $8\frac{1}{2}$  and settling at  $6\frac{1}{2}$  recalled it to mind.

The *ICONOCLAST* has on file letters from responsible planters and merchants from almost every section of the state, relating to Col. Moody’s cotton transactions, and I regret to say that not one of them refers to him in a complimentary manner. If Col. Moody desires to see

himself as others see him, he is privileged to peruse them. If guilty, such a terrible indictment by his fellow citizens might reform him; if innocent, he should certainly take some steps to correct the false impression which has become pandemic. In this connection it may not be amiss to quote from a letter to the editor: "Maybe you don't know that the city of Galveston raises some 5,000 bales of cotton per annum? And yet that city annually ships some 5,000 more than it receives. Every cotton factor has an average of some 2 pounds "loose" per bale to sell, and all you have to do is to go to any pressyard early in the morning or late in the afternoon, to see the "pickers" industriously at work gathering the Galveston crop.

\* \* \*

### SALMAGUNDI.

"GOLD for Iron for Jesus' Sake," is the inscription on the front elevation of a pea-green circular sent broad-cast by one Louise Shepard of New York City. Therein the gentle Louise asks all who love the Lord to send her their costly jewelry, "the proceeds to go to the International Missionary alliance. She promises to send iron watches to those who will give up their gold tickers, and boasts of having already landed a large number of suckers. Several readers of the ICONOCLAST have appealed to it for information concerning this iron for Jesus' Sake industry. I know nothing of Louise; but it can be taken for granted that the missionary scheme, which she is supposed to represent, is a brutal fraud from imprimis to finis. It has been amply demonstrated that not one bona-fide conversion is made for every \$10,000 the American people pour into the foreign mission fund. Wear iron watches? And why?

That our missionaries may outshine Indian nabobs with the splendor of their apartments and the number of their servants? That we may send men to the antipodes to make up long lists of "converts" from moss-grown tombstones and report to the home office, "The work goes bravely on—send more money." Must our women strip themselves of their trifling gold ornaments that such men as M. D. Early may loaf around on a salary of \$2,500 per annum—when "the devil finds some mischief still for idle hands to do?" If you want to give your gold jewelry "to Jesus," wear a trace chain around your neck and ten-penny nails in your ears, it were better to sell it and with the proceeds help your needy neighbor. Then you will know that no fat—and impudent—Grand Secretaries, Chief Organizers, State Superintendents, etc., etc., are paying themselves out of your bounty and giving to the godless heathen a cast-off hoopskirt and a frazzled hymnbook. As Louise says in her appeal to those afflicted with the sanctified brand of insanity, "These are strange and solemn times." They are, old girl. Half a million Americans are homeless, twice that number are hungry; and the land is full of holiness-crazed old hens, who would melt up even the paltry trinkets of their sisters and send the proceeds to feed a congeries of whining hypocrites at the antipodes for breeding such atrocities as the Armenian troubles by inflaming religious fanaticism. No, sweetheart, you can't work the "Apostle" for his nickel-plated Waterbury. If you really want to do something for the heathen that will fill your angelic wings with ostrich feathers, cause your crown to shine like a locomotive headlight and make you the envy of the entire she-contingent of the heavenly host, borrow a washboard and manipulate it until you have honestly earned a dollar, fill a market-basket with good, wholesome grub, and feed some of the

starving wretches in the Trinity church tenements. No offense, Louise; but your jewelry for Jesus scheme smells too much like a New York green-goods game.

Rev. M. D. Early declares that he was not "making signs" to the colored cook, but was communicating with his horse. An equine that understands the deaf and dumb alphabet is certainly something of a daisy.

"A Drummer" writes the *ICONOCLAST*, taking issue with its dictum that "the bike doesn't make woman depraved, it only renders her ridiculous." He declares that, by the confession of female bike-fiends themselves, riding clothes-pin fashion is a powerful aphrodisiac. Being a doctor of divinity instead of medicine, the "apostle" will not presume to dispute the point with the American drummer.

A correspondent asks the Apostle to write an article on the political sins of John Sherman. That were too much like compiling a biography of the devil to be an attractive midsummer task.

I am pleased to note that the Santone Express' \$18-a-week young man is still employing his archimidean lever to pry the free-silver world out of its orbit and brain the "repudiators." "Ting-a-ling-wrrr!" "Hello." "Who t' 'ell's dat?" "This, sir, is Mr. Whelply, sir, the editor, sir, of the San Antonio *Morning Express*. State your business briefly, sir, for we editors are busy men." (Tremendous applause in the composing-room, and a wilted, awe-struck mortal at the other end of the wire). "Hello!" (Faintly) Beg yer pardon; t'ought it was only old Grice."

Gov. Altgeld of Illinois enjoys the distinction of being the best abused man in America. Like the youth who fired the Ephesian dome, he has been "damned to everlasting fame." The press has exhausted upon him its vocabulary of invective. It has striven with all its strength to utterly destroy him, exerted all its boasted power to make him the *bete noir* of the public, to drive him in disgrace from American politics. And it has only succeeded in demonstrating that, instead of being a "public educator" it is an incorrigible ass. From an obscure state politician, it has developed Altgeld into a national power. It has placed him prominently before a people prone to judge a man by his acts, rather than by the comments of his enemies, and the result is that all this falsehood, fog and fuliginosity has but served to discover an intellectual Titan. It must be a sharp reminder to the press of Lincoln's apothegm, to the effect that "you can't fool all the people all the time." The more astute of the anti-Altgeld papers have quit referring to him as a "red-flagger." Like a certain little boy—who required a change of linen—they have precious little to say. A few densely ignorant or ultra-malicious editors, continue to denounce Altgeld as an "anarchist"; but they be men unable to realize that when a case is lost there's enough of words. The putrid wave of calumny, which a year ago rolled mountain high, has subsided to the seeping of a city sewer. What called down upon his head the unprecedented storm of denunciation? He smashed the regular Democratic machine in Illinois, much as did Hogg in Texas. The powerful faction of professional spoilsmen, which thought to crush him, was itself overcome, and the same wild yawp anent communism, populism and anarchism broke forth in Illinois that was heard in Texas when Clark, Cuney and their co-conspirators reached for the public udder only

to get a swipe from the right hind-quarter of the indignant cow. Elevated to the governorship, Altgeld found men in the penitentiary supposed to have been implicated in the Haymarket massacre. It was notorious that they had been convicted on insufficient evidence at a time when the public was clamoring for vengeance—that they were really victims of a Reign of Terror. He pardoned them, and the act met with popular approval. His political enemies, however, cited it as evidence that he was in sympathy with anarchy. Later there a disastrous labor riot in Chicago, which was suppressed by federal troops despite the Governor's protest that Illinois was amply able to restore peace, and all the administration organs, great and small, forthwith took up the cry of the Sucker soreheads. The Chicago riot was the fault of the local authorities, who protested that they were equal to the emergency, and neglected the Governor's advice to apply to him for assistance. He had notified every sheriff along the line of railway affected by the strike that if any violence to persons or property resulted from their neglect to call upon him for assistance, they would be held responsible therefor. He was moving to the relief of Chicago, despite the failure of the mayor to invoke his aid, when forestalled by federal interference. The managers of the railways centering in Chicago testify that they have ever found Altgeld willing and anxious to protect corporate property—that *he is the most uncompromising foe of mobocracy that ever sat in the gubernatorial chair of Illinois*. The people declare that the state never had a better governor. He has demonstrated his political sagacity by routing his enemies. The most servile sorehead sheet has never questioned his moral courage or dared impeach his integrity. His steadily increasing popularity, not only in his own state, but throughout the Union, sug-



gests Bob Ingersoll's remark, that "One man in the right will eventually become a majority."

. . .

Verily man is of few days and full of politics. He cometh up as a flower and is cut down like a Republican candidate. I have striven for lo! these many moons to please everybody—to make the ICONOCLAST an universal edulcorant—a soothing salve spread upon the pimply face of nature, or Standard Oil tank turned loose upon the waters of tribulation. I have been patient, long-suffering and gentle with this wicked and perverse generation. I have titillated its intellectual appetite with honied phrases, coaxed it from the paths of folly with sugar-plums and just gorged it with the milk of human kindness; yet it continues to back and buck, kick and recalcitrate. Some of these days my Christian fortitude will slip a cog or sprain a kidney, and I'll say something I'll be sorry for. Following is a sample of the woe and wail which the "many-headed monster" is pouring through Uncle Sam's postal service upon its *custos morum*. I select it because of the many anonymous and eminently "Christian" epistles to the "Apostle," it is the only one neither obscene nor grossly insulting:

"Mr. Brann you announse on your first page that you hav no room for contribbitted artickels. now sir it seems to me you have no room when they is written by a prottestant but when a catholick Preest wants to assaile our religgion he can do So and life long prottestants like me air not permitted to anser him. do you call that just or rite. what is Soss for the goos should be soss for the poap of roam."

"justise."

"p S you shall Here from me agane. I am an a P a

and am Proude of it. a Wink is goode as a nodd to A blinde hors."

I am somewhat fearful that Dana or the New York *Sun* will convict my correspondent of plagiarizing from the late-lamented Josh Billings. He should remember that this is the era of "higher criticism," and that modern Macauleys cannot be too careful. To "justice" and the entire tribe of chronic kickers at present adding materially to Uncle Sam's postal receipts, I would say that the columns of the *ICONOCLAST* are as inaccessible to Catholic priests as to Protestant clergymen. I presume that the "roar" was occasioned by an article which appeared in the August number from the forceful pen of Father Pat Brannan. It was written at the earnest solicitation of the editor, who, in closing his columns to the inane drivel of *Vox Populi*, *Justicia* and *Jackassia*, did not relinquish the right to seek the assistance of men of genius in his warfare upon fraud and fakes, folly and falsehood. When the *ICONOCLAST* wants an article from the outside, it selects both the writer and the subject. It is as apt to solicit articles from Protestants as from Catholics, from Jews or Agnostics as from either. It plays no theological favorites—is after fraud wherever found, and with the heaviest metal it can command. To the objection so frequently heard that it criticises freely without affording opportunity for reply, it might retort that it possesses no monopoly of the art of printing—that its editor is frequently "jacked up" in no gentle manner by preachers who would consider it an impertinence should he demand the privilege of replying from their pulpits. "What is Soss for the Goose should be Soss for the Gandor." Imagine Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, after having pompously denounced this humblest of scribes, as "The Apostle of

the Devil," inviting the poor miserable worm of the dust to address his congregation of bejeweled followers of the meek and lowly Jesus, on the short-comings of their minister! And then consider all the complimentary things such a confirmed peacemaker, such an habitual paneulogist might say of that windy huckster of jejune words, that prize jackass of his day and generation.

. . .

An exchange declares that "Uncle Tom's Cabin broke down the American prejudice against novel-reading." We knew that the book did much to precipitate a civil war which cost more lives than all the durn niggers, from Ham to Fred Douglass, were worth; but it had not occurred to us that it was likewise responsible for the mighty tide of drivel that is making paranoia pandemic. The *ICONOCLAST* has no desire to speak aught but good of the dead; but it does believe that competent critics of the next generation will concede that Mrs. Stowe's masterpiece was deficient in literary merit as it was chary in truth—that its phenomenal success was solely due to inflamed sectional feeling. Mrs. Stowe died a devout Christian. Her intentions may have been ever good; but just the same, a million Banquos will shake their gory locks at her on the thither side of the river Styx.

. . .

A gentleman writes me from Abilene, Texas, to the effect that one, Rev. J. H. Davies, an Arkansawed Englishman, of the Presbyterian persuasion, has been holding "protracted meeting" in that progressive burg and advocating a relentless boycott of all newsdealers selling the *ICONOCLAST*. My correspondent adds: "During the past five weeks I have heard various scavengers advocate a boycott of all dealers who handle your paper."

This is indeed encouraging. I had begun to fear that my ministerial agents were neglecting their duty—that I would have to saw off their salaries. There are about twenty ministers in Texas engaged in advertising the **ICONOCLAST**, and I am indeed pleased to learn that they are faithfully discharging their duty. One red-hot **ANTI-ICONOCLAST** sermon is worth a dozen new subscribers any day. If “God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform,” why shouldn’t his ministers, “by indirection seek direction out”? If any preacher is working for me and finding his own fodder it is his fault. “The laborer is worthy of his hire,” and no man who sweats and stinks these long, hot summer days to enhance my circulation shall be sent away hungry and empty-handed. My scale of prices for **ANTI-ICONOCLAST** sermons ranges from \$1 to \$10 each, according to size of audience and power of preacher. Brother Davies does not hold a regular commission from this office, but can secure one in the \$1.25 class by proving good moral character. The boycott is a good thing, and I trust that he will push it along. He must understand, however, that all preachers carrying the **ICONOCLAST** as a side line are required to apply the soft pedal to themselves, so as not to become insufferable nuisances to entire neighborhoods. Of course, we constitute a privileged class; but the public still possess a few rights which we should feel bound to respect. We have no celestial authority for turning the holy Sabbath into a pandemonium by the jangling of hell-fire bells and obstreperous howling. We have no right to distress the sick and nervous with unnecessary noise. While I write a revival, or something, is in progress at a Methodist church within a block of me, and a leather-lunged preacher talking to God over a long-distance telephone. He is evidently of the opinion that the Deity is

not "in our midst," and that he must bawl like all the bulls of Bashan to make him hear. Within ten feet of me lies a delicate woman prostrated with a nervous headache, and to her his every yawp is an agony. Were he creating that disturbance in a saloon, or even a private house, I could 'phone the police and have him pulled; as it is, I'm not even privileged to knock the bad air out of him or kindly unscrew his neck. How many other invalids he is distressing; how many more men in the neighborhood would like to get their fingers on his goozle, I have no means of knowing. The pietists make a great outcry if a German picnic party returns to the city Sunday even with sound of instruments; yet we make more noise with our needless and unmusical bells and obstreperous howling than could a dozen brass bands. Not only that, but we feel privileged to set up our gospel shops in juxtaposition to cultured homes, and without the slightest regard for the habits or comfort of our neighbors, hold revivals that last a month, and have a hundred or more big-mouthed hoodlums, wormy children and hysterical women howling half the night, with religious pains, while a relay of stentor-tongued "exhorters" help murder sleep, drive the student to despair and enhance the agony of the invalid. The Bible suggests that we "make a joyful noise unto the Lord," but says nothing about our earning either the first or "second blessing" by giving an imitation of a boy with the green-apple belly-ache. Beloved brethren, boycott this great religious journal to your heart's content, but for the love of God, don't go into thickly settled neighborhoods and turn your lungs loose like a hired man calling hogs across a forty-acre field. Remember that "God is everywhere"—even in church.

According to the census reports imbecility is rapidly increasing. Is this the cause or effect of the development of the illustrated daily?

In trying to demonstrate that Ireland's patron saint was a Baptist, Dr. Seasholes overlooks the fact that the other fathers of that peculiar faith did not begin to administer the sin-cleansing sacrament by the strangulation method until St. Patrick had been dead nearly 1200 years. Even Roger Williams, the boasted Baptist pioneer in America, was "sprinkled" instead of "dipped." If Seasholes would read more gab less he would be held by scholars in higher esteem.

Kansas has no monopoly on cranks. Rev. Henry E. Barnes, a congregational preacher of Andover, Mass., thinks that Bryan has been guilty of blasphemy in employing the crown of thorns and cross of gold metaphor—or at least, he thinks that he thinks so. As nails were driven thro' the hands and feet of our Lord and his side wounded with a lance, all such implements necessarily possess a sacrosanct character and should be handled with due reverence. Politicians will, therefore carefully abstain from "nailing campaign lies" or "breaking a lance" with the opposition. I don't see how Mr. Bryan can square himself with Barnes unless he explains that the cross to which he referred was one employed in the crucifixion of Jerusalem's Wall street thieves. Just why a preacher should regard with reverence instruments employed to humiliate, torture and put to death the object of his adoration is as incomprehensible as that Christians should chide me for speaking of the devil and hell without first removing my hat. Imagine a son revering a six-shooter that had been used to assassinate his sire! The

fact that Barnes gave copies of his letter to the press before mailing it to Bryan, argues that the crown of thorns and cross of gold are not hurting him half so much as his prurient itch for notoriety. He evidently belongs to that numerous class of people who would rather be called fools than never noticed at all.

The sentence passed by a British court on Dr. Jameson, the Rand raider, is, perhaps, the most magnificent specimen of Pecksniffianism yet afforded by John Bull. The freebooting enterprise embarked by this political adventurer and conscienceless cut-throat, cost the lives of forty people. Placing himself at the head of a godless gang of British condottieri, of professional desperadoes, he waged war upon a friendly power without excuse or provocation—attempted the subversion of the Boer Republic. The Afro-Germans simply took the British invaders by the scruff of the neck and bust of the breeches and slammed them behind the bars, then notified John Bull that disposition they had made of his freebooters. Upon his promise to give them a fair trial mete out to them proper punishment, the leaders were turned over to him. Instead of being received as a contemptible criminal who should have been swung up like a cowardly sheep-killing criminal cur on the very spot where he was caught, Jameson became the lion of the hour in England, his infamy the subject of a sloppy eulogy by that “ass at the lyre,” Alfred Austin, poet laureate. The trial was made a swell society reception, the Jim Crow Alexander the object of national gush. The evidence of his guilt was so overwhelming, however, that, for appearances’ sake, a pretence had to be made of punishment. So he was sentenced to Holloway for a period of fifteen months as a first-class misdemeanant, where he will occupy luxuri-

ous apartments and be fed with the best that money can buy. Jameson's "punishment" is well-nigh as awful as being sentenced to board at the Palmer Hotel for 15 months at public expense. This is England's reward for having failed in his attempt to overthrow a friendly power; what would it have been had he succeeded? It is safe to predict that the next British freebooter who falls into the clutches of Oom Paul, will be surrendered to John Bull in a nice mahogany box.

The New York *World*, in its craze for sensationalism, prints adverse criticism of W. J. Bryan by one Lillian M. Johnson, who claim to have been his stenographer while he was practicing law at Lincoln. Lil avers that he "had little need of a stenographer except to keep up appearances"; says that the most important case in which he was employed was one involving \$75, and complains bitterly that he was very unsociable—that he was absent much on speech-making tours and spent his time with his wife when in town. Perhaps we should not blame Lil for taking Josef Phewlitzer's money for belittling the man who supplied her bread. A handsome young lawyer, who leaves a flip female stenographer to mope at the office while he pays court to his wife, deserves no mercy. If Lil can demonstrate that he really did this, then will the country tearfully acknowledge that he's no true-blue *spoils* Democrat.

A few months ago the Texas Methodists wanted to drive the ICONOCLAST into the ground for stating that Rev. E. H. Harmon, presiding elder, and Rev. W. Wimberly, pastor at Brenham, got drunk and took in the bawdy-houses while attending a conference of the Epworth League at Galveston. This paper never makes a state-



ment which it cannot substantiate. Its mission is not to besmire the good, but to expose the bad—to block the game of the professional Humbug, to knock the sawdust out of the sniveling Hypocrite. The man who condemns a journal for doing this is himself a rotten-hearted rascal, a natural-born knave. Finding himself unable to lie out of the charge preferred against him by the **ICONOCLAST**, Wimberly confesses that not one-half of the shameful truth has been told. He admits that the defense offered by himself and Elder Harmon before the conference committee was a tissue of brazen falsehoods, and that he bribed witnesses to perjure themselves on his behalf. He professes repentance and wants to be reinstated as a Methodist preacher. Not just yet, little man—you'll have to take a turn on the bleaching-board. The **ICONOCLAST** recognizes the virtue of repentance; but when a man has been guilty of drunkenness, fornication, dead-beatism, disorderly conduct and deliberate perjury, it cannot issue him a license to preach until his repentance has been tested by time. The **ICONOCLAST** cannot afford to turn loose, in a shouting Methodist camp meeting, a minister who still smells of the boozing ken and nigger variety dive. Wimberly will please put himself on a corn-pone diet and take a carbolic acid bath every day for a couple of years, then again forward to this office his application for license to preach.

\* \* \*

## THE TEIXEIRA AFFIDAVIT.

AN affidavit has been sworn by Antonia Teixeira before R. L. Allen, Esq., exonerating Mr. Steen Morris of the charge of assault to commit rape upon her person. The

affidavit is now in the hands of Mr. Morris' lawyer, Captain T. A. Blair, and he says the paper will be preserved for evidence in court and refused to let the *Telephone* have it for publication. Captain Blair says it will all be brought out in due time, and that his client will be duly exonerated. It is understood that Antonia Teixeira has left Waco, and is now in Memphis.—Waco *Telephone*.

For the benefit of new readers of the *ICONOCLAST*, a brief resume of this *casus celebre* may not be amiss. About five years ago, Rev. Z. C. Taylor, Baptist missionary to Brazil, returned to Texas, bringing with him, as companion to his wife, Antonia Teixeira, an orphan child. The Baptist church of Texas adopted the little waif as its "ward," and, at Taylor's suggestion, she was placed at Baylor University, a sectarian establishment, "to be educated for missionary work in her native country." After three years of eminently moral instruction, it was discovered that "the ward of the Baptist church" was in the family way. She was promptly bundled out of Baylor, but no steps whatever taken to discover and punish her destroyer. Antonia was at this time about 14 years old, and quite small for her age. A local justice of the peace, unterrified by Baylor's political pull, instituted an investigation, and the unfortunate girl made oath that the brother of President Burleson's son-in-law had criminally assaulted her; that she had complained to the Burlesons, "but nothing was done about it." During her three years' sojourn at Baylor she had not learned that it was an offense against the laws of this Christian land for a man to forcibly ravish a maid. Steen Morris was arrested on a charge of rape, and forthwith President Burleson rushed into print and branded this child in short dressed as little better than a common bawd. Rev. Z. C. Taylor protested that he knew Antonia to be

a disreputable character when he selected her as his wife's companion, and when he recommended that she be placed among the pure girls at Baylor. The case resulted in a mistrial, seven jurors voting that Steen Morris was guilty of rape, five that he was not, but all conceding, I believe, that he had been criminally intimate with a 14-year-old child. The new law, raising the age consent to 15 years, had not gone into effect. An old roue might, by presents of toys and bonbons, secure the "consent" of a 12-year old child to carnal intercourse, and be legally guilty only of simple seduction. Of such material were those Texas legislatures made for whose spiritual welfare we paid two preachers \$5 per minute each to pray!

Such was the status of the case when the affidavit mentioned by the *Telephone* was sprung upon the public. What caused the unfortunate child to make it, is a matter that should be carefully considered by the court. It smacks too strongly of subornation to be permitted to pass without rigid perscrutation. It must be remembered that Antonia did not, of her own volition, bring this case into court—was suffering her shame in silence. When formally interrogated, and advised that she must answer, she told her story with a straight-forward simplicity which, for more than a year, withstood the wheedling of Taylor, the bullying of Morris' big brother—who is an adept in that art, where only children are concerned—and both the coaxing and badgering of the Burlesons. What induced her at this late day, to go before a notary public—in the office of defendant's attorney—and make oath that she had twice committed perjury? Was she conscience-stricken, and desirous of making amends? Then why didn't Baylor receive her back, that she might complete her course—in President Burleson's kitchen—

and carry aqueous grace to Brazilian Catholics? If contribution made Mary Magdalen, a common prostitute, fit associate for the mother of Christ, both here and in the world to come, may not a penitent child be admitted to the sacred association of such ultra he-saints as President Burleson and his reverend son-in-law? If the repentant Magdalen was permitted to wash the feet of our Lord and wipe them with the hair of her head, cannot the conscience-stricken Brazilian be trusted to scour the pots of Brother Burleson? Is it harder to break into Baylor University than into heaven? Clearly, we cannot concede that Antonia's affidavit is the fruit of a sincere repentance without calling in question the Christian spirit of that church which proclaimed her as its protegee. According to the latest version of the affair by the faithful, Antonia has not repented—we are expected to believe that the very considerable start hell-wards which she received at Baylor is carrying her rapidly to the bottom. Is it possible that she has already become so bad as to be susceptible to bribery? We know that after the preliminary examination of Steen Morris an attempt was made to send Antonia back to Brazil. Rev. Z. C. Taylor took a very active interest in that enterprise. Why? He said that her father was dead, her mother a prostitute, and the rest of her relatives degraded. How could she be benefitted by returning to such a home? Perhaps Taylor considered the Texas climate too trying on the complexion of his wife's cidevant companion—or Dr. Burleson may have thought a sea voyage would benefit her health. But Antonia appeared satisfied with Texas—and turned up at the trial. Dr. Burleson had cheerfully predicted that the defendant would “have easy sailing”—but he didn't. Seven jurors stubbornly insisting that he was guilty of rape argued that at the next trial the “sailing” might

be o'er troublous seas. Under such circumstances it must be admitted that a retraction by the State's chief witness would be a very handy thing to have in the house. By some means it was secured. The Lord may have sent it in response to prayer. Possibly Antonia concluded that, before leaving Texas, she would give it to Capt. Blair as a keepsake. Or he may have asked her for it, and, according to the theory of the defense, she resembles Trilby in her "inability to say nay to earnest pleading"—and the Captain is a pleader for your life. Antonia had no money of her own; hence somebody must have paid her fare to Memphis. I didn't. Of course, she may have drawn on "our heroic young Christian governor"; Brother Wimberly of Brenham, or Dr. Seasholes of Dallas, but I doubt it. When Capt. Blair asks the court to dismiss the case on the strength of this affidavit, let him be required to state why the drawer of the remarkable document purchased Antonia's ticket, and who furnished the funds. Of course, her long conference with Steen Morris and his attorney on the day before her departure may have been merely a social visit. If the currency question was discussed at all, it may have been from a purely theoretical standpoint. I have no desire to invade the sacred privacy that should behedge a lingering farewell of old friends; still I insist that the court should not accept that affidavit without submitting it to a careful examination. The Captain says that he has the document and that it exonerates his client, but is leaking no further information. It is the duty of the court to shove in the cork—to thoroughly acquaint itself with the methods employed to secure such a concession from a homeless and ignorant girl of sixteen. Their interview with Antonia, the materialization of the affidavit exonerating Morris, and her sudden departure for Memphis, places

the affair in a light so questionable that Lawyer Blair and Notary Allen, as honorable men, should court an investigation. If Morris be innocent, what object, other than hope of pecuniary profit, induced Antonia to accuse him of the crime? True, he was a penniless benedict; but, if she be the shrewd adventuress, we are asked to believe, she might have supposed that Baylor would buy her off rather than be advertised as a popular resort for rouses. If he be guilty, what other object than the alleviation of the pangs of poverty could have induced her, while enjoying the respect and sympathy of the people, to brand herself not only as a disreputable drab, but a malignant liar? If Antonia did, of her own volition, and without asking or receiving therefor any pecuniary reward—not so much as a railway ticket to Memphis—make oath that she perjured herself when she swore that Steen Morris ravished her, that settled the case and an apology is due the defendant and Dr. Burleson by the ICONOCLAST: but if it be demonstrated that the affidavit in question was purchased, it then becomes *prima facie* evidence of the defendant's guilt. Perjury is a penal offense, and if Antonia ruined the reputation and endangered the liberty of a citizen by bearing false witness, she should be compelled to expiate her crime. If, as claimed, she has "gone to the bad," a two-years' term in a well-regulated penitentiary might effect a reformation. It certainly could not have a worse effect upon her morals than did her sojourn at Baylor—for I insist that Rev. Z. C. Taylor criminally libels himself when he declares that he selected as comparison for his wife a girl he knew to be a bawd, that he placed a foul strumpet among the young daughters of the first families of Texas. No man or woman born has yet been guilty of such godless infamy, such hellish bestiality as that of which Taylor accuses himself. There

be theoretical depths of human depravity to which even a Baptist preacher cannot actually descend. Taylor was troubled with lycanthropy when he accused himself of this crime—or a rush of astringent bowels to the brain. The prison matron could be depended upon to protect Antonia from prowling rape-fiends; if she “threw herself away,” she would have to do so without assistance. If, despite the vigilance of the matron, she was ravished, or willfully went wrong, the superintendent, instead of striving to keep the matter from the press—in order that it might not reach the courts—would hunt up her assailant or paramour and bring him to the bar of justice, thereby setting a most excellent example for President Burleson. The ICONOCLAST insists that Antonia be brought back and required to explain why her affidavit gives the lie to her deposition. Even tho’ she wanted money to enable her to reach a second paramour, and freely offered to sell her soul therefor, that does not excuse the purchase. I do not care particularly to see the poor child punished. Despite her three years at the great Baptist educational institute of Texas, she is very ignorant. Altho’ being “educated for missionary work,” she knows nothing of the Christian religion. There is not the slightest evidence that she was ever taught the Ten Commandments, or realizes that it is wrong to swear to a lie. I cannot see how a young girl, driven forth from Baylor in disgrace, and denounced by President Burleson in the daily press, could well avoid becoming a bawd. No other career was open to her. She is entitled to pity rather than deserving of punishment; but the exposure of more astute criminals may depend upon her apprehension. I submit that the court has no moral right to dismiss the case of the State vs. Steen Morris without first exhausting every honorable means to ascertain the efficient cause of such

remarkable testimony by this child, who was wrecked in an attempt to transform her from a Brazilian Catholic into a Baptist missionary. The ICONOCLAST asks naught but even and exact justice to all, no matter who it helps or hurts—and the public is in no humor to accept a judicial white-washing job.

\* \* \*

### POLITICAL POT-POURRI.

REV. ROBT. S. MACARTHUR, of the Calvary Baptist church, New York, appears determined to make an "arse" of himself, despite all the ICONOCLAST can do to retard the growth of his ears. He has been regaling his congregation with a series of alleged sermons on the currency question, having given up his regular summer vacation—on full pay—to assist McKinley, Morgan, Cleveland & Co., to save the country. Just what the Rev. Robt. S. Macarthur knows of monetary science, and who told him, I have no idea; but the glibness with which he denounces Democrats as "repudiators" and "traitors" suggests that he may have drawn his inspiration from the ebullient bar'l of that eminent patriot, Marcus Aurelius Hanna. He has suddenly discovered that the regulation of the currency is a great "moral question," which should be decided by the pulpiteer instead of the politicians, incidentally assisted by the people. He declares that "the honor of our country is at stake," swings his arms and shout: "When the Union was threatened there were but two parties—patriots and traitors, and the same spirit should control the pulpit today." It does, Bobby; it does. In war times the pulpit was preaching abolition in the North and the divine institution of slavery in the South. About



all that's left to remind us of the "late unpleasantness" is the pension steal and the slavery split in certain churches, which not even Christian charity and the American spirit of toleration have been able to bridge. Today the pulpit is for silver in the West and for gold in the East. The pulpiteers are as far apart as the politicians—disagree as radically regarding what constitutes a "traitor." Keep your shirt on, little man; you can't get up any old-time abolition furore over the down-trodden slaves of Wall street. August Belmont makes an excellent Uncle Tom, but you rather overdo the part of Little Eva. Government, my dear Bobby, is a practical, theology, a speculative science. Like oil and water, they don't mix well. Either is big enough for the average head; hence it follows that if you know much of one, you are painfully shy on the other. This being the case, don't you think that you exhibit a superabundance of what euphuists call "nerve" in presuming to speak *ex cathedra* on the currency question, and denouncing all those careful students of economics who dissent from your dicta, as traitors and repudiators? I am not a doctor of medicine, Bobby, but it is my non-professional opinion that a little vermifuge and a change of diapers might add to your creature comfort. If the currency is a moral question, and, therefore, within the province of the pulpit, what is the tariff, civil service, building of war-ships and appointment of ambassadors? Why not establish a theocracy at once and supplant the President with some omniscient Baptist preacher? But don't you think—if really capable of ratiocination—that when a church is transformed into a political wigwam; when it is used to boom the presidential aspirations of any man; when it is employed for other purposes than the worship of Almighty God—it should pay taxes into the public treasury? The exemp-

tion of a church necessitates the laying of heavier burthens on other property. Now do you think—granting that you can think—that a New York Democrat should be compelled to pay one dollar that a lippy booster for Bill McKinley may not have to hire a hall? Hones' Injun, little man, is that your idea of Americanism? On the level now, don't you think that a minister wearing the livery of a denomination which is forever spraining its goozle shrieking "separation of church and state," should climb a stump when he wants to spout politics?

Judge M. L. Crawford, of Dallas, has returned from the pow-wow of soreheads at Indianapolis, and leaks some valuable information thro' an "interview." The "honest money Democratic" movement to Crawford, is simply a diversion in favor of McKinley. These "Democratic" purists propose to preserve the party of Jackson and Jefferson by conniving at the election of a Republican president. Democrats who dissent from one or two planks of the Chicago platform will be pleased to learn that, in the opinion of the manipulators of the Indianapolis movement, a vote cast for their proposed candidate were equivalent to an indorsement of the party of high-tariff and forcebill fame. The witness may take his foot out of his mouth and step down. We submit our case to the jury without argument.

Postmaster-General Wilson has issued a ukase prohibiting railway mail clerks making campaign speeches, alleging such action to be "detrimental to the best interests of the service and in violation of the order of the president." So far, so good. A governmental employee should not have too much to say in matters political—should not attempt to dictate to the people from whom he is

drawing his pay; but how comes it that it is "pernicious activity" for a mail clerk to employ his leisure time making political speeches, while it is pure, unadulterated patriotism for members of Mr. Cleveland's cabinet to leave important public duties to under-strappers and go gadding from Dan to Beersheba, doing exactly the same thing? Has the present administration one law for the \$1,000 government employee and quite another for the hired man who hits Uncle Sam's till to the tune of \$8000 per annum? General Wilson will please take the stand and return unequivocal answers. Do cabinet officers and ambassadors constitute a privileged class? Is it worse for a postal clerk to make a political speech in time which is his own than for Secretary Carlisle to travel to distant states and fire his bazoo from the hustings on matters political in time paid for by the general public? Is this a country of equal political privileges, or isn't it? If the witness is not prepared to answer these questions he can refer them to the president.

The Texas Prohibs have nominated "the Hon. Randolph Clark of Waco" for governor of Texas. The *ICONOCLAST* is deeply gratified. It rolls as a sweet morsel under its tongue this new honor heaped upon the city of spouting geysers and unctious hypocrites. But who the dickens is "the Hon. Randolph Clark, of Waco"? I had not hitherto heard of him. But hold: A Prohibition convention is always a multiplication of Mrs. Gamp: hence "the Hon. Randolph Clark of Waco," may be another Mrs. Harris.

The *Southern Mercury* announced some time ago that only under certain conditions would it "support Bryan." Now let the Bungtown Broadax and the Jimtown Jabber-

wak issue their ultimatums. Miltonius Park persists in mistaking his ebullient belly-girth for his hat-band. Because two or three hundred Bohemian farmers have been cozened into promising to pay subscriptions to his miserable advertisement of hog-cholera-cures and pip panaceas, berkshire boars and half-breed bulls, this concentrated extract of economic ignorance imagines himself "a man of muckle might"—that he actually carries the Populist vote of Texas in the hip-pocket of his linen "pants." Miltonius Park! Why doesn't some Dallas bootblack stick a pin in the wind-blown bladder just to hear it pop? Is Tom Sawyer but a dream; or are all the Dallas kids degenerates?

The Populist party might just as well give up in despair, having incurred the displeasure of the redoubtable Doctah Macune. He is wroth because it sat upon the A.P.Ape, and has withdrawn his fellowship with such po' white trash as Tom Watson and Taubeneck. In making up my list of "Ape" celebrities last month I inadvertently overlooked this choicest blossom in the malodorous boquet. Whether Macune was originally a Democrat or a Republican I do not remember. It appears, however, that he was a kind of hungry sorehead in politics, and unable to make a living by the practice of his profession. Possessed of an oleaginous tongue and a tireless jawbone, he became a shining light in the *Farmers' Alliance*, and manager of the Dallas *Exchange*. Into this sink-hole the farmers poured their dollars, and Macune clothed himself in purple and fine linen and fared sumptuously every day. Finally there was an end to the fake, but, for some reason, Macune's liberty was not curtailed. He went to Washington, became identified with a Reuben-gouging journalistic graft, and again flourished on the fruits of corn-

fed folly. There was another collapse, I suppose, for Macune drifted back to Texas and hid out in one of the small towns. He tried to become a Populist oracle, but his flats fell on unheeding ears. Then he tied fast to the tail of the "Ape," in humble hope that the obscene animal would drag him into fame and fortune. When the simian passes to the Stygian shore, Macune will be found trying to secure a livelihood without honest labor by yawping for some other brazen fraud.

The dispatches state that "Evangelist Sam Small has offered his services for Bryan during the campaign." Of course—for a consideration. It is to be sincerely hoped that they will not be accepted. Men are judged by the company they keep, and the connection of Small's name with the Bryan campaign would cost the party a hundred thousand votes. Sam Jones is generally regarded, even by his opponents, as a man of merit, of incorruptible honesty; but Sam Small has disgraced every cause with which he has been connected. He is a professional adventurer, a chronic deadbeat. The Texas' libel law is iron clad; hence I would not dare make this statement if unprepared to substantiate it. He has been in turn printer, journalist, preacher, teacher, lecturer, Prohibition spouter, and a failure in all; but has managed to feed by bilking his friends. He has no more moral character than a tom-cat in rutting time. He has gall enough to ask Almighty God to indorse a draft for him on a bank in which he never had a dollar. He has grown children, but has not paid for the clothing in which he was married. If Faulkner wants to find out what kind of an unclean bird the Rev. Sammy is, let him write Oklahoma, Utah, or any of the Southern States. Wherever known his reputation smells to heaven. In no city where he has resided

six months could he get trusted for a pound of soap. He's below even the moral level of S. L. Morris. Faulkner should fill the bust of his breeches full of leather and give him the Bowery bounce.

Geo. M. Flick wants to put up \$100 that, in order to fasten upon Mr. Bryan the charge of plagiarism, the *Dallas News* misquoted the speech of Congressman McCall. That's nothing: the *ICONOCLAST* will double the money that the *News* not only misquoted McCall's speech, but, after having been forced to admit that fact, continued to exploit a falsehood based upon the interpolation. Will the *News* call either Mr. Flick or the *ICONOCLAST*? Not a bit of it; the *News* will "save its good money"—and continue its cowardly prevarications.

Sharp political practice, not to say disreputable scull-druggery, robbed Hon. H. M. Gossett of the Democratic nomination in the Sixth congressional district of Texas, and conferred it upon Judge Robert Emmett Burke, of Dallas. I regret the result, for various reasons. I dislike to see the methods of the bunco-steerer and sand-bagger prevail in Texas politics—the expressed will of the people contravened by plotting demagogues. Gossett is a patriot and Burke a professional pie-biter. The first forgets more every day than the latter could learn in a life-time. Gossett would be an ornament to Congress and a credit to Texas; the less said about Judge Burke the better. His name having suggested Irish Catholic extraction, he hastened to issue handbills protesting that he was not a communicant of that church, and bellowed from every stump that he was a Baptist—the latter denomination being politically all-powerful in that district. Perhaps Judge Burke was not a Catholic when he

opened his canvass—like Slattery, he may have apostatized for reason sufficient unto himself; but in claiming to be a Baptist he got clear off his base. Having been caught in his own springe by Barney Gibbs, Burke hastened to get himself baptized. He was striving to reach the political kingdom under false colors. He was mixing religion with his politics—appealing for support to a sect of which he was not a communicant and probably would never have been had his deception remained unexposed. Burke's religious pretensions may be sincere; but it looks very much as tho' he were a Baptist for office only—that he would have claimed to be a Mormon elder or Mahometan imaum had either of those heresies been able to render him political aid. Judge Burke has not been a dazzling ornament to the Texas Judiciary. On one occasion he threatened to fine Bob Seay, a criminal lawyer, for contempt, upon which the latter impudently retorted that if he (Seay) had all the money he had paid buck niggers to vote for Burke he could easily pay his fine. Did the "honorable" judge fine or incarcerate Seay for contempt? Not exactly. He took him into a corner of the courtroom, held a whispered consultation, and returned to the bench. No wonder a disgusted spectator of the disgraceful scene exclaimed: "A judge without the manhood to uphold the dignity of his office, is certainly a fine duck to send to Congress!" Rather! If the "buck nigger votes" were not purchased with Judge Burke's knowledge and consent, why did he swallow the insult? And if they were, why send him to Congress—instead of to the penitentiary? It might be a good idea to baptize Judge Burke again. It required seven immersions to relieve Naaman of the leprosy.

## A REMARKABLE PUBLIC EDUCATOR.

"OMEGA," WRITING in the Gainesville *Register*, takes a tremendous fall out of the "Apostle." It is, perhaps, the most scathing pasquinade since the days of Juvenal, infinitely superior to the famed philippic which Dr. Johnson hurled at Junius. In elegance of irony, concinnity of satire and verve of invective, "Omega" has no equal. He hath burst upon our literary horizon like a bifurcated comet, "shaking war and pestilence from its horrid hair," and woe betide the unlucky wight upon whom this lethal lightning falls, at whom he shoots the Parthian shafts of his intellectual sagittary. The "Apostle" feels as tho' he had trodden upon an adult dynamite bomb or been caught in a St. Louis cyclone without life insurance. I do not wonder that "Omega" is so in love with his own article that he has had it issued in circular form he should also get it framed. I admit the correctness of his criticism. I confess that I am a veritable neophyte in the realm of knowledge—that I know absolutely nothing, and that not well. Before such learned Thebans, such intellectual Titans, such mighty philomaths as "Omega" I only ask to stand in silent adoration. When he deposeth that I am so densely ignorant of the English language that I must invent new words to express my alleged ideas, I can but cast myself upon the mercy of the court and confess the limitations of my learning. Intercede for me, O mighty shades of Shakespeare and Shelley, Carlyle and Macaulay, for thou too art guilty of this damning sin of neologism, and we must stand or fall together. Plead for me, O Proctor and Pasteur, Burke and Beecher, else are we all in the boullion! The edict hath gone forth that no writer or speaker may add one jot or tittle to the sacred English tongue that we must



return post-haste to the gibberish of Chaucer and the barbarism of Spenser. I have managed to learn just enough of the English language to know that Omega means "the end"; but, to save me, I cannot say whether my hypercritic be the east end of a west-bound or the west end of an east-bound horse. It is an etymological problem I cannot solve, a linguistic riddle I may not rede. Perchance, in very pity for my sad predicament, "Professor" W. A. Brimberry, who has made such a scintillating success of the *North Texas School Herald*, will illumine my more than Boetian ignorance, and add to my scant stock of general information by forwarding his photograph. In the January *ICONOCLAST* I had something to say about the English of this distinguished public educator; but supposed his hurts had long since healed—that he had tired of "answering" my rather caustic critique by circulating the foolish falsehood that I am an infidel. It appears, however, that he has been nursing his wrath to keep it warm—has employed the entire seven months in "composing a piece" intended to be a crusher, and now uncorks himself, regardless of consequences. Perhaps, after seven months more of intellectual anguish and labored lucubration, he'll have another mental emission. I would advise, however, that when again pregnant with an idea he would let nature take her full period for parturition, instead of aborting his brain with psychic ecboline.

"We that do chisel words like chalices,  
And moving verses shape with unmoved mind,  
What we need, all, is fixedness intense,  
Unequaled effort, strife that shall not cease,  
The night, the bitter night of labor, whence  
Arises, sun-like, slow, the masterpiece!

That North Texans may understand the gravamen of "Professor" Brimberry's sudden outburst, I reproduce a few excerpts from the January *ICONOCLAST's* comment on his remarkable editorial efforts:

I recently provoked the wrath of the professional pedagogues by criticising some features of our public school system, and by insinuating that an attempt is made to teach children the "dead languages" by those who are not even masters of modern English. The *North Texas School Herald*—which has a large contingent of professors, superintendents, etc., for "associate editors"—poured upon my defenseless head the seven vials of its wrath, then, fearing I might not learn of my utter annihilation, kindly forwarded me a marked copy. From the *Herald* before me I select a few paragraphs as examples of "English as she is spoke" by our public pedagogues, and their ideas of what constitutes an education:

"One great object of school is to learn children how to study!"

Noah Webster, of whom the editor of the *Herald* and his distinguished corps of "associates" may have incidentally heard, remarks: "To *learn* is to receive instruction; to *teach* is to give instruction." The *Herald's* blunder is one that no managing editor of a cheap daily would pardon in a \$10-a-week reporter. Again: "There are 48 different materials used in the construction of a piano from no fewer than 16 countries."

But suppose the piano was from only one country?

"As humanity ascends toward the mountain heights, the leaders must always be in advance of the masses."

Which were equivalent to saying that the man who is before should not be behind,—that what is on top should not be underneath.

"Elihu Burrit was a linguistic prodigy educated in a

district school. He was compelled to discontinue even these meager opportunities at 15 by the death of his father."

How a youth can "discontinue opportunities" that have been abrogated by the act of another is beyond my comprehension, but may be clear as mud to the trained mind of the *Herald* man. A reporter, who had acquired his knowledge of English at the "case" instead of in the class-room, would have written: "At 15 he was compelled, by the death of his father, to withdraw from the district school."

But to point out all the pigeon-English appearing in any one issue of this flamboyant organ of our public educators, would require a page of nonpareil. I am no grammar-sharp—I have small patience with those ultra-purists who esteem manner above matter; but I do insist that people who are well paid to teach our children English composition, should be able to construct an intelligible sentence. Our pedagogues worry their pupils well-nigh to the verge of insanity with "parts of speech," but how many of them have the faintest conception of the majestic beauty and transcendent power of the English tongue? They can "parse" the sentences of Ingersoll and Macaulay; can resolve those prose poems into their component parts—much as a brindle pup scatters the petals of the great blush rose; but they can no more construct a sentence on these models than a fence-painter can reproduce an Italian sunset.

## “TOO MUCH WORLD.”

FAMINE THE HANDMAID OF FORTUNE.

“THERE'S to much world. There are not enough consumers. Too many fields have been opened by science. The world has not yet adjusted itself to limiting production to consumption.”

What's that? It is the Republican explanation of the present industrial depression.

The words quoted are copied from an interview had by the London *Telegraph* with “a prominent Anglo-American banker, whose opinions are those of an expert.” His name is withheld by the *Telegraph* “for business reasons”; but he speaks as an avowed champion of McKinley, and his utterances have been reproduced and approved by all the leading gold-bug papers on both sides of the ocean. We are thus asked by “the party of progress and prosperity” to believe that the masses are poor because they have created too much wealth. According to the latest economic theorem of the McKinleyites, half the world is hungry because there is too much hog and hominy, butter and beef; it is naked because we grow too much wool and cotton and weave too much cloth; it is inhabiting unhealthy huts because we have too much lumber, building stone and brick; it has no spot of earth hallowed by the name of home, because “there's too much world.”

Excuse my Latin—but it's a damned lie!

Unless the Anglo-American banker aforesaid and his industrious claquers be talking the veriest tommyrot, the way to become prosperous is to close every factory and let our fertile fields lie fallow until the surplus is consumed. We could compel the return of “good times” by burning

up half our breadstuffs, cloth and building material, or slinging it into the bottom of the sea. According to this theory, much wealth is the equivalent of poverty, a part is greater than the whole. If the McKinleyites be correct, the anarchists who destroy property are patriots, those who persist in creating it in times like these are public enemies. The opponents of the "Boy Orator" have practically told us that the torch of progress and the brand of the firebug are synonymous if not exactly the same. When the people cry to these economic savants that the auric standard hath filled their cities with silent factories and bankrupt merchants, their country lanes with penniless tramps and disputatious Populists, they calmly reply: "Nay, good friends; what ails you is too much wealth." When the giant of Labor, his hands fastened with golden fetters and watching the gaunt wolf of Want creep ever nigher those he loves, cries out in agony, "Unhand me, that I may shield my home from hunger and rags and wretchedness," this Anglo-American McKinley booster softly smooths his red brawn with lily fingers and makes reply: "Nay, my good man; those hands of thine have been busy to the country's hurt. Because of thy pernicious activity, there's a glut of products, which molder in the market place. In thy too fecund brain were born those accursed wealth-creating devices which, like the monster of Frankenstein, torment their maker. Patience, kind sir, until the surplus is exhausted, when—like another Satan—you may be loosed for a little season."

If this be all that "expert opinion" can do for us, then is our condition desperate indeed. If, with a million idle men, we produce too much, how many must stand outside the industrial pale, in the limbo of beggary, ere the McKinley system of economics can save the country? "Peace," says the poet, "hath its triumphs no less than

war"; must it have its victims too? I am no "expert" in matters industrial, and am loth to take issue with the eminent authority paraded by the McKinleyites; but if our present ills be indeed due to overproduction, then we are entering upon an age of agony, of suffering and of sin such as the world has never seen. If the Republican theorem be correct, then here is an application of the law of the survival of the fittest which dooms half mankind to the hell of famine. The poor man has naught to exchange for life's necessities but his labor, and if that becomes at times a public curse, what is left him but to steal or starve? Americans are notoriously an impatient and headstrong people. They have not been bred like the bloodless Bengalese to meekly bear the oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely, and perish without a murmur in a land of plenty. They are firmly convinced—whether right or wrong—that their hard condition is due to deliberate despoilation. With tireless industry and rigid economy the masses cannot get out of the morass of poverty; yet on every side they see those who neither toil nor spin, arrayed like unto Solomon in all his glory. A bitter hatred has found place in their hearts for those who waste while they must want—a hatred that may yet flame forth in desperate deeds.

"Slowly comes a hungry people, as a lion drawing nigher,  
Glares at one that nods and winks behind a slowly dying  
fire."

For five years past the famished lion of Labor has been creeping closer and ever closer to the silken tent of Croesus; for five years past the patriot has been stroking its mane with trembling fingers and preaching patience; for five years past every political party has been promising that

its wisdom would soon transform the dark night of industrial depression into glorious day. If by such means we could scarce keep the "blatant beast" under control; if our prayers and tears and flattering promises—flanked here and there with a double-shotted battery or forest of bristling bayonets—could scarce prevent it fleshing its murderous fangs in Cræsus' throat, what will the monster do when it gathers from "expert opinion" that the night is perpetual, that for it the long-cherished hope of dawn was but an idle dream!

If the idea that he must be sacrificed to "save the country"—that he occupies no important place in the scheme of things, and will be turned out to starve that decreased production may enhance price—once finds secure lodgment in the head of Labor, the world will soon witness a new and more terrible Reign of Terror. Yet that is the idea promulgated by this economic "expert" and loudly applauded by the Republican and Mugwump press. "There is too much world," say they—while millions depend on charity for six feet of earth in which to lay their marrowless bones. "Too many fields have been opened by science"—and this blessed night a million Americans will go supperless to bed. "The world has not yet adjusted itself to limiting production to consumption"—which means that an universal trust, higher prices, another million tramps pressing for employment and forcing down wages, is the economic idea of the Republican party. For three-quarters of a century political economy was tainted with the black pessimism of Malthus, who insisted that population had a tendency to increase faster than its means of subsistence could be made to do; that unless mankind placed a prudential check on its procreative passion, millions would finally perish for lack of food; but what is the bogey of Malthusianism to that of McKinleyism?

The former would wreck us in some far-off time; the latter declares damnation even now at our door. The first would consign us to Famine's clutches; the last would make us butt our own brains out on bursting smokehouses and bloated wheat bins!

And this is the kind of unadulterated damn nonsense sanctioned by the McKinleyites as a part of the curriculum in their wonderful "campaign of education!"

There never was, and there never can be, in this world such a thing as over-production. A man's gray matter must be full o' maggots before he can entertain for a moment such a crazy economic idea. Under normal conditions—where each receives that proportion of the world's wealth which he actually earns—as the productive power of labor increases the standard of living advances. When there is enough of necessities the surplus energy of the nation turns to the production of luxuries, which in turn become necessities—mankind ever rising higher above the habits and condition of the brute. If my banker friend thinks there is "too much world," let him attend the next opening to settlement of an Indian reservation. If he thinks there is overproduction, let him consider how many of us would decline to live on the elegant plan of the Astors were we able.

The trouble is not overproduction, but enforced under-consumption. The wealth annually produced congests at a comparatively few points instead of flowing into the coffers of its creators. If every workman were regularly employed, and the productive power of each enhanced an hundredfold, it were impossible to create more wealth than the world wants. If distributed in accord with the earning power of each, the result would not be glutted markets and falling prices, but better food, clothing, houses, more of the comforts, and conveniences of life for the toiling



millions. The "dignity of labor," anent which the politicians prattle—about election time—would become something more than an iridescent dream. The workingman would have more leisure in which to do battle with the demon of Ignorance and the foul gorgon of Superstition. Soup-houses and penitentiaries would practically disappear, and where now stands the wretched hovel would rise the cultured home. Where Famine grimly stalks Plenty would show her smiling face, Despair yield place to Hope, and upon the strong shoulders of sweet Content the Republic sit secure.

This is no fancy sketch. Despite the fact that we are on the threshold of the age of invention—the mighty era of intellect; that we have obtained as yet but slight mastery over the power of the elements; that vast armies stand idle, producing nothing—despite the fact that Labor, that wonder-worker, is cribbed, cabined and confined by unnatural conditions—we create enough wealth every year to comfortably clothe, feed and house every human being who stands within the shadow of our flag. Take off the accursed interdict, give place in the industrial ranks to every man able to wield the hammer or swing the steel, strengthen his heart and nerve his arm with the knowledge that whatsoever of wealth is created by his work that he shall surely have, and the most extravagant dream of the optimist were to the reality but

“As moonlight unto sunlight, and water unto wine.”

Products remain unsold in the marketplace and the tendency of prices is downward because those who produce are not permitted to consume—because the producers of wealth are not its possessors. If the usufruct of my farm be taken to pay my taxes, interest and insurance, what

have I to exchange for the product of labor in other lines? And if these, too, be similarly confiscated, what have my brother toilers to exchange for the fruits of my farm? Nothing. Exchange between us cannot be effected, simply because neither has aught to give, and some wild-eyed yap posing as an economic "expert"—lifts up his voice and protests that our troubles are due to overproduction! If the farmer and artisan have nothing left to exchange when they produce much, how will their purchasing power be enhanced if they produce little?

"There are not enough consumers" (and that's no lie), cries the gentleman who is peddling "expert opinions," with the approval of the McKinley campaign committee. But how does he propose to increase the number? By limiting production and raising prices, by decreasing the number of people employed, by depriving another million or so of all purchasing power! Dr. Sandrago has long been laughed at for attempting to cure a man of the gout by drawing off all his blood and filling his stomach with warm water; yet here is a scheme to relieve an acute case of industrial prostration by hitting the patient in the head with a hatchet. It must be patent to every man whose brain has not become ossified by allowing a steady stream of Markhanna literature to trickle through it that so long as a vast number of people depend for existence upon their immediate earnings we cannot reduce production without reducing consumption; that so long as we have a great army of destitute people unemployed, it is impossible to increase production without increasing consumption.

It is a trifle strange that the apostles of Republicanism should, in one breath, demand protection as a means of developing American industries, and in the next complain that we do not limit production to consumption—that they

should approve a protective tariff, which is intended to raise prices, and damn free-silver, which they say will do exactly the same thing. They assure us that gold makes for high and silver for low wages. Labor can only be paid out of the price received for its product; yet it is a part of the Republican profession of faith that gold, while raising wages, makes the cost of living less, and that silver, while lowering wages, makes the cost of living more. I confess, with a feeling akin to shame, that Republican economics is beyond the range of my comprehension. Its parabolical paradoxes and supernatural syllogisms remind me of those amorphous monsters which a high priest of Bacchus can sometimes see with his eyes shut. The man who enters the labyrinthine maze of McKinley argument needs a ball of twine, a piece of chalk and an inextinguishable torch if he hopes to ever find his way back to the sunshine of common sense. Solomon admitted that there were three things too wonderful for him—yet David's wisest son died before Markhanna began turning loose his campaign literature.

What we want and needs must have is not a national trust to limit production and add to the idle legions of labor, but conditions that will enable every man to produce to his fullest capacity and enjoy the usufruct of his endeavor to the uttermost farthing. That's the ideal industrial system to the attainment of which we must bend all our energies, instead of sitting supinely down in the Serbonian bogs dug by this Anglo-American banker, and wailing that "there's too much world." We cannot afford to tie fast to any party in whose heaven there blazes no star of hope—which calls a halt to the workingman just as he has seized the genie's wand for the multiplication of wealth. We have here a land capable of sustaining five times its present population, so rich is it in natural resources; yet millions struggle from the cradle to the grave

for a bare subsistence, while tens of thousands beg in vain for this poor privilege. How to break the accursed spell—to make it possible for this people to utilize to the utmost the good gifts of a gracious God—is the problem of problems, the riddle which the American *Œdipus* must read or be destroyed; yet McKinleyism makes answer that the Almighty has ruined us with his munificence! Better that we should align ourselves with the wildest dreamers and strive ever so blindly to remove the blight, than to cast in our lot with those blessed “conservatives” who have naught to offer but bread boluses already proven abortive, and who denounce all who would lead the masses to a higher plane as alarmists and demagogues! Were not John the Baptist and Jesus Christ alarmists in the view of the eminently conservative Sadducees? Did not George III and all his “most loyal and dutiful subjects” denounce Washington as a Jack Cade, Adams and Jefferson as demagogues? Courage, faint heart! Remember that, since the dawn of human history, every man who became dissatisfied with existing conditions, howsoever bad; every man who dared cry out against prescriptive right entrenched in brutal wrong, has been denounced and denied, belittled and belied by the blessed “conservatives” of his day. Surely it was not intended that any man of woman born should sit with folded hands and starve while all about him the potential wealth of nature beckons. There is in heaven a star, the radiant star of Hope.

“Not in vain the distant beacons; forward, forward let  
us range;

Let the great world spin forever down the ringing  
groves of change.”

I do not believe that any possible tinkering with the currency can bring about ideal industrial conditions; but

the abolition of the single gold standard will be a step in the right direction. It will be a second Declaration of Independence, a timely warning to all the world that Uncle Sam has outgrown his financial leading-strings and assumed the management of his own affairs. It will be an impressive notice to the little knot of millionaires who have so long been taking exorbitant toll in so many different ways of American labor that the masses are h—l bent on industrial emancipation. Having demonstrated their ability to secure what they want, despite the organized opposition of monopolies and trusts, the people will be encouraged to undertake other and more important reforms. We know that there is something radically wrong, and that if the gold standard did not cause our ills it has done nothing to cure them. We have learned by sad experience that it is no commercial palladium or industrial deity. It is an idol whose impuissance for good has been amply proven, its capacity for evil strongly suspected. We know that at its shrine worship those who fatten on the fruits of others' toil; that its chief priests and Levites are the great money lords, the protective tariff beneficiaries, the wreckers of railways, the sworn enemies of labor unions, the managers of trusts and monopolies, the dardanari who gamble in life's necessities, and the newspapers which pander to the plutocracy, fake up coats-of-arms for parvenues and prove their un-Americanism by bowing down with a noisy adoration that endangers their diapers before every two-by-four princeling and chancous dukeling. If we may judge idols, as men, by the company they keep, then indeed are we justified in laying the iconoclastic hammer to the golden calf. Perchance its fall will serve as a warning to the house of Have that Labor, which hewed this nation out of the wilderness, is still lord and ready to enforce its rights, humbugged and

driven with contumely from a table which groans beneath viands wrung from the earth's bosom in the sweat of his brow.

\* \* \*

## THE APOSTLE'S RAG BABY.

IN the year of our Lord, 1891, I became pregnant with an idea. Being at the time chief editorial writer on the *Houston Post* I felt dreadfully mortified, as nothing of the kind had ever before occurred in that eminently moral establishment. Feeling that I was forever disqualified for the place by this untoward incident, I resigned and took sanctuary in the village of Austin. As swaddling clothes for the expected infant, I established the *ICONOCLAST*, which naturally gravitated to Waco, the political ganglion and religious storm center of the state. When the youngster made his appearance in this troublesome vale of financial buncombe and economic idiocy, it was given the ponderous title of "Inter-convertible Bond-currency Plan." It's a wonder the name didn't kill it; but, turned out to grass, it thrived and grew in grace. The infant was generally supposed to be an unholy cross between incipient insanity and a well developed case of confluent Populism; but when the bankers of Germany, assembled at Berlin, approved the little waif, the suspicion passed. Hon. Tom Johnson became the Congressional champion of some features of the plan, which now finds earnest advocates among all political parties. I have an abiding faith that, in a couple of million years or so, it will be generally accepted as the proper solution of the much vexed currency problem; but it may be that my exuberant optimism misleads me. If the plan possesses genuine merit, that is no indication that it will ever become popular; if it be the

wildest nightmare that ever kicked a vagrom-minded man, that will not prevent the public accepting it as another Pegasus, and politicians riding it into power. At the request of many patrons of the *ICONOCLAST*—and with apologies to those who have already gone with me over the ground—I submit a brief compendium of the plan and the propositions upon which it is based, promising that I do not recommend it as the *ne plus ultra* of financial wisdom, but suggest it as an improvement on our present unsatisfactory currency system.

I shall not weary the reader with a long dissertation on economic science, but assume, as *præcognita* already proven, that our national exchange media has absolutely nothing to do with our foreign trade; that nations do not swap money, but exchange commodities; that our gold and silver coin is valued as bullion when carried abroad, and would have as great purchasing power in foreign markets if never minted, consequently we need consult only our domestic convenience in establishing an exchange media. Further, that the word “dollar” is an abstract term by which we express, not so many grains of gold or silver, but the commercial relation of each commodity to all other commodities; that whatsoever enables us to expeditiously effect exchanges is “good money,” no matter of what made; that an irredeemable paper currency will not depreciate in purchasing power so long as it is not, and cannot be, issued in excess of the necessary money-work to be done. I also assume that we can never have a currency both safe and flexible grounded on one or two comparatively unimportant products, of fluctuating value, and that the exchange media should be removed entirely from the province of partisan politics and subjected to the direct and absolute control of commerce.

Some of the foregoing propositions are in conflict with

monetary theories bearing the sanction of centuries; but this fact no more establishes their falsity than the *ipse dixit* of the college of cardinals disproved Galiléo's cosmogony. Economic writers were loud in their denunciation five years ago; but are gradually accepting these propositions, a fact which prompted a witty but incorrigible "gold-bug" to send me the following lines from Pope:

"Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,  
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;  
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,  
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

To this sally I retorted with an excerpt from the same author:

"Old politicians chew on wisdom past,  
And totter on in bus'ness to the last,  
As weak, as earnest, and as gravely out  
As sober Lanesb'rough dancing with the gout."

A governmental money that will automatically and infallibly adapt itself to the varying needs of commerce, preserve the equilibrium between the money-work to be done and the money available to do it, and thereby obviate all danger of either appreciation or depreciation of the purchasing power of the dollar, is universally conceded to be the great desideratum. To attain this I propose:

(1) That the government keep constantly on sale at all postoffices of the presidential class low interest-bearing bonds in denominations of \$100 to \$1,000, redeemable at the option of the holder in full legal tender currency.

(2) That this new currency be added to the general



revenue fund, and paid out the same as other money, until currency bonds to the amount of \$250,000,000 be taken—the proceeds constituting a redemption fund—when such additions to the general revenue fund shall cease and not be resumed until, through bond redemption, the fund set aside for that purpose falls below the foregoing figure.

That's all there is to the Inter-convertible Bond-Currency Plan. When there is too little money, the government will supply more; when too much, the government will absorb the surplus, and the equilibrium at all times be maintained. There could be no "money famines" and consequent enhancement of the purchasing power of the dollar; there could be no depreciation, caused by the pressure of a redundant currency for employment. The redemption fund would be an infallible indication of the monetary needs of the country. The volume of currency would be controlled by the natural laws of commerce—Congress could neither add to nor take from it a single farthing. The administration would be powerless to mint a single coin or print a dollar bill until notified by the nation, through the medium of the redemption fund, that it needed more money. Silver might become plentiful as in the days of Solomon and cheap as scrap-iron; gold might advance in value another 100 per cent., and only the fine arts be affected—the American currency would maintain the even tenor of its way, the dollar be "the same yesterday, today and forever." The unit of value could no more be affected by the varying fecundity of the mines, good or bad crops, legislative ineptitude, war or pestilence, than could the length of the yard or weight of the pound. The dollar would be tripped to the commodity feature, which makes it mutable. The supply relative to the demand would ever be the same. It would measure

each by all instead of itself, and, therefore, be a true and unchangeable denominator of value.

Perhaps I have fixed the normal redemption fund at too high a figure; 100 millions were sufficient but for the danger that those interested in preventing proper currency expansion might buy and hold sufficient bonds to make automatic operation of such a system impossible. The redemption fund must be too large for even Wall street manipulation. There would be little danger of any coterie of conspirators tying up 250 million in government bonds, bearing merely a nominal rate of interest, while commerce was bidding for more ready money. With so large a redemption fund, and bonds bearing even so high an interest rate as  $1\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., our exchange media would cost us but \$3,750,000 a year, or less than one-tenth the annual commercial interest on the wealth we have invested in a metal tool of trade.

It will be exclaimed that this is "fiatism." It is the fiatism of which Dr. Adam Smith fondly dreamed and which his successors have unqualifiedly approved. It is the fiatism of Thomas Jefferson and Henry Clay. It is the same fiatism by means of which 95 per cent. of our exchanges are now effected; for, as I have frequently pointed out, our "commercial money," approximating 40 millions, is not grounded on a pitiful  $\frac{1}{2}$  billion of gold. Back of it is all the wealth and credit of its makers; behind the bond currency, which I propose, would be all the wealth and credit of the richest nation in the world, the earning power of 70 million people. "But it would be irredeemable," cries one. Not so long as it remained a legal tender and was accepted at its nominal value in trade. In what do you want a paper dollar redeemed? If you exchange it for a gold or silver coin you have got but another order for goods, which you must present for re-

demption to the people. When you have exchanged your dollar for corn or cotton, pork or pig-iron it has been redeemed—not till then have you received final payment. So long as the people will redeem a paper dollar at its nominal value, isn't it as good an exchange medium as gold? Even that incorrigible economic ass known as Edward Atkinson will answer in the affirmative. If we can discover Dr. Adam Smith's "wagonway through the air," why incur the expense of building turnpikes? If we can make an effective trade-tool at so little cost, why keep more than a billion of wealth tied up in gold and silver coin? Why imitate the Chinese and burn a house to roast a pig, when the porker may be done brown with a billet? Holding such views, why does the **ICONOCLAST** advocate the free coinage of silver? The goldites would base our exchange media on one, the silverites on two, the **ICONOCLAST** on all forms of national wealth. In my humble opinion the question at issue between the two political parties is of precious little importance; but, while the silverites manifest a slight inclination to get into the right, the goldites exhibit a stubborn resolution to remain in the wrong.

\* \* \*

## EDITORIAL ETCHINGS.

I AM told that a very large proportion of the members of the Reformed Presbyterian church belong to the A. P. A. There's nothing particularly remarkable about that. No member in good standing of the Reformed Presbyterian church will take an oath to support the constitution of the United States. They are the descendants of Cromwell's Fight-the-Good-Fight and Captain Smite-Them-Hip-and-Thigh. It is part of their Religion to hate the Church

of Rome. In England they expelled the Stuarts, proclaimed Catholics ineligible to the crown, set up a canting butcher as Lord Protector and invested him with more than kingly power. They have no objection to taking the oath of allegiance to Queen Victoria, but will not pledge fealty to the principles of the American government. Yet they are helping Rev. Huddleston and Whisky Bill Traynor, Apostate Slattery and Convict Price protect this blessed Yankee nation from "Popish conspirators." What strange things we see when we've got no lariat and can find no limb! Speaking of Price, reminds me that he's no longer in the penitentiary. At least he wants to wager me \$1,000 that he isn't, and sends me a new Ape paper which purports to be printed by one "W. E. Price, sometime a convict in San Quentin prison." He demands that I make correction of my previous statement—and the ICONOCLAST strives to please. Price was put in the penitentiary, but was subsequently released by order of the Supreme court, which seems to have considered that enforced companionship with so foul a creature was inflicting cruel and unusual punishment on pimps and procurers, forgers and rape-fiends, and, therefore, clearly unconstitutional. I was certainly mistaken in saying that Price was in the penitentiary, and hasten to apologize. Heaven forefend that I should ever lack the moral courage to confess my faults. The murderers in San Quentin have been happily relieved of the degrading companionship of Price. Unable to mount to the moral level of common cut-throats, he has been returned, as an intellectual pervert and abnormal malodor, to the roost of his brother Apes. I present my humble apology on a silver plate. I sincerely hope that Price will be allowed his liberty until he accomplishes the purpose for which he was created—the complete extinction of the un-American order. He is

doing more to discredit Ape-ism than are all its opponents. Americans are naturally chivalrous, fairly honest, reasonably intelligent, and to such men the foul belchings of this California buzzard constitute a valuable object lesson which smells too loud to be conveniently overlooked. Hicks and Slattery, Huddleson and Price would soon stink even Gulliver's Yahoos underground. "God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform." That accounts both for the presence and preservation of the party to whom I'm apologizing. Were he not under Divine protection, some irate Catholic whose sister or daughter he has brutally defamed, would cut off his ears and feed 'em to a coyote. Were he not an instrument in the hands of Providence for the suppression of Apeism, his rotten hide would be filled so full of holes that it wouldn't chamber baled hay. Having sincerely repented, he should grant me absolution.

The bicycle craze appears to have hit Denver very hard. The ladies not only bestride the evasive machine, but enter the public races and compete for prizes. A dispatch from the metropolis of the Centennial State says: "Miss Lulu Fox won the race yesterday; Misses Birdie Francis and Grace Bradley fainted at the close." Lulu will please accept the compliments of the ICONOCLAST. It has been demonstrated that she can work her shapely legs faster than any other woman in the gladsome West—that she's an adept in the gentle art of pawing the atmosphere with her feet. Atalanta ran foot races, and won them too; why shouldn't Lulu bestride a glove-fitting saddle and sling space behind her, to make a hoodlum holiday? Atalanta was a girl who usually got there. The heroic Greeks admired her movement and tried to get a mortgage on it; but the old chivalric days are dead. Lulu could have

strung Atalanta at the first road-house; yet no sighing Hippomenes gave chase with his pocket full of golden apples. But that may have been due to the free silver sentiment. Birdie and Gracie got no medals in the Amazonian games. They kerflummized "at the close." Whether the sun was too hot, or their garters too tight, we are not told. A bicycle is not the best possible companion in a case of syncope. It doesn't wind a manly arm about the supple waist and loose the corset-strings, because it ain't built that way. It is more apt to plow up a segment of turnpike with the nose of the patient while turning her Trilbys t'other end, to walk all over her, muss her bangs and disarrange her bloomers. But "no pains no gains." The next Denver novelty will doubtless be female horse-jockeys. From straddling a bike to bestriding a thoroughbred is only a step, and the new woman appears determined to go all the gaits.

Speaking of the clothes-pin mount reminds me that, in this matter, the culchawed East still leads the wild and wooly West by several laps. A year or more ago a high-fly society female appeared in Central Park wearing her horse after the manner of men. It proved a trifle too *risque*, however, for even Giddy Gotham, and the bifurcated riding habit was abandoned. It has been revived and improved upon by the buxom daughter of Marcus Aurelius Hanna, the multi-millionaire master of Major McKinley. Miss Hanna is only in her seventeenth year; but, as Mrs. Partington would say, is quite big for her size. If we may judge her by her portraits, she is built on the ebullient, not to say beefy model of the riotously materialistic Lillian Russell. She suggests a rather wholesome looking young woman with capacity for three large, rectangular meals per diem and a bottle of Burgandy before going to

bed. As a dress reformer she can make even Dr. Mary Walker look wild. If the telegraphic reports and newspaper pictures may be relied on, "Miss Hanna does not wear a skirt of any kind when riding, but carries out the masculine costume to the minutest detail." Thus attired, she straddles a prancing stallion and rides about the streets of Cleveland "like the finest trooper in a crack cavalry regiment," or, attended by a groom, makes 15-mile excursions into the country. Verily the emancipation of enslaved womanhood, for which the suffragists have toiled and prayed, is even now at hand! But in their accounts of Miss Hanna, it seems to me, the papers have overlooked something. They have told us all about her immaculate shirts, her derby hats, the cut of her coats and the number, color and texture of her "pants," but neglected to state whether the latter are supported by suspenders. Perhaps they considered that her pictures solved that problem. Miss Hanna's waist is not particularly spirituelle; still we may presume that the maintenance of suspender buttons were a work of supererogation. She not only "sits the saddle well," as the reporters say, but fills it full—and it is no toy affair. We are told that her sire does not approve her *risque* riding habit, especially during the campaign, when the eyes of the universe are focused on the Hanna household, but cannot help himself—"Ruth rules him with a rod of iron, he is mere putty in her hands." Here is a confession that may give even the most rantankerous Republican pause. Hanna bosses McKinley and Ruth rules Hanna. So it appears that she is the Joan of Arc of the Republican national campaign, just as Rebecca Merlindy Johnson is the directress-general of the Texas Democracy. But this is not the worst of it. It is tacitly admitted, even by the Republican managers, that McKinley is a mere cipher

who is to be elevated to the presidency as a kind of Toomtabard or obedient puppet; that Mark Hanna, as representative of the trusts and combines that are putting up the corruption fund for this campaign will be the controlling power. Now if Hanna controls McKinley and Ruth runs Hanna, and the Republican party wins, where in the name of T. Watson, Esq., will we be "at"? Will not this young female be president *de facto*? Will not the real power repose in the hands of this modest maiden who parades herself before the public in "pants"? When Ruth goes forth with her groom for a 15-mile ride, will not the decision of great questions of state have to await her return, just as they now do the reappearance of Cleveland when this political J. C. is enjoying a duck-shoot—or a comfortable drunk? Will not the fondest dreams of the Stantons and Anthony's, the Claflins and Leases be more than realized when the destiny of the most powerful nation on earth is carried in the hip-pocket of Miss Hanna's "pants"? Even so; unless the Republicans can outdo all previous legislative miracles and repeal the law of cause and effect. I am not criticizing Ruth; I leave it to the Republican preachers to point out, that, according to Holy Writ, a woman who assumes the garb peculiar to men is an abomination to the Lord. If she can manage the "old man" that fact proves that she is his superior in mental power and would make the better president; still I cannot but reflect that if she is elected by proxy to the chief magistracy her rather startling dress reform will be fixed upon this fair land forever. Few women could refuse to fall in with a fashion set by a female president having Mark Hanna and Major McKinley for obsequious upper servants. What is the tariff controversy or currency questions beside such considerations? Friends, Romans, Countrymen: The real issue in this campaign is whether



the skirt shall be abolished and the great she-world walk forth in breeches. The Republican party is trying to give us a gynocracy shorn even of its petticoats. A genuine queen full were bad enough, but think of being ruled by a bobtail flush! I don't blame Ruth; a young lady's behavior depends much on her raising; but were she daughter of mine, I'd lay her across the horse-block, secure a long elastic swamp-elm plank and make it necessary to put a patch on the bust of her riding breeches the size of a buggy-wheel.

I am just recovering from a prolonged mental debauch, and feel as though I had been doing Galveston by gaslight with the Revs. Harmon and Wimberly for running mates. I set deliberately about the disgraceful affair, and have no one to reproach but myself. I purchased copies of the Sunday edition of the New York *Herald*, *World* and *Journal*, hired a nigger to haul them home, and waltzed into them with all the vigor of a backsliding saint hoisting aboard his second installment of saving grace, or a Kansas jayhawker taking a hard fall out of a two-gallon jug. The doctor says I'll come 'round all right with careful nursing, but that I'd better sign the anti-slushing pledge, and get back to the legitimate and sane in literature by easy stages; says that if I must dissipate I had best purchase a parrot, stick to Edward Atkinson's economic pink lemonade and Dr. Talmage's sacred tanglefoot, else take my simians in a manner customary from time immemorial in Texas. I have a dim recollection of being surrounded by acres of amorphous monsters, resembling nothing in the heavens or the earth or the waters under the earth—"creations" of phrenetic artists, whose minds had been rotted by reading the articles they were expected to illustrate. Some of these "creations" were plain black

and white; others daubs of color resembling a London sunset crossed with a basket of addled eggs, the chiaro-oscuro worked in with a hickory broom and a squirt-gun loaded to scatter. But no other school of art would correlate with such remarkable literature. It is consecretaneous, follows as a matter of course. The scientific world is agog because a man has succeeded in photographing dreams; yet here we have reproduced, in all their hideosity, myriads of nightmares. I read some of the articles, and that's what ails me. Perhaps I could get used to such a diet, and even grow fat on it; but a taste for literary luxuries, like that for cavaire and limburgier cheese, must be patiently acquired. The mental "meenyow" supplied by New York's great papers consists of wind that has been pumped through a gas-pipe, in which intelligence lies dormant and ideality so dead that it smells like a Chinese hotel on a summer's day. I am told that in England game is not considered good until it emits an odor like a Waco mayoralty election, and New York is so blawsted Henglish that it has carried its craze for the consumption of "rot" into the province mental as well as material. The New York idea of journalism is to spoil as much white paper as possible in a given time. There is absolutely nothing in any of the three papers I have been inspecting which a Texas cross-roads editor would consider worthy composition. They are simply receptacles for slush intended to be sensational. There is less salacity than might be expected in papers pandering to the *foex populi*; but they deserve no credit on that account—the writers for the New York press have become too weak to be even wicked. Edgar Saltus does make a spasmodic attempt to be "suggestive," but is unequal to the occasion. His enforced Frenchiness suggests an inpubescent kid suffering with urinary calculi. I sometimes wonder that

Edgar doesn't give himself a fatal case of ennui; still, he's not half so jackassically jejune as the average ready writer of drivel for the New York diurnals. Reading after them were like eating soap-bubbles served on fried hydrogen with sauce *à la Barmecide*, kissing a grass-widow by telephone or drinking the froth out of a pop bottle. They should be given the Lagado treatment for intestinal colic. I think they must all smoke cigarettes, turn up their twousahs, and say eyther and nyther. They are symposiums of emptiness so utter that all known vacua were St. Patrick's Day plenums by comparison. They are impalpable shadows of purely imaginary shades. In the world of letters they are represented by ciphers—and "out of nothing, nothing comes." When I find papers padded out to two-score pages with such vain imaginings, yet boasting a circulation of 'steen million copies, I can no longer wonder at the increase of crime. A child becomes wroth when given an empty teat—and men are but children who have had the mumps. Habitual readers of such literature must sooner or later degenerate into driveling idiots or develop into murderous maniacs. Homicide and insanity are increasing in this country in exact proportions with the expansion of New York's Sunday papers. Yet we pillory John Sherman for the "crime of '73" and let Joe Phewlitzer live!

The Republican papers and their Palmer-Buckner allies are making a great parade of Howard Sewell, son of Bryan's running mate, who has volunteered his services to help defeat his father. It occurs to me that when a man begets that kind of a kid there must be something radically wrong with his blood, else he has mistaken a nephritic impulse for œstruation. There must be an efficient cause for such an unnatural effect. There's a watery, lost man-

hood look to Sewell's son, suggestive of the old school-book injunction, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again." His face is the counterpart of a diseased kidney. A dapper, dudish youngster with waxed moustachios, hair parted *à la* the Lily Maid of Astolat, large pendulous ears which would make excellent doormats, weak mouth and eyes as expressive as two burnt holes in a horse blanket, he suggests the unhappy usufruct of that tired feeling. I am inclined to think that, through some mishap, Howard was ushered into the world before his fingernails were formed and was reared on skim milk and Baxter's Saints' Rest. He can do his father a great deal of harm by simply exhibiting himself. The average citizen will conclude that if Howard is a fair sample of the old man's executive ability, he'd best take in his sign and give Tom Watson a chance.

The bankers on both sides of the sea are just now giving a great deal of advice regarding the proper solution of the American currency problem. The bankers are a very clever set of gentlemen, and much above the average in the matter of brains. It is popularly supposed that what they don't know about so-called monetary science, cannot amount to much; still, the fact remains that blessed few currency reforms of conceded merit were originated by bankers. It by no means follows that because a man handles large sums of money, or has accumulated a competence, he possesses a clearer understanding of monetary science than do other men. A merchant may grow rich buying and selling goods, yet be a miserable failure as a farmer or manufacturer. It is not really necessary that the grocer, to be successful should know that mulley cows do not give buttermilk nor hens lay two eggs per day. A porter cannot make a Pullman car, nor the teamster construct a turnpike. It is an axiom among railroaders

that the mechanic who builds a locomotive cannot be trusted to run it. A banker is simply a man who buys and sells money, much as another trades in mules. He learns to distinguish between the genuine and the spurious, and knows what money is worth in the market; but he may shuffle it across his counter for fifty years without learning more about it than that it's a kind of merchandising which constitutes his stock-in-trade. I do not mean to disparage the "business sense" of bankers; but I do say that their occupation does not, by itself, considered, necessitate catholic ideas of the currency, or aid them to a better understanding of money as a measure of value. Who would think of appealing to the merchant who is continually using scales, gallon cups and yardsticks, to devise a better system of weights and measures, or to a railway trainman to solve the transportation problem? It is the quiet thinkers who devise great labor-solving machines, not the men who manage them. Those who are engaged in gainful pursuits, whether manufacturing, banking or merchandising, have little time to delve down to the fundamental laws of finance. It is noteworthy that the standard authors on economics have seldom risen above a modest competence. Many great statemen whose opinions on matters of national finance are universally regarded with reverence, made close calls for the potter's field. Possibly many of them could have successfully applied the laws they so well understood, possessed what is known as commercial capacity; but, like Agassiz, "had no time to make money"—preferred reigning as kings in the realm of knowledge to posing as "merchant princes." The thinkers are the genii who bear Aladdin's lamp and the magic wand of their more earthly brethren. If you want to borrow or lend money a banker is the proper person to consult; if you would learn finance in its national and

international aspect, you must apply to the student or the statesman. Let the bankers talk—'tis their privilege; but let us not forget that their advice anent the pending question is of no whit more importance than is that of any other class of tradesmen. There is nothing in the business of either the banker or merchant calculated to teach him more about the currency question than the farmer or mechanic may learn from his own experience.

The ICONOCLAST is assured that in its September issue it did grievous injustice to the memory of the late E. S. Jamison, by saying that he shirked the duties of soldier-ship during the civil war. When the article was published I did not know that Jamison was dead. The statement concerning his war record was based on information which I considered reliable; but am now convinced that my informant was mistaken. Jamison, according to the testimony of his old companions in arms, served his country faithfully and was as brave a soldier as ever unsheathed a sword. The ICONOCLAST regrets exceedingly having been misled in the matter. Its warfare is on living humbugs, not on dead heroes.

The ICONOCLAST has been sharply criticized for denouncing foreign missionary societies as frauds; but it is noticeable that these adverse comments invariably come from people who are not in position to know much about the matter—who glean their information from ill-informed sectarian editors, and honest but misguided preachers who are made catspaws of by those who profit by the sacred conspiracies. There's Early, for instance: He keeps a job-lot of half-baked pulpiteers and sap-headed Sunday-school superintendents rounding up the widow's mite and the baby's candy coppers—for what? To carry the

gospel to the Beegum of Bunglapore and fill the Akhoond of Swat with saving grace? Not altogether. Before the heathen can be yanked from the discomforts of hell-fire, Mr. State Superintendent must have his little salary of \$8.33 per day for lying awake to worry over this world's wickedness. Then his fellow conspirators in the shameless fraud, from national manager down through the various degrees of grand and assistant secretaries, publishers and traveling grafters, must get their greedy fingers in the fund collected "for Christ." What is left by this gang of able-bodied loafers goes to fatten a coterie of kindred fakirs in foreign countries. I defy any man to prove that one person is really converted from idolatry to Christianity for each million dollars collected in this country in the name of foreign missions. The Missionary Record exclaims enthusiastically: "After four years' work in Egypt, the North African Mission rejoices in its first convert!" It should have added: "Let the glorious work go on—and send more money!" And who is this convert—the result of four long years of agony and enormous investment? A Mohammedan. A man who all his life had been praying to God five times a day, has actually been persuaded (or hired) to change the ritual of his religion—whether for better or worse I shall not pretend to say. The experience of the North African Mission is in nowise remarkable. The *ICONOCLAST* has heretofore called attention to the confessions of returned missionaries that after laboring half a lifetime in India, China, or Africa, they could not be certain of one bonafide conversion; to the testimony of reputable travelers, merchants and government officials long resident abroad, that converts to Christianity are almost invariably from the lower classes; that such professions are usually made in the hope of pecuniary profit and promptly abjured when they no

longer pay. Think of the incalculable good that might be accomplished in our own country with the enormous wealth annually wasted in the name of foreign mission work! We have at our own doors millions of people who do not worship at the shrine of *any* Deity. We have a vast contingent who never saw the inside of a church, who do not know that Christ is dead, and are ignorant of the divine mystery of a well cooked meal. In the slums of our great cities lurk savages more debased, barbarians more brutal than can be found in the islands of far seas, ranging the wild steppes of Crim Tartary or swearing allegiance to the unspeakable Turk. In view of these facts, I here assert that the man who would have us waste our wealth meddling with the religion of pious Buddhists, law-abiding Confucians or devout Mohammedans, is an infernal fraud who should be apprehended as a public enemy and put to breaking rock. Let us sweep before our own door ere we polish the back yard of the antipodes. Let us supply Caucasian babes with bread before we furnish the black-and-tans with Bibles. Let us Christianize—or at least civilize—our own land before exporting saving grace to foreign countries. Think of a country in which thousands of homicides yearly occur; whose every city is rank with dens of infamy and alive with professional robbers; where children die of hunger and wretched women barter their soul for bread—a country which has 100,000 criminals in prison and as many more in politics—peddling its surplus piety at the antipodes.

. . .

The ICONOCLAST has been appealed to for information regarding "The Monetary Trust," located on Broadway, N. Y., which invites people to commit their surplus cash to it for investment, promising that, "under normal conditions, it can invariably accumulate profits for its cus-



tomers." I know but little about the concern; but this I do know; it will *lie*—and a liar will invariably *steal*. In the circular sent me it practically admits that its operations have been unsatisfactory, but attributes this to "the remarkable growth of the free-silver sentiment." This looks very much like it was trying to play the same set of suckers a second time. On the occasion of Mr. Bryan's visit to New York to accept the presidential nomination, "The Monetary Trust," made a frantic bid for notoriety by publishing a grossly insulting and remarkably impudent "open letter" to the distinguished visitor. After his famous speech at Madison Square Garden it followed up its first offense with another literary effusion even more foul. Both these screeds were filled with deliberate falsehoods of a nature so gross that even such carrion crows as old Dana were disgusted. And these stuprations of morality and breaches of good manners it is now issuing in circular form, ostensibly as a McKinley campaign document, but really as an advertisement of its own gambling graft. My private opinion publicly expressed is to the effect that "The Monetary Trust" is a fake, and that the man who trusts it with a dollar is a fool.

The great mercantile business built up by that brainy Irishman, A. T. Stewart, long known as America's "merchant prince," has succumbed to the bad management of Judge Hilton, the notorious Hebrew hater. This is exactly what might have been expected. A man so narrow between the eyes as to exclude respectable Hebrews from his hotel, could scarce prove equal to the intelligent superintendence of the vast and varied interests of the Stewart estate. That a hotel in a so-called Christian country could be too good for a people to whom we are indebted for all the prophets, as well as for Christ and the Twelve

Apostles, is an idea which could have originated only in an Hiltonian head. When one is incapable of learning that "a man's a man for a' that," his intellectual measure is a clerkship in a peanut stand, or the management of a nickel-in-the-slot machine. It is to be regretted that so grand a fortune, built up by a commercial Napoleon, should have been entrusted to the stewardship of one who, as Reedy would say, "could sue himself for being a jaquasse and get judgment."

\* \* \*

## POLITICS IN THE PULPIT.

I SUSPECT that I will have to adopt radical measures to prevent my brother ministers making political harangues from the pulpit. Thus far my friendly warnings have been without effect. I am naturally patient and long-suffering; but there's a point where forbearance ceases to be a virtue, and I much fear that I'll have to make a frightful example of a few contumacious offenders—excommunicate and drop them with a dull hollow plunk beyond the ministerial pale. I dislike to resort to extreme measures with the misguided; but, as the duly ordained monitor of the American ministers, am entrusted with a sacred duty. If all my suffragans cannot be orthodox they must at least be decent. I have determined that, come what may, the pulpit shall not be profaned by a lot of ticky-tailed politicians. I haven't the slightest objection to the preachers under my apostolic protection making political harangues and whooping it up for this or the other partisan organization; but when they desire to do so they must mount a convenient drygoods box or hire a hall. They did not surrender their rights as American citizens on entering the

ministry. Secularly considered, they are both in the world and of it. They enjoy all the political prerogatives which even the swellest bartender can boast. They are the equals before the law of the man who drives a dray, the political peers of the autocratic policeman. I have not striven to coerce them into voting for my favorite candidate. I advised them to exercise perfect freedom in such affairs without fear of losing their pastorates; but did not mean thereby that they were privileged to turn their churches into political wigwags and spew their pseudo-economics from the pulpit. Christ preached no political sermons; yet Palestine was in a far worse condition during his ministry than is America to-day. He did not so much as mention the Roman tyranny, the currency, tariff or prohibition questions in his Sermon on the Mount. They may have been "great moral issues," but evidently did not concern the mission of our Master. When he found dove dealers and money changers occupying the porches of the temple he scourged them thence. Had he discovered a political caucus in the holy-of-holies and the high-priest haranguing the people in the auditorium on the evils of free silver or the gold standard, he would scarce have gone after the godless gang with a scourge of cords—he would have procured an adult club, studded with brass nails, and wearing an iron knob as large as that anchored to the end of a Republican's neck. As a Roman citizen, St. Paul may have taken a lively interest in administrative measures; but he failed to incorporate his political views in his famous epistles. He didn't pretend to preach Christ crucified to get an opportunity to air his private opinions about gold-bugs or repudiationists, the McKinley atrocity or the crime of '73. Of the entire thirteen Apostles, Judas Iscariot was the only one who mixed the currency question with his religion, and he insisted on the Republican ratio

of thirty-to-one. Learning by experience that he was an economic ass, he put an end to his existence. In religion the preacher is exalted above his people; but in politics he's on an exact parity with the sexton who dusts the pews, or the sinner on the back seats. I have been moved to these remarks by the horse-play of Rev. Thos. Dixon Jr., who precipitated a disgraceful row in church by mixing matters temporal and spiritual instead of taking the latter straight; the pollution of various temples dedicated to the Deity, by the intemperate partisan harangues of Bishop Newman, Dominic MacArthur, Doc Talmage, Sam Jones and other gentlemen of the cloth who have mistaken the Lord's vineyard for a political convention. The Hartford Fire Insurance Company is sending out, as a McKinley campaign document a sermon preached by Rev. F. F. Emerson of Gloucester, Mass., which, for deliberate sacrilege complicated with colossal impudence, lays over anything I have hitherto seen. It is a rehash of the most violent harangues made by McKinley boosters on the hustings, seasoned with a sacred virulence which suggests that an admixture of the *odium politicum* and the *odium theologicum* makes an unsavory compound of bigotry and bile, greed and gall worthy the cauldron of Shakespeare's witches, a delectable dish for the Prince of Darkness. Granting that every proposition of the reverend blather-skite be correct; that Bryan is an enemy of all social order and his followers red-flaggers and repudiationists, while G. Cleveland is a little tin god who is giving his precious life for the people; still, I submit that the pulpit is not the proper place for such promulgations. A minister of the gospel cannot afford to substitute either Bryan or McKinley for Christ. No man can serve two masters—even though these be Grover Cleveland and Almighty God. My bump of reverence is not so altitudinous that I can rent it

for an astronomical observatory; but I do protest that when a preacher invites people to hear him discourse of the beauties of religion, then regales them with a disquisition on partisan politics and an indecent exposure of his economical ignorance, he should be seized tenderly but firmly by the bust of his panties and "trun tro de roof." There may be preachers who know something about politics; there may be ministers who have made an exhaustive study of economics; but during forty years wandering in this terrestrial wilderness I failed to find 'em. I'll wager the price of my pew-rent against a yaller pup that not a single preacher who has been puking politics over his congregation during the present campaign can quote one line from Smith or Mill or Montesquieu, can repeat three paragraphs of the Federal constitution or name in their proper order the American presidents. Yet these wind-blown guts attempt to give to their political ineptitude somewhat of the sanctity which encircles the Saviour.

\* \* \*

## THE McKINLEY AID SOCIETY.

AN INTERESTING SESSION AT INDIANAPOLIS.

PERHAPS the most remarkable exhibition of political Pecksniffianism the world has yet witnessed was furnished by the "Sound Money Democrats," who recently enacted at Indianapolis the pitiable farce of placing a presidential ticket in the field. I have no word of criticism for those cidevant Democrats because of their declination to support the Chicago nominees. I recognize their inalienable right to transfer their allegiance to other parties, or to create a new one, as they please. They are free moral agents entitled to their opinions in matters monetary, and would

be derelict in their duty as American citizens did they fail to champion that financial policy they believe will best promote the general welfare; but no man is privileged to be politically dishonest—to borrow the linen of the Lord in which to do the dirty work of the devil. The *raison d'erre* of the Indianapolis convention was not the conservation of time-honored Democratic principles, but rather to aid, by arrant hypocrisy and contemptible skullduggery, in elevating the Republican party to power. I do not criticize the gentlemen who constituted that convention because they are in revolt against the national Democracy; for I hold in supreme contempt such men as McKinley—who depend on others to supply their political principles—who place the badge of party slavery above the crown of American sovereignty. The man who, at the command of any convention, however august, helps fasten upon his country a policy he believes hurtful to its people, should have a ring put in his nose and be led about by a nigger. When a man declares that he dissents from the Chicago platform, “but feels it his duty, as a good Democrat, to bow to the will of his party,” you may set it down that he should have been born a goose, to patiently plod in the wake of some flat-headed old gander—that he’s white-livered and lacks gall. I believe that Bryan would have bolted the Chicago convention had it declared for gold monometallism—and I would have kept him company. I criticize the Indianapolis covenanters because they are not toting fair with the people—because they are engineering a deliberate bunco-game that would disgrace the vilest beat that ever lay in wait for a confiding countryman.

This is a serious charge, and should not be preferred unless it can be substantiated by indubitable evidence. Did not the convention, it may be asked, denounce in unmeasured terms the general policy of Republicanism? It

undoubtedly did. Did it not formulate a platform, nominate candidates and loudly call attention to its own self-righteousness? Sure—that's what it was there for. Did you expect it to nominate McKinley and put a member of the Morgan-Belmont syndicate on the tail-end of the ticket? It must be remembered that there is a very considerable contingent of Cleveland Democrats—for power will ever have both intellectual poens and professional parasites. These people—who have made of Cleveland a political Dalia Lama, and religiously swallow the pastilles made of his economic evacuations—regard with considerable disfavor the Chicago platform and candidates. Still, comparatively few of them can be persuaded to turn for consolation to McKinleyism. Compelled to choose between the party of high-tariff and impudent trusts, federal force bills and coon rule reconstruction, and their old party with its one objectionable plank, a vast majority of them would rally round the banner of the Nebraskian, considering it wiser to attempt the reformation than to assist in the destruction of an organization with which they have been long identified. The sole object of the Indianapolis convention was to sidetrack this vote, to prevent it going to Bryan, and thereby assure the success of the party which represents the very antithesis of Democratic principles. How do we know? By the very frank confession of the promoters of that enterprise. Seven out of ten delegates to that convention have been bearing aloft the McKinley banner ever since Bryan's nomination—are doing so to-day. They have informed us in public addresses and interviews, both before and since the Indianapolis convocation, that the object of this second ticket was not the capture of the presidency, but the defeat of the regular Democracy. Men who sat in that convention had already announced their intention of voting for McKinley. Seven out of ten

of the Stuffed Prophet newspapers began pulling for McKinley so soon as the result of the Chicago convention was known, and they are still giving aid to the enemy. While loudly they are slobbering over the senile ticket put forth by the "Sound Money Democracy," they are doing so simply because it is expected to deflect votes from Bryan. While loudly commending the renaissance of "the faith of the Democratic fathers," they are particularly tender to those who, as one of them expresses it, consider it their duty to vote for McKinley *direct* and thereby preserve the credit of the country. They are engaged in figuring out, not a possible chance of victory for the new ticket, but how many states it will add to the McKinley column. Scratch a leader of the Indianapolis movement and you'll find a McKinleyite every time. They are sailing under false colors—are professing an almost pathetic attachment to Jeffersonian principles while, at the same time, striving to entrap their brethren into rendering aid, direct or indirect, to the old time enemy of Democracy. That is carrying practical politics to the verge of criminality. It is on an exact moral parity with obtaining money under false pretenses. Had these fellows been politically honest they would have either abided by the actions of the regular Democracy or gone over openly to the Republican camp. They did neither—they became cappers for Bill McKinley's political shell game, decoys to lure Democrats into Mark Hanna's meshes. Assuming a holier-than-thou expression, these political pharisees had the polite and elegant gall to accuse their brethren of "abandoning for Republican allies the Democratic cause of tariff reform"—then set deliberately to work to elevate to power the party of protection! That's what I call cheek incarnate, impudence preëminent, audacity absolute, insolence insufferable! These fellows posing as "the representatives of



Democratic principles"? And what kind of Democracy, pray? A Democracy whose tenets must be determined by a coterie of self-constituted priests, instead of by the duly accredited representatives of the people. It matters not how far the Chicago platform may depart from the teachings of Jefferson and Jackson; it is still the confession of faith of the regular Democracy; and no man hath right or title to the party name who declines to support the Chicago nominees. The Presbyterian church has rejected some of the extreme tenets of the Calvinistic creed; yet no man has a right to proclaim himself a member of that denomination who denies its present doctrines. One may be a Jeffersonian or a Jacksonian without being a Democrat, just as he may be a Calvinist without being a Presbyterian. That political party which makes no progress, which cannot adapt itself to changed conditions, had best get off the earth, for it is utterly useless—as much out of place as a crooked stick in the age of steam plows. We don't care two whoops in Halifax what Jefferson or Jackson said or did under different conditions in the long ago; what we are trying to guess is what those wise men would say and do were they here to-day.

The plain fact is that the Indianapolis convention was composed, for the most part, of old political hacks who have been left behind as useless lumber in the grand march of progress—men who are incapable of learning even in the school of experience; men who have either been already relegated to the rear, or who read the *mne, mene tekel upharsin* on the walls of their political banquet hall. Not being allowed to longer rule the party, they are ready to gratify their pique by wrecking it. The nominees of the McKinley Aid Society are really better than the rank and file of that monstrous collection of political fossils and savage soreheads; but they are representative in that

they have outlived their usefulness—do groan for burial. Should they be elected, Palmer would be 84 and Puckner 80 when their term of office expired in 1901. The **ICONOCLAST** has great respect for old age; but that octegenarian does not exist who is in full possession of his mental powers. Gladstone and Bismark are the world's most remarkable specimens of green old age; yet the "Grand Old Man" began to exhibit unmistakable signs of mental decay early in his eighties, and before reaching four score years the "Iron Chancellor" was wisely relieved of the burden of public life. The men who have made a favorable mark on the pages of the world's history after passing their eightieth year may be counted on the fingers of one hand. As men, we can make low obsequies to the hoary hairs of John M. Palmer; but as citizens we must select for the chief magistrate of this new nation, which bears its days before it and the tumult of its life, not a slippered pantaloon whose face is to the past, but rather one who will use equal to the mighty problems of the future. In these kaleidoscopic times, when conditions press upon us for which there is no precedent, we must have in the pilot-house not one who is yearly losing, but one who is daily learning. We are told that the Ship of State is in dire distress—is running upon the rocks, her masts shivered, her canvas ripped to rags, the threatening billows breaking across her bows. At such a time 'twere sheer madness to place the helm in the palsied hand of a superannuated sailor. No matter that in days ago he plowed Messina's stormy strait while Charybdis frowned and Scylla beckoned—under hatches with him, and send to the help an able seaman, with judgment clear and eye alert, with nerves of steel and muscles of beaten brass.

The platform adopted by the Indianapolis convention is on a moral and intellectual parity with its Democratic

professions. It is such a tissue of antilogies, such a symposium of absurdities that we may well suppose it written by some man as far into the sear and yellow leaf as even the neo-Democratic nominees. It should have for preface Minister Terrell's famous axiom to the effect that "Consistency is the virtue of fools." It mocks at the idea that the price of silver can be enhanced by legislation, while accusing the Republicans of raising the price of commodities by tariff laws. It is a part of the religion of the Democratic-Republican party that free coinage of silver is sublimated protection for the producers of that metal, and that protection is an evil simply because it gives the commodities an abnormal market value. Clearly if protection will raise the price of soap it will have a similar effect on silver. The platform breathes the spirit of state rights, yet commends Cleveland for invading a sovereign state with federal troops despite the protest of the governor, whom it has been amply proven was both able and eager to restore order. It attributes all our individual ills to Republican extravagance in appropriations and "the Populist threat of free coinage." The most expensive Republican government since the war expended less than \$1 per annum in each \$130 of national wealth, most of it immediately finding its way back into the pockets of the people. The expense was outrageous 'tis true; but scarce sufficient to create a commercial panic among people who had been through the fiery furnace of a civil war. The total vote for president in 1892 exceeded twelve millions, of which the Populists polled about one million; hence "the Populist threat of free coinage" was calculated to have about as much effect on our currency as Dr. Jehovah Boanerges Cranfill's Prohibition exordiums on the price of bourbon. Why men who expended so much time and lung power throwing boquets at them-

selves, should deliberately sign a certificate of their own idiocy, is one of those things that no fellow can find out.

The Indianapolis convention is *sui generis* in that it insists that the gold standard is a good thing *per se* and declares emphatically against bimetallism, as that term is generally understood. It would permanently relegate silver to a secondary place, limit its coinage and base it upon its yellow brother. This is the same kind of bimetallism as the coinage of gold eagles and copper cents. Those who advocate it and pose as "true bimetallists," are either dishonest or have something radically wrong with their heads. They go even further than Cleveland in their gold craze, and set a pace entirely too rapid for even their Republican allies. While all other parties and all standard economists are professedly striving to secure the equal use of both gold and silver as standard money, each dependent upon itself for its purchasing power, the Indianapolis conspirators declare that silver must ever remain subsidiary to and dependent upon gold as it is at present. If this theory be correct, why coin any silver at all? Why use up 53 cents worth of material to make a token dollar, when it is just as easy to maintain at a parity with gold one made of paper? There's an answer to this, but the Indianapolisites were so busy posing as disinterested patriots and simon-pure Democrats that they failed to see it. Coining silver dollars, that must depend on gold for their purchasing power, were a wicked waste of wealth. 'S'use of a "bimetallism" that doesn't add one dollar to the volume of our "real money," our "money of final redemption"? If the Indianapolis savants will answer this simple question, I'll vote for their real candidate, Major McKinley.

This wonderful platform denounces the National Democracy for "threatening unlimited issues of paper money

by the government." If that's true my slogan henceforth shall be, "anything to beat Bryan"—but I can't find it in the Chicago platform. Some such idea may be floating about in the senile brains of the Indianapolis buncoists; but it is not in the Democratic bond. The assertion is on an intellectual level with that foolish falsehood to the effect that Altgeld is an anarchist. The gentlemen who have undertaken to "preserve Democratic principles" by electing a high-tariff Republican president, demand the separation of government from the banking business, denounce further maintenance of the present system of national currency as a constant source of injury and peril, insist upon a single gold standard and such monetary reform as "will afford a safe and elastic currency under government supervision, measured in volume by the needs of business." Now if anybody will tell me what those fellows want I'll buy the buttermilk! A gold currency depends upon the fecundity of the mines, and does not flexibly conform to the needs of commerce. Free silver and bank notes being barred, what is left but the issue of treasury notes, which issues may be great or small, according as the party in power finds it necessary to obey the plutocrats or play to the proletaire? According to these economists such notes could not be maintained at a parity with gold unless redeemable on demand in that metal, the "endless chain" of which Cleveland complains would remain unbroken, and Belmont, Morgan & Co. have to continue "protecting our credit" by the purchase of big blocks of bonds on private bids. It is a trifle strange that a convention which,—if we may accept its own modest estimate of itself—had a corner on patriotism undefiled, Democratic purity and economic knowledge, should howl so lustily for currency reform, and then adjourn without so much as suggesting a method by which

this desideratum could be attained. But, perchance, before it got to that problem Markhanna gave it a quiet tip that it was time to go home.

\* \* \*

## A MODERN SIMON MAGUS.

SCHRADER, the *soi-disant* "divine healer," has worked Texas to the queen's taste and departed for green fields and pastures new. "The Lord called him away"—after he had picked up all the cash possible. The Lord is very accommodating to this man of miracles; he never "calls" him to visit a place until his business manager has arranged with a street-car company for a liberal percentage of the profits. Schrader is in very truth a "wonder-worker"—he works an alleged intelligent people in a manner truly miraculous. As a "grafter" he can give any of the itinerate gospel sharps cards and spades and beat them at their own game. Schrader is, in the idiom of the street, a slick artist. He can "turn a trick" as deftly as any bunco-steerer. He possesses sufficient art to conceal his art. He doesn't want money for "doing the Master's work"—but he gets it just the same. He doesn't pass around the hat, like Rev. Sam Jones, and tell cultured ladies to "spit in it if they can do nothing better"; he gives a free show and goes cahoots with transportation companies which carry the crowd. To ask his audience for money would spoil his game—the doubting Thomases would say the godly man was out for the long green. They would examine more closely into his "miracles," and having paid handsomely to have a cork leg or tin ear displaced with one of flesh and blood,

would clamor for the delivery of the goods. Schrader works the press, and it assists him to work the people. He has Tom Sawyer's labor system down to a science. He has evidently adopted as his motto: Never do to-day what you can get some dampfool to do for you. The "great public educators" ever hungry for a sensation, whether it be a double hanging or a sea serpent, give Schrader columns of gratuitous advertising under the impression that they are supplying their patrons with news of prime importance, thereby whetting public curiosity and exciting an expectancy of the supernatural. A vast crowd gathers (at 10 to 20 cents for the round trip) and gawks at him as though he were indeed a God. He has made the blind to see, the deaf to hear, the lame to walk—for have not the papers said so? Huggins has been cured of stuttering and Muggins of rheumatism. There is a strong vein of superstition in the best of people, and when this is artfully played upon the commonplace becomes the miraculous, faith supplants reason—and faith is the basic principle of both medicine and miracles. It were enough to destroy one's confidence in the law of progress—to make us regard the highest civilization as but a receptive veneer laid upon a surface of hopeless savagery—to witness one of Schrader's seances. Thousands of awe-struck people, their faces rendered ghastly by a futile attempt at the bravado of unbelief; people of all ages and sexes, classes and conditions, crowding to get within reach of a greasy, lousy tramp, aping the airs of our risen Lord! We might expect such scenes in the canebrakes of Louisiana at the midnight hour, "Voodoo Doctor Sam" as the central figure, the audience ignorant negroes afraid of the evil eye; but imagine it at high noon in the chief cities of the South and West, the gullible women of culture, gentlemen of erudition, who

get kerchiefs blessed as charms against measles and mumps! "Angels and ministers of grace defend us!" Of course, Schrader wrought no cures that could not have been accomplished as easily by any other Weary Willie under like conditions. That such is generally conceded since press and public passed from under the spell of this foul-smelling Simon Magus who has read the "Good Book" to so little purpose that he has not learned that "cleanliness is akin to Godliness." But what of the press—the "public educator," the "sentinel on the watch-tower"—whose gullibility or peccability has brought reproach upon the people? Is it any wonder that demagogues, adventurers and professional pilferers get control of government—that seventy million people groan, and sweat, and stink and fardels bear through the long hot summer days that a few impudent non-producers may live like lords? Verily, pessimistic old Tom Carlyle had a head as long as a striped watermelon when he declared that "Gullible by fit apparatus all publics are; and gulled with the most surprising profit."

\* \* \*

## EGYPT VS. ARKANSAS.

POOR old Rackensack! She has had the irremediable misfortune to incur the enmity of that journalistic Jehovah known as the Carbondale (Ill.) *Herald*. Arkansas has ever been a State familiar with sorrow and acquainted with grief; but never until now did her cup of misery slop over, her burthen become too grievous to be borne. Pelion is piled on Ossa, horrors on horror's head accumulate, one misfortune doth gall his fellow's kibe so fast they follow.



'At last the awful climax has come. The almighty *Herald* man hath quite o'erwhelmed Arkansas with his Balaamic curse, thereby pressing upon her shrinking head a sorrow's crown of sorrow for giving the frozen face to the party of Markhanna and his political puppet. He rears up on his subsequent legs, lashes himself with his caudal appendage, wildly waves his ears and wails forth that "the miserable yaller-bellied State of Arkansas went Democratic," and expresses "surprise that honest money has any friends at all in that narrow-contracted, God-forsaken State. Its inhabitants," he says, "are a lot of peak-nosed renegades who were a by-word in the rest of the United States." The *Herald* man then proceeds to yank victory from the fanged jaws of defeat by declaring that the honest men of the North invariably vote right opposite to the "peak-nosed renegades" of Rackensack aforesaid—that the action of the latter "insures a big increase in the honest money vote all over the North." It were a great pity to confine the odor of so rare an exotic to the circulation of a plate-fake country newspaper. Such colossal genius should have room in which to burgeon and bloom, hence I take great pleasure in presenting him to the patrons of the *ICONOCLAST*. Ladies and gentlemen, this is the editor of the Carbondale *Herald*, who will favor you with a correct imitation of a man about to tear a cat—please don't go near the cage.

"Every time they bury a man in Arkansas they dump a wagon load of manure in the grave so that he will rise on resurrection day. Its inhabitants are composed of miserable old women and lean, lank-bellied yahoos. Their principal occupation is drinking whisky and hanging niggers. They are too infernally lazy to eat a full meal, and consequently have a hungry look. Nobody ever saw a fat man in Arkansas. They are too shiftless, too trifling,

too worthless to even get fat. Some of them come North and take on a little flesh, but on their heath they are like Cassius—they have a lean and hungry look. They all have noses like pelicans and eyes deep sunk, yaller, watery, and sickly, which are set in their heads so close together that they can look through a keyhole with both eyes at once. They are constantly looking around for someone to beat. They are restless and uneasy, a condition they have acquired by lying awake at nights and listening to the notes of the bullfrog and the hum of the ‘muskeeters.’ Religiously they are divided into two classes—the heathens and the greater heathens. The heathens get drunk every Sunday on mean whisky and raise the devil generally with sacred things when not too drunk. The worse than heathens hang and burn niggers for pastime, and when they get down to business assassinate white men. A real good Arkansas father licks his boy half to death if he catches him in a clean shirt on Sunday, but commends him if he has made a successful raid on his neighbor’s chicken coop.”

That’s a pretty good “roast,” but I doubt its originality. It reminds me very much of a razzle-dazzle which a Missouri paper once gave “Egypt,” alias Southern Illinois, of which Carbondale is the geographical center. And the portrait it drew of that section of the great sucker State tallies exactly with popular opinion. Southern Illinois has been known for generations as “Egypt”; not because its soil is fecund as the Nilus valley, or nurtures a crop of Josephs; but because its dense ignorance was thought to resemble the “thick darkness” which Moses laid upon “the land of Mizraim”—because of a popular superstition that when the plagues were lifted from ancient Egypt they were transferred to the *Herald’s* territory, where, for four-and-thirty centuries, they have faithfully

observed the biblical law to be fruitful and multiply. The people of north and central Illinois have ever regarded the denizens of "Egypt" with undisguised disdain. "Worthless as an Egyptian," "scabby as Egypt," long ago found place in their vocabulary of invective. In that section of Suckerdome where I first oped a sad blue eye to the garish light of day and lay long debating whether 'twere more fun to be a bloody pirate or a Baptist preacher, to call a man "a son of Egypt" was considered an unforgivable affront to his family, and meant a fight or a foot-race. It is a popular idea that, south of Centralia, the employment of the people consists in catching bull-heads and crawfish, frying out rattlesnake oil as an antidote for rheumatism, shaking with "buck-ager," drinking "sacka-frack" tea, "chawin' natural leaf" and expectorating the juice at a knot-hole. The "Egyptians" are generally thought to be immoral, but lacking sufficient vigor to break the Seventh Commandment; hungry, but too lazy to work and too cowardly to steal; lousy, yet lacking sufficient intelligence to scratch for relief. And, truth to tell, this portrait of southern Illinois was no caricature a third of a century ago. It seems to have been settled with the offscourings of the universe. When a man was so unutterably worthless that the Lord didn't want him, the devil wouldn't have him and decent people couldn't tolerate his presence, he drifted into "Egypt" to take his chances with the water moccasins and malaria. Into that dreary desolation the most degraded of the river characters, from Pittsburgh to New Orleans, found their way, as well as a large sprinkling of the poorest specimens of the South's "po' white trash"—the root-diggers and clay-eaters, regarded by the slave-holder as occupying a moral and mental neutral ground between the nigger and the mule. Yet here we have a Pharaoh hardening his heart

and hurling great wads of withering scorn at the people of Arkansas because they decline to vote the Republican ticket or encourage niggers to despoil their daughters! I can understand that, before the war, a native of "Egypt" might feel not a little proud of a stray pickaninny, either as an improvement of the breed, or because he could smuggle it across the Ohio and exchange it for tobacco and booze; but why, under present conditions, the *Herald* man should be so deeply concerned for the welfare of the black miscegenationist, is beyond my comprehension. He cannot now sell a nigger baby to the Arkansas Democrats for so much as a silver dollar; besides, the native "Egyptian" breed has been graded up by a light admixture of gentle blood. The "Egypt" of ante-bellum times is not the "Egypt" of this year of grace. It was finally discovered that the so-called "bad lands" of southern Illinois could be made to yield something better than disease, Digger Indians, "yaller dawgs" and death. They would grow strawberries as big as walnuts, and peaches and apples equal to the best in the world. Industrious people poured in, bringing books, soap and other evidences of civilization. They drained the pestilent marshes, initiated the younger natives into the sacred mystery of an annual bath and inoculated them with a little of their own enterprise. But the evil reputation still clings to "Egypt." Its savages have not all disappeared before the march of civilization. Men can still be found there so illiterate as to be incapable of intelligible speech, and upon whose bodies a crop of wheat might be grown and gathered, so great is their laziness, so deep the accumulation of dirt. Bryan was born at Salem, beyond the "Egyptian" boundary—sufficient reason for suspecting him of being a gentleman, thereby calling down upon his friends and followers, the wrath of the *Herald* man, as a matter of

course. If even the worm will sometimes turn, we can scarce expect an unreconstructed "Egyptian" to give the glad hand to one born of the ancient enemies of filth and ignorance. The hate which a member of an inferior race bears those who make his lack of human attributes a subject for their laughter, can scarce be equalled by a woman scorned. It is perfectly natural that the *Herald* man should admire McKinley; for while Markhanna's automaton was not born in the southern swamps of Suckerdome and reared on "biled crowsfish" and "ager roots," he is on a mental and moral parity with those who were. A ligneous-faced creature lacking the courage of his convictions, and so destitute of pride that he accepts charity while in the prime of manhood, McKinley is the logical candidate of those natives of Illinois' older "Egypt" who have proved impervious to the humanizing influences of civilization. He has but to trade his toothbrush and bath towel for a couple o' coon dogs, contract a case of the seven-year-itch, sit on the park fence at Carbondale and squirt tobacco juice on his beard till it runs down on his boots, to catch the vote of every "arly" settler of "Egypt" who isn't too tired to drag himself to the voting booth, or too ignorant to know that a presidential election is pending.

\* \* \*

## DAVID AND BATH-SHEBA.

THE ORIGINAL SCANDAL IN HIGH LIFE.

I AM in receipt of a letter from a prominent Missouri divine, kindly commending the *ICONOCLAST's* criticisms of the daily press for printing obscene advertisements, reports of unsavory divorce trials and exploiting breaches of the

Seventh Commandment by people of social prominence. My reverend correspondent adds: "No book or paper in which are found accounts of seductions, rapes or brutal murders like those of 'Jack-the-Ripper,' should be allowed to come into the home to poison the minds of youth. To such publications I attribute the frightful increase of crime. Children are made familiar with the social evil as soon as they can read, and the result may be seen in the vast armies of *roués* and prostitutes. It is a fact, universally conceded, that publishing the details of a peculiarly brutal murder breeds imitators."

To all of which I was about to respond with a fervent amen, when the pious exclamation was frozen upon my lips by the following remarkable sentence: "Remember that an open Bible is the hope of the world—a Bible which all may read, interpret for themselves, and mold their lives according to its sacred precepts." I much dislike to criticize a brother minister; but it occurs to me that he is not consistent—that he strains at a diatom and swallows a whole drove of dromedaries. I believe that I have as much reverence for the Christian religion as has the average ministers; but keep my Bible under lock and key with my Decameron, Don Juan and Venus and Adonis. I would as soon think of placing the *Police Gazette* or *Houston Post* on my parlor table. I trust that I will not be dubbed irreverent by the sanctified rabble, nor wilfully misunderstood by the ministry. The Bible is the greatest of books—greater even than that penned by Avon's immortal bard. It contains many passages that were unquestionably inspired, for the unaided mind of man could not have soared to such celestial heights, nor plunged so deep into the profound mysteries of Life and Death. In it we may hear the music of the Morning Stars singing together, and learn the mystic language of Deep calling unto Deep. I think

sometimes that it is a searchlight placed on the highest tower of the Eternal City, with which God reveals to the philosophic eye the past, the present and the ages yet to be. The Bible is an anthology of ancient literature—a wonderful symposium of poetry and philosophy, the fierce love and fiercer hate, the wild worship and wilder wars of the old world. “There were giants in those days”—barbaric Titans who wrought with rude tools, and whose lives and labors must not be measured by modern standards. The strange book which they have left to us is the Iliad of the Jews—grander, nobler than that of the Greeks; but it contains many chapters which no woman or child can ever read under my roof. Highly as I esteem this Book of Books, I consider that those who place unexpurgated copies thereof in the hands of children of ignorant people are guilty of a heinous crime. They had better poison a public well or import a pestilence. In the hands of learned teachers, where the lessons are carefully selected and intelligently explained, the Bible must be an incalculable power for good; but committing it to the hands of people incapable of distinguishing barbaric history from holy precept, were like turning a sick laborer loose among the medicinal herbs and deadly poisons of the apothecary and bidding him heal himself. Ignorance is but intellectual infancy. The untutored mind, whether in youth or age, readily grasps that which is evidently evil, frankly brutal, but cannot comprehend what is exalted or profound. The Bible is the word of God, but has been adulterated by the Devil. It is a stream of living water which burst pure and sweet of Siniatic heights, but has flowed for ages through a miasmatic land. It is at once a veritable galaxy of poetic metaphor and eternal truth, and a cesspool foul with the fetid offal of forty centuries.

If my correspondent will but examine the Bible he will

find therein recorded "the brutal murders of 'Jack-the-Ripper'" multiplied ten thousandfold. There is nothing in the annals of the Unspeakable Turk or the hordes of Tartary equal to the atrocities of which we are there told. The boldest flights of Milton's imperial wing, the morbid imagination of Danté reveling in the horrors of his mimic Hell, fall short of the biblical account of the despoilment of the Land of Promise. Blood, blood and ever more blood, until even the murderous soul of a Sioux brave must be more than satisfied—the blood of smiling babes, of grandsires aged and blind, of women with infants in the womb, outrage and rapine, wreck and wraith, the sun standing still on Gibeon and the moon in the Valley of Ajalon to prolong the sickening scene! One would suppose that, instead of being God's Chosen People, the Jews had made "a league with Death, a covenant with Hell." If it be true indeed that publication of brutal murders breed imitators, who can estimate the influence on our criminal annals of the "Open Bible"? The scholar, the discriminating critic may gather from Judea's bloody fields golden apples of Hesperides, while the ignorant find only thorns and thistles to their hurt. The Bible may be said to begin with a homicide and end with a holocaust; yet my correspondent expects its general perusal to eliminate crime!

If he will turn again to the book which he would place in the hand of innocent childhood, he will find it rank from *imprimis* to *finis* with accounts of sexual sins which even so enterprising a sensation-monger as the modern daily would scarce dare put in print. In this country men who inscribed biblical verses on postal cards have been imprisoned for sending obscene matter through the mails; yet my reverend friend insists that what is too feculent for the postal service should be given to women and children



as the word of God! According to the biblical histiographers, fornication is but a venial fault and usually forgiven—a mere pastime for the beloved of the Lord, who escape punishment without the trouble of repentance; while rape, incest, onanism and sodomy tumble over the pages of this popular book as in some wild phallic revel or Devil's dream. Lot, the nephew of Abraham, supplied the biblical reporters with a racy narrative surpassing anything yet attributed to the Vanderbilts or Marlboroughs, and the details are worked up in a manner that would satisfy even the editor of the *Sunday Slumgullion*. The scribe even added to his story a dash of the marvelous by making the old man so drunk on Rev. Bill Homan's non-intoxicating biblical wine that he despoiled his two daughters unconsciously—thereby surprising the modern Prohibitionists and fairly dumfounding all students of physiology. If "the unfermented wines of Bible times," of which Brother Bill delights to discourse, have this effect, perhaps we had best pin our faith to bourbon. Judah was brother to Joseph, but served the Lord in a different way and, apparently, quite satisfactorily to all concerned. Had he been carried into Egypt the romance of Mrs. Potiphar would have ended otherwise. Like Col. W. C. P. Breckenridge, he was addicted to closed carriages and practical politics. When he got loose in the land the ladies climbed the tallest trees, while their lords lingered in the vicinity to feed a few extra slugs to the shotgun and tie the bulldog loose. But Judah was full of enterprise as any Lancelot or Lovelace, albeit not so exacting in his tastes. With the assistance of a woman who was the widow of his two elder sons and betrothed to a third, he succeeded in founding a very interesting second family from which the Kings of Israel descended. Solomon could trace his lineage to Judah and Tamar, a beast and a bawd—and was. there-

fore, as much entitled to boast of his ancestry as either the Duke or Duchess of Marlborough. A touch of the dramatic is given Judah's alliance with his desiring daughter-in-law, and if properly staged it would doubtless "take" even better than DeMaurier's Trilby.

But neither Lot nor Judah were people of social prominence. The former was a cave-dweller in the mountains—perhaps a moonlight distiller or "sang" digger; the latter a cross between a ward-heeler and a goatherd. Abraham was a strolling vagabond when he offered to prostitute his wife to save his neck, while Mrs. Potiphar was but the companion of a petty officer when she attempted the virtue of her slave. For the first recorded "scandal in high life" we must come down to the days of David. Had Josef Phewlitzer been running the *Jerusalem Morning World* when the Davidian family occupied the White House he could have had a genuine screamer-head sensation every day, and enough "interesting readin'" left over for an evening edition. Josef allowed himself to get ingloriously "scooped" by not being born twenty-nine centuries sooner. Of course he would be dead now—but his loss would be our eternal gain. When David's sons were not ravishing his daughters or making free with his concubines in the sight of all Israel, he was himself shaking up society from center to circumference. Like his ancestor Judah, David was preëminently a Squire of Dames. He was known as the "Sweet Singer of Israel"—which may account for his success with the fair sex. Although David preferred the harp to the piano, and curried his hair occasionally, he appears to have been the ancient Paderewski. When we remember how the New York women followed the crinose piano crank around like a lot of overfed fillies trying to attract the attention of Hambletonian, we can scarce blame the sweet singer of Israel for occasionally

falling by the wayside. He doubtless remembered how Joseph happened to get in jail. But while Paderewski is shy and has to be chased down with flowers and tear jugs and have salt thrown on his coat-tails, the son of Jesse was inclined to "bring a corallary rather than want a spirit." While larking around one night at an hour when all respectable old Mormons were supposed to be ensconced in the bosoms of their families, David discovered a beautiful woman taking a bath. He didn't know who she was, which argues that she'd just got in on the late train and was removing the dust of travel—perchance with the express purpose of attracting the attention of the royal Peeping Tom. The beloved of the Lord was growing old, but the living picture charmed him and he determined to transfer it to his private gallery. It chanced that the woman was a war-widow, her husband being engaged at the time in keeping the Ammonites off the color of the Israelitish king. Fearing that she might get lonesome in the absence of her lord, David invited her over to the palace to attend religious services and hear him sing a new psalm he had just composed, and play the accompaniment on the royal harp. His visitor was so charmed with her nocturnal entertainment that she didn't get back home in time for breakfast. Subsequently a *de ventre inspicendo* convinced her that if her husband remained longer away he was liable to be disagreeably surprised when he came home, so David sent for him and told him he could take a furlough. So devoted was he to the cause of Israel, however, that he went not near his home, but slept at the palace gate with the night policeman, and the scheme to make him father the unborn bastard slipped its trolley-pole. Something had to be done, else he was liable to catch on, smite King David under the fifth rib with his Arkansas tooth-pick, spoil Bath-Sheba's face and apply for a divorce; so

the sweet singer of Israel sent him back to the front with a note to General Weyler to get him comfortably killed. To do this without being suspected of deliberate assassination it was necessary to send a whole troop into the Ammonite slaughter-pen; but the beloved of the Lord didn't mind a little thing like that so long as his own hide was whole and he could safely dally with the widow of the dear departed. The fruit of this infamous *liaison* was the celebrated King Solomon, who lived a virtuous and happy life with his little family of seven hundred wives and three hundred concubines. Despite the vaunted theory of hereditary traits, Solomon was no hog. Of course when the scandal got into the papers and the bald-headed prophets began to jack him up in their usual abrupt manner, David repented him—but didn't give up his stolen goods.

The story is very well told in the second volume of Colonel Samuel's great historical novel; but if he worked any particular moral into the narrative it has been jolted out by a journey extending over ninety generations. The debauchment of the wife of a faithful subject; the attempt to make the unhappy cuckold accept the ill-begotten brat as his own; a score of brutal murders to conceal the kingly crime; a brief attack of the snuffles when upbraided by the prophet—who grants absolution as soon as asked; the side-tracking of Bath-Sheba for a younger paramour in the king's old age in the vain hope of reviving his power for evil, all told with that biblical straightforwardness which never calls a spade an excavator's implement, constitutes a story which my ministerial friend would put into the hands of children and half-wits—then supplement it with "The Song of Solomon," the most lascivious dream that ever beguiled foolish girlhood to the Grove of Daphne.

I have examined the literature of all lands, yet have found no other book which I should so much dislike to

place in the hands of an innocent maid. If a libidinous book or paper be dangerous to public morals, an incentive to crime, how much more so when the reader is led to believe that its every line bears the sanction of the Lord? I want to see an "Open Bible," but desire that it be a carefully expurgated edition. I can imagine no nobler service which a learned and devout man could render the Christian cause than to go through the Bible with a blue pencil and a pair of shears. He should make it a Bible which we can afford to "open" on all occasions and at any page—a Bible for the people as well as for the priesthood. He should begin by scissoring out the tiresome repetitions and fake genealogies. He should harpoon Jonah's whale, shoot Elisha and his she-bears, and deprive Eve's serpent and Balaam's ass of the power of speech. He should eliminate whatsoever is absurd, unprofitable and unclean, retaining only those eternal truths which do credit to a God capable of evolving the cosmos out of chaos. He should purge it of the Devil's adulterations—relieve the Almighty of the imputation that he was *particeps criminis* in the folly and cussedness of mankind. I have several times threatened to undertake this work myself, but received only indifferent encouragement from my brother ministers. They appear to be too busy preaching politics to take much interest in a great religious enterprise—more anxious to elect Bill McKinley than to "capture the world for Christ." Think not that I am attempting coarse sarcasm—Luther himself was never more in earnest. The character of a people is largely molded by what it reads; hence it is not remarkable that an unexpurgated Bible should produce sanctified robbers, canting murderers and praying prostitutes. It is not strange that religionists should invade the private rights and civic prerogatives of those who dare differ with them, when they read in holy writ that

such offenders are deserving of death. When they are led to believe that God's choicest blessings rest upon those guilty of murder, deception and adultery, is it any wonder that as their religious fervor rises their morality declines. It is worthy of remark that, wherever introduced, the "Open Bible" leaves in its wake the footsteps of the homicide and the pungent odors of the scarlet woman. In no paynim land is crime so common as in the great Protestant countries. For every effect there must be a cause; and we may find it in the practice of putting the Bible into the hands of children and allowing them to revel in its glowing accounts of crime. Mature minds absorb the good and reject the bad, but the nascent intellect does not discriminate. The Bible should be cleansed of the corruptions that have crept into it and are today the most fruitful source of infidelity. The sciolist—the half-learned—rejects the good in the book because of the bad, and seeks solace in the sophisms of the Ingersolls. Thus, while we are striving to bring all nations beneath the banner of Christ, we are losing our own country. Of our population of seventy millions but twenty-three millions are church communicants. America is today an infidel instead of a Christian country, and the "Open Bible," together with that little learning which is a dangerous thing, have made it so. We must either close our schools, expurgate our Bible or see Christianity perish.

\* \* \*

### A VERY BAD BREAK.

MR. BRANN:—I enclose clipping from Louisville *Courier Journal*, which declares that, instead of becoming scarce and dear, gold is becoming cheaper, and proves it by point-

ing out that in 1873 the Government had to pay 6 per cent. interest, while it can now get money at 3. That seems to be a knockout argument.

GIL BLAS.

It is neither a "knockout argument," nor any argument at all; it is simply the most colossal specimen of jack-assarie yet furnished by even the *Courier-Journal*. The *Dallas News* reproduced the article, and, in an herculean attempt to surpass even the Wattersonian idiocy, added editorially:

"Gold has not gone up in value. It has gone down. There are hundreds of men in Texas who remember distinctly the day when they paid 3 or even 5 per cent. a month for gold."

No man who has so much as glanced into a primary work on political economy, or is capable of independent ratiocination, could be guilty of such an absurdity. The value of gold has no more to do with the nominal interest rate than with the state of the weather or the acreage of Watterson's ears. Gold may go up or down, may become "cheap" or "dear" without affecting its nominal "rental" value a single farthing. I say rental, for that is exactly what interest is. According to the theory of my entertaining contemporaries, if I pay a rental of six bushels per acre when wheat is worth \$1 a bushel, I will get the use of the land for three bushels when wheat goes to fifty cents. I was not hitherto aware that economic laws were so kind to the debtor class—that they automatically temper the wind to the shorn lamb. Verily, God is good! If we can "prove" by the decline in the nominal interest rate that "gold has gone down," then it should

be dead easy to determine how far it has fallen—but I'll give a feathered cow and flying calf to the first man up with a correct answer. If the value of the gold dollar has decreased, what relation does the three cents rental now given by the government bear to the six cents paid in the erstwhile? There's a prize conundrum for the mathematical cranks. The man who attempts to measure the mutations of a unit by its component parts would wait at a ford for a river to flow by. Suppose the nominal interest rate to be 10 per cent., and that, by currency contraction, you double the value of the dollar; don't you also double the value of the dime? And if so, why should the nominal interest rate advance to 20 per cent.? Suppose that, by currency expansion, you decrease the value of the dollar one-half: haven't you decreased the value of the dime in like proportion? And if so, why should the nominal interest rate fall to 5 per cent.? Is there a greater number of cents in a "dear" than in a "cheap" dollar? What kind of an "economic law" is that which fixes the rental of a cheap at 5-100 and that of a dear thing at 20-100? Yet the *Courier Journal* and *News* are carrying on "a campaign of education" denouncing those who reject their peculiar economic ideas as lunatics, demagogues or anarchists! The nominal interest rate is affected by many things; but there isn't a careful student of economics on earth who numbers among them the value of money. Under normal conditions the interest rate is high when capital yields a large profit to its employer and low when the margin of profit is small. That's the "law of interest," and as generally recognized among men of intelligence as is the law of gravitation. Government can borrow at 3 per cent.; not because "gold has cheapened," but because commerce is sluggish and industry paralyzed—because the *entrepreneur* cannot pay a higher rent for capital than he can make it earn. When the greenback



was worth but 45 cents gold, and possessed less than one-fourth its present purchasing power, it commanded 12 per cent; now when a business man pays more than 6 per cent for gold, or its equivalent, his creditors begin to caucus. If "gold has gone down" in Washington and New York it has also tumbled in Texas; but should a man try to borrow money here at 3 per cent we'd lock him up as a dangerous lunatic. General bankruptcy benefits the pawn-broker and curbstome money shark—enables them to place small loans at cut-throat prices; but generally speaking, a high interest rate indicates prosperity, while a low interest rate is a token of "hard times." When trade is brisk and the margin of profit large, a merchant can pay a high store rental, liberal salaries, 10 per cent for money and prosper; but when "hard times" hit him he at once begins to hedge. Time, amount, security, laws governing the relation of creditor and debtor, even distance, are all important factors in fixing the yearly rental of "these rascal counters." As soon as the baseball season is over, I will have my office boy write a nice, easy economic primer for the especial benefit of Colonels Watterson and Belo.

\* \* \*

## POOR OLD TEXAS.

TEXAS is in the throes of a political paroxysm, and every day exacerbates the disease. The situation may be described as a section of chaos hit with a stuffed club. It is confusion worse confounded. It is Pandemonium hoist with its own petard. It is Babel on a debauch. All the laws of nature have been repealed or reversed. The least is the largest, the first is the last, a part is greater than the whole, and yesterday is day-after-to-morrow. White

Democrats have to walk on the windward side of themselves, while nigger Republicans sweat pure attar of roses. Miscegenation has become the standard of partisan morality, and open adultery the supreme test of political purity. Everything goes by contraries. A political principal can only be honored by worshipping at the shrine of a party that uses it for purposes not polite. "Get there Eli" hath become the sole law of each political Israel, and its high-priests would barter the bones of all the prophets and sell their risen Lord for success—then throw in something handsome as lagniappe. The contest is between "our Heroic Young Christian Governor" and the Kearby Combine, the Prohibition candidate having apparently taken to the woods to blow into a local-option canteen to see if it is loaded. The Combine much resembles the army which Peter-the-Hermit led into Palestine and fed to the omnivorous Saracen. It consists of such members of the Populist party as are not particularly choice of their political bed-fellows, Cuney and his coons and Clark and his ring-tailed rooters. At last accounts the lilies of the valley had not been located; but doubtless they will shed their grateful perfume from the buttonhole of Grant, the new Republican boss. "Our Heroic," etc., alias Texas' great Cry-Baby-Cripsie, is making his campaign on his breach of faith with the Florida Athletic Club. He is ostensibly for Bryan and Sewall, but is chiefly concerned in preventing a disgusted public prizing the public-udder out of him with a crow-bar. At the present writing (Sept. 24) Kearby appears to be for Bryan and Watson—with an "if" annex. Each candidate has troubles of his own, and is not permitting his anxiety for the national standard-bearers to cause him to miss any meals. I opine that either would cheerfully trade the national ticket for an opportunity to get or

keep the Texas teat between his milk-white teeth. The Republican party is divided into two faction—a wee one, composed of white men who would like to be decent if the political exigency permitted, and an aggregation of vote-peddling niggers and their associates. These latter occupy a position in the politics of Texas akin to that of squaw-men in the social economy of the Territory. Both factions are inordinately hungry, their appetite turning chiefly upon postoffices, collectorships, and other choice tid-bits from Uncle Sam's table. They care never a nickel who makes or executes the state laws if they distribute the mails. They would cheerfully support Herr. Most or Dr. Ahlwardt for governor, if, by so doing, they could land McKinley's electros and thus pave the way to the pie-counter. They would sink the Lone Star fathoms deep in hell to get control of the custom-houses. They inherit their political morality from the carpet-baggers and impudent nigger officials of the reconstruction era, when the South was the oyster of Cupidity and Ignorance. Mark Hanna has sent a couple of his Hoosier helotes—Huston and Hedges—down here to marry the Republican elephant to the Populist goat, and superintend the McKinley-Kearby campaign. We learn from Republican headquarters that the nuptial knot has been duly tied, and the offspring of this remarkable union is expected to be another Hercules who will cleanse the Augean stable at Austin. Teddy Green was retained as accoucheur extraordinary for the interesting occasion—on a trip from his multi-millionaire Mama that “Teddy has Hetty behind him.” With Hetty behind Teddy and Mark Hanna behind Houston, it is scarce to be wondered at that the rooters, alias the Cleveland cuckoos, should cast aside the Indianapolis mask and come squarely out for McKinley. These patriotic gentlemen have a very robust grudge to

gratify. They have been sat upon by the machine, "trun down" and walked on until they have become ridiculous. They made the mistake of supposing that G. Cleveland was the Democratic party; but he proved to be only a beer-soaked gob of grease; and now they are political orphans,

"With no one to love them, none to caress,  
Alone in this wide world's wilderness."

They made a frantic break for the flesh-pots without consulting Hogg, Reagan, et al; the result was a right-foot, left-foot, straw-foot, git! and now their panties cover many a sore spot. They have blustered and begged, crawled in the dust and held scalp-dances, only to get it "broke off in 'em" by an offer to take 'em aboard as "ballast"—by suggestions from the banqueters that

"They also serve who only stand and wait."

They are ostensible for the single gold standard and the permanent demonetization of silver; but *revanche* has become their watchword, the sole law of their lives. Pretending to be patriotically interested in the preservation of the honor of Texas, they would trade the state to the devil for power to destroy the regular Democracy. If they fail in their present attempt to wreck the "machine" because not permitted to run it, I don't see what better they can do than "curse God and die." They are having a concatenation of epileptoid convulsions because of the "Popocrat repudiationists," yet will give their votes to an avowed champion of "red-dog" currency. Too intensely Democratic to vote for Bryan, "because of his Populistic proclivities," they are toiling like Trojans to elect Kearby, who is Populism personified. So loyal to Democratic tradition that they could not suffer the national platform to be amended to suit the exigencies of

the times, they helped to place the Palmer-Buckner ticket in the field—and are now assisting Aunt Hetty's Ted, Jack-the-colored-giant-killer Grant and N. W. Cuney to place the banner Democratic state in the McKinley column. That's the situation: Texas must choose between Populist Kerby and Cry-Baby Culberson—is between his Satanic Majesty and the surging main. Personally, Kearby is infinitely superior to Culberson. If elected, he would probably not set up a state mint for the free coinage of silver. Since he conceived that brilliant design somebody has doubtless called his attention to the federal constitution. I don't think he would put up his diamonds or lose his "pants in a little game of draw, then come before the public in his pajamas to snuffle about persecution for daring to enforce the criminal law—without first charging himself up with a fine for infraction of the anti-gambling statute. Kearby would probably not consume the last eighteen months of his administration explaining the first six—nor pay \$2500 out of the public funds for the political friendship of his predecessor. Still, like Old Dog Tray, he's caught in very bad company. I recently put the question to him squarely: "Is there a trade afoot between the Populist and Republican leaders, by which McKinley is to get the electors and you the governorship?" I told him frankly that I could not support Culberson because a double-dealer was unworthy the office of dog-catcher; nor could I cast a ballot for a man who would, directly or indirectly, aid in the election of McKinley. He replied that if such a deal was pending or had been consummated, he was not aware of it. I do not impeach Judge Kearby's honesty—perchance the campaign managers have not taken him into their confidence. Many a clean man has been elected to office by methods with which it was thought best not to make him unduly

familiar. The Republicans are supporting Kearby by order of their bosses, and Mark Hanna's henchmen are not carrying the Populist banner solely for their health. The gold "Democrats" are for him, and McKinley is the god upon whose altar they sacrificed Palmer and Buckner in their old age. Of course, this is but circumstantial evidence; but it becomes "confirmation strong as proofs of Holy Writ" when taken in connection with the attitude of the Populist lieutenants. They have, from the first, manifested the same sulky sore-headedness which distinguishes those political pariahs who are supporting McKinley as a compliment to Thos. Jefferson. Preaching that silver is the paramount issue, they did all they could at St. Louis to prevent an alliance of the free-coinage legions. They got "in the middle of the road" and rooted when it was proposed to sink partisanship in patriotism—to forego a bootless struggle for the fleshpots to secure currency reformation. They insisted on splitting the free silver vote, thereby assuring the success of a party which is the antithesis of all their professions. Having got Tom Watson tacked to the tail of the ticket, they failed to give him loyal support, and now, if appearances count for anything, are willing to join hands with Mark Hanna and give us a gold-bug, high tariff administration if he will but lend them his nigger myrmidons. Mark Hanna can deliver his goods all right, for they will be his private property, duly purchased and paid for; but when the Populist plenary committee attempts to carry out its part of the programme it's going to blow out its breech-pin. No cabal carries the Populist vote of Texas around in its hip-pocket. Despite Hades and high-water, it will go to Bryan, and the man who forgets to remember this fact will soon attend his own political funeral.

## “SASSIETY” IN NEW YORK CITY.

NEW YORK CITY is face to face with a problem that cannot be solved without cruel suffering, the shedding of torrents of tears, the expenditure of barrels o' boodle. The Four Hundred has returned to town. For months past it has been flirting promiscuously in the mountains and displaying its padded underpinning at the sea-shore; it is now ready to take up indoor dissipation and expose the other end of its anatomy to public gaze in décolleté gowns. I do not mean to convey the idea, however, that the *Oleomargarine de la Oleomargarine* of New York is immodest; there's a small portion of the society woman that's seldom seen by the public at any season. It's a sacred circle full two inches broad, and covered by her belt. The Frenchiest ballroom corsage is usually carved higher, the most stunning bathing-suit ever paraded at Bar Harbor cut lower than the horizontal median line. Whether this be a concession to modesty or hygiene I have not heard; but the all-important fact remains that there exists a torrid zone on the female form divine, where the corset gets in its most remorseless gripe, that is considered by the more conservative members of the Four Hundred as highly improper to expose. Whether from the summer or winter point of view; whether floating the winsome fair on sensuous ocean rollers that break in slumb'rous thunder on a beach of shimmering sand, or bending over beauty's chair in perfumed ballroom, while voluptuous music wakes all the latent passion in the blood, the o'er curious eye of man encounters that provoking belt. With the home-coming of these high-toned vagrants the tremendous problem presents itself: Who are to be the social autocrats, the stage managers of the Momus-

masque for the next seven months? There must be an *arbiter elegantarium* or bell-wether for the willies, a pacesetter or lead-ewe for the opposite sex. These sit in judgment on all social "functions" and decide whether they be properly "soaped"; they consider the claims of new candidates for admission into the "hupper suckle," where every prospect pleased and man seldom possessed sufficient virility to be vile; they determine whether the correct hand-shake shall consist of a hip-shot and a nervous giggle, or an extension of the arm in the shape of a rainbow on a debauch, reinforced by a slow, sad cholera-morbus grin and a distant touch of the fingertips—suggesting the query, "Do you use Bear's Soap?" A thousand matters of minor importance come before such a court for adjudication—such as the number of lovers a married woman may have, her "old man" being worth a given number of millions; if it be *au fait* for a debutante to get drunk, or a belle of two seasons to cuss except in her morning gown; the propriety of serving cocktails and cigarettes to ladies at swell feeds and if it be the duty of a gentleman to go to the assistance of the reigning belle should she spill her bust while making a Marie Antoinette bow. Hence it will be seen that while the office is highly honorable, its duties are very exhaustive. No one can fill it more than two consecutive seasons, can long continue to burn the candle at both ends—can successfully defy both paresis and pin-worms. That's why New York has to select society leaders every season. What is the prospective dismemberment of the Ottoman Empire, Li Hung Chang's opinion of the Irish or even McKinley's private views of the currency question, compared with this problem of problems? Even the cut of T. Suffern Tailor's wonderful tandem coats, the color of Chimmie Van Alen's French corsets, the detonations of Dickey Peter's golf



costume, or the æsthetic effect of Foxall Keene's thin legs in his "tweed riding things" sink into comparative insignificance—fail to elicit so much as a bad egg from the newsboys, so interested is all Gotham in the present Titanic struggle for social supremacy for a little season. I am watching the battle from afar, as depicted by that mighty "public educator," yclept the New York press. It is more exciting than a jack-rabbit race at Cleburne, or a head-end collision at Crush. The life-and-death struggle of the rival campaign liars does not stir the sluggish blood as does the battle royal between the he-things and the she-things of New York for the jackass pennant and jennet prize respectively. I said he-things, but after a casual glance at the candidates for Ward McAlister's old post of honor as chief ass of the universe, I'll not lay any wagers on their sex unless offered long odds. They are posing as men, to be sure; but their weak faces and effeminate apparel suggests that they may be tenor-singers. If so, we can easily understand why New York business men permit them to bathe and bike, dance and flirt through the golden summer days, with their wives and daughters at flip resorts, while paterfamilias remains at home and cheerfully pays the freight. Elisha Dyer, Jr., appears to be making a still race for the coveted position of lead gander of Gotham's intellectual geese. He wears a soupy expression which was copied with such great success by Stuart Robson as "Slender." A physiognomist would select him as just the party to tempt nervous prostration by practicing the correct handshake with his valet, or cultivating the society grin before an amorous looking-glass. Elisha is eminently qualified for the honor, and if there's any little thing the **ICONOCLAST** can do to enable him to reach the goal of his ambition, he has only to signal us with his neckties. In the female

list there are several entries, Mrs. Bradley-Martin being a hot favorite with the newspapers—probably because “she has a deep purse” and doesn’t giveadam for expense if she can only get there. But while the rather good-looking lady with the retroverted nose and vestibule-train name is running like a scared wolf in the Sunday papers, it must be remembered that these mighty “moulders of public opinion” are as impuissant in society as in politics. Even Josef Phewlitzer, whose average circulation is 927 billion copies, is not permitted to insert his legs under the mahogany of New York’s Four Hundred. The newspapers are simply the paid claquers, and their applause cuts no ice in the *sanctum sanctorum* of Gotham’s swell society. Mrs. Ogden Mills is not spending very much money with the daily press, a slight which Phewlitzer fiercely resents; but just the same she’s in the race, is throwing dirt like a thoroughbred and has Mrs. Bradley-Martin breathing so hard you can hear her four blocks. She comes of the proud old Knickerbocker stock, which got its financial start by squatting on Manhattan Island when it wasn’t worth two bottles of rum and a Queen Anne musket, and holding on like grim death for the unearned increment; hence of her staying qualities there can be no question. Mesdames Edward L. Baylies and Hermann Oelrich are making a flutter for the post of honor, but seem to be jumping up and down in one place like the “flying coursers” in a one ring circus, while Mrs. August Belmont appears undecided whether to “blow herself” for the coveted bauble, or wait until Grover the Good has let the family in on the ground floor of another governmental fraud. It can be taken for granted that the greatest fool in Gotham—if he have sufficient funds to successfully play the fop—and the woman who wastes the most wealth in vulgar display,

while within sound of the funky "functions" people stand starving and destitute, will be accepted as the social leaders of that hive of human vermin, known as New York's Four Hundred. Small wonder the Almighty repented him of having made man in his own image! I can only wonder that he doesn't renige on that rainbow, and apologize to his Son for having sacrificed him to save a lot of useless lice.

. . . .

\* \* \*

## OUR HEROIC YOUNG CHRISTIAN GOV.

CHAS. A. CULBERSON, alias "Our Heroic Young Christian Governor," is swinging 'round the circle seeking re-election, and shooting hot shot into those who criticized his course in the Corbett-Fitzsimmons prize-fight case. With his proverbial slipperiness, he avoids the salient point, and places the matter in a false light before the people. He strives to impress them with the idea that it was simply a content between an eminently moral governor and a gang of godless toughs who were planning the eternal disgrace of Texas—that he was compelled to call a special session of the legislature, at great expense, to uphold the dignity of the commonwealth. Were this an honest presentation of the case, Gov. Culbertson would have little occasion to complain of adverse criticism. The people of Texas are not much in love with professional pugilism. They did not complain because the great "physical culture" exhibition was laid out by the strong hand of the law; the gravamen of their complaint was and is that the

enterprise would not have troubled Texas but for the encouragement accorded it by Gov. C. A. Culberson; that had he dealt uprightly in the matter the cost of that extra legislative session would have been saved. Gov. Culberson stated to representatives of the Florida Athletic Club, that, in his opinion, the then existing anti-prize-fight law was faulty, and that if declared invalid by a court of competent jurisdiction he would take no further action in the matter. The Club felt confident that the courts would declare the statute of no effect, but feared a called session of the legislature that would so amend the law as to defeat the enterprise. Culberson not only gave the Club to understand that the then existing statute was all it had to fear, but announced his intention to *witness the fight himself*. On board a sleeping-car going into Forth Worth, he said to a party of legal gentlemen that "The godly would make a great roar about the fight but soon get over it." The "roar" of the sanctified reached proportions, however, which he did not expect, and, alarmed for his political future, he made a hasty change of front—went back on his brother sports and gave the glad hand to the professional godly. Yet this man has the supernal gall to pose before the people as an "Heroic Young Christian Governor," and wail that his critics want to "turn the state over to a gang of toughs!" The ICONOCLAST is no admirer of the professional pug, but it does insist that the man who smashes mugs to make a hoodlum holiday occupies an infinitely higher moral plane than one who seeks to obtain a position of public trust by means of sneaking hypocrisy. The charge that the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight would not have been brought to Texas but for the tacit encouragement of Culberson—that the called session would have been unnecessary had he discountenanced the affair from the

first—was preferred by the ICONOCLAST more than a year ago, and has not yet been publicly denied. “Our Heroic” etc. simply wrapped his new-got robe of righteousness about him and sawed wood. Silence is said to give consent; but I suspect that Slipperly Charles, who is an adept in the arts of practical politics, will find his tongue on this topic just before the November ides—when too late for the ICONOCLAST to reply. I’m looking for a sensational exhibition of outraged innocence by this muchly persecuted “Christian Governor”—after the November ICONOCLAST is put to press. If Culberson is so unalterably opposed to pugilism; if he is so fearful that “the tough element will disgrace Grand Old Texas,” why did he not make some attempt to suppress prize-fighting during his four years as attorney-general? If he believed the anti-prize-fighting statute to be defective, why did he not, as governor, suggest to the legislature in regular session the advisability of amending the law? During his two terms as attorney-general and long after his elevation to the governorship, brutal prize-fights were of common occurrence in the chief cities of Texas. Why didn’t Holy Charlie get his Ebenezer up and do something to shield Texas from such disgrace? He has trained with the sporty element long enough to know that a mill between unskilled sluggers is far more brutal than one between accomplished athletes like Corbett and Fitzsimmons. The unscinded slugger relies on “main strength and awkwardness” to beat an adversary until he can endure no more; the true *lanista* seldom inflicts serious injury upon an opponent. Every week or two a brace of brawny bruisers, after due advertisement, would meet in some Texas city and pound each other’s face to a pulp for the gate receipt—and the godly raised no “roar.” Culberson forgot, however, that the sensational preacher,

like the practical politician, never overlooks an opportunity to make a grand-stand play. The professional plate-passer cared nothing about the scores of bloody mills between human bull-dogs to fortune and to fame unknown; but the eyes of the world were on Corbett and Fitzsimmons, there was a chance for notoriety—for which the Cranfills and the Seasholes have an inordinate itch—and they so filled the atmosphere with their hypocritical howl that Gov. Culberson concluded not to accept a complimentary ticket to the “physical culture” contest.

\* \* \*

## POLITICAL POT-POURRI.

I HAVE for years been harboring the ridiculous hallucination that the average American toiler found Jordan a pretty hard road to travel; but I now find that in bedewing him with my tears I have been guilty of a wicked waste of water. From a circular which emanates from New York I learn that “there never were so few poor people in any land as we have in this land to-day, and those who are poor are kept down only because of physical or mental defect. The fact is, the potentates of the dinner-pail own almost everything.” So it appears, after all, that the workingman is right in the push! All those who possess ordinary horse sense and a pair o’ hands have boodle to throw at the birds. Only those experience difficulty in getting a living in this blessed land who are ligneous-limbed, physical freaks or mentally malformed. The average American laborer simply toils ten hours in summer’s heat or winter’s cold to work up a keen appetite for *pate de foie gras* and pie on two plates. It isn’t that he cares for the paltry six-bits a day—he’s fearful that

if he doesn't keep up an eternal hustle he'll get the gout. He returns at nightfall to his palatial residence from factory or farm, doffs his grimy duds, takes a perfumed bath in a marble basin, dons a silken *robe de chambre*, absorbs a pint of imported champagne, lights a two-for-a-dollar cigar, puts his feet on the ebony and rose-wood upright, turns his dreamy, soulful eyes to the frescoed ceiling and lolls in sybaritic luxury, fairly wallows in wealth! It's such a comfort to this "potentate of the dinner pail" to reflect that he "owns almost everything"—has but to lift his little finger to make such paupers as the Rockefellers, Astors, *et id genus omnes* get off the earth! "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," and this sceptered "potentate of the dinner-pail" surfeited with life's choicest luxuries, puffed up with the pride of power and the impudence of wealth, threatens at times to raise unshirted sheol with those miserable peons whom, in a spirit of sad-irony, we call the American plutocrats. Instead of dealing gently with the Vanderbilts, Belmonts and other of his poor neighbors and sending them the broken victuals from his banquet board, and occasionally an old suit of clothes from his groaning wardrobe, he manifests a disposition to treat them with contumely and contempt. Of course, he will vote the Republican ticket, leaving those whom physical deformity or mental defect has prevented acquiring fortunes, to "throw up their sweaty nightcaps and emit a deal o' sweating breath" for Bryan of Nebraska.

I have discovered why the people must go to McKinley, while Bryan goes to the people. McKinley is not alive; he's Carlyle's man of Murenburg, and has to be wound up every night. A phonograph, into which Mark Hanna has talked, is placed inside the dummy, which is then stood

on the front porch, like a clothier's lay figure, to receive the Republican pilgrims. A spring is released at the proper moment by means of a concealed wire. and the result is a flow of empty words. That's why the Buck-eye is not permitted to meet Bryan in joint debate. His insides might get out of order.

The Dallas *News* seems to consider Sin-Killer Griffin the greatest man since the days of Fred Douglass, whom it once admitted was the peer of Washington and Jefferson—second only to Jesus Christ. Is my early-worm contemporary pushing Griffin as a darkhorse candidate for governor, on a high-tariff-nigger-equality platform, or simply standing in with his evangelical graft—getting a percentage of his collections for continually flinging this consequential coon in the faces of white people? I have no desire to pry into the counting-room secrets of my contemporary; but its all-consuming love for McKinley and frantic protests against white domination in the Southern states, is making Kearby not a little uneasy.

Debs declares—and his statement is confirmed by other prominent labor leaders—that here in the United States between two and three million able-bodied men are seeking in vain for employment, while thousands are working for 50 cents a day, boarding themselves and trying to support families. Yet the ICONOCLAST is denounced as “a dangerous alarmist” because it points out that, unless the terrible pressure on labor be relieved, there may be a bloody revolt. Dives is doing the ostrich act—running his head in the sand to avoid seeing the cyclone that may make free with his tail-feathers. If there be one class which, more than all others, is vitally interested in ameliorating the condition of the masses, it is the men of



millions, for it is upon their heads that the blue lightnings will break, that the storm will expend its fury.

“ Comes a vapor from the margin, blackening over  
heath and holt,

Cramming all the blast before it, in its breast a  
thunderbolt.”

Fifteen thousand people recently assembled at New Haven, Conn., to hear W. J. Bryan, presidential nominee of the dominant political party, discuss the issues of the day; but the meeting was broken up by 500 misbegotten curs from Yale college, assisted by the band of a state militia company. Yale is the “swell” college of the country. To it the tariff beneficiaries of Yankeeland, the managers of fake insurance companies, the successful peddlers of wooden nutmegs, the presidents of mortgage syndicates and the descendents of early squatters on town sites, send their supposed sons to be transformed into English flunkys. A glance across the Yale campus, with its dawdling chappies and ligneous-faced chumps, suggests the futility of the law of the survival of the fittest. It is part of the curriculum of Yale that the West is a Nazareth, out of which no good can possibly come; that wealth, not worth, makes the man, and want of it the fellow—that the masses were created for the sole purpose of ministering to the comfort of the classes. If a freshman declines to turn up his twousahs when it’s raining in Lunnon, and sneer at hte United States as a country of bahbawians, he is promptly expelled. Three times a day the students are drilled in cane-sucking and Cockney pronunciation by the dean of the faculty, while God Save the Queen is sung in chapel instead of Old Hundred. If a student be caught with an American flag in his possession he is lectured on the evils of anarchy and his duty, as a

colonist, to the "Mother Country." It is small wonder that the Yale dudes and diletante howled Bryan down. As a sure-enough man who has won his own way, he could expect but scant courtesy from the spawn of Dives, the disciples of Oscar Wilde. It is to be regretted that Mr. Bryan did not have in his audience a couple o' dozen Texas Democrats—those quiet, inoffensive gentlemen who hate a beastly row, and can, with a six-shooter, trim the ears of a jack-rabbit on the jump. At about the second yoop from Yale they would have quietly cut or three or four hundred young bucks from the herd, deftly castrated them, stood them on their heads, and utilized them as candlesticks. Very few Texans are 'varsity bred, but all hold sacred the rites of hospitality. No man is more unpopular in the southwest than McKinley, but should he come among us he would be treated like a king. Should any forget that he was the guest of Texas and serve him as the Yale yahoos did Bryan, they'd quickly adorn a tree.

*Judge* calls Bryan "the sacreligious candidate," and referring to his cross and crown metaphor, declares that "no man who would drag in the dirt the most sacred symbols of the Christian faith is fit to be president." If *Judge* is not careful it will yet be suspected of being a professionally humorous paper. Nothing so excruciatingly funny has been worked off since the St. Louis *Mirror* referred to William J. Bryan as "Willie." *Judge* has evidently got the willies—known to we eminent physicians as nematoidae, to the vulgar as pinworms.

After reading the speech of Hon. T. S. Smith, placing the name of C. A. Culberson before the state convention, I am convinced that the gentleman from Hill County

thought he was exhorting a Methodist campmeeting, and talking about Jesus Christ instead of "our heroic young Christian governor." It's a wonder he didn't ring in something about Mary Magdalen or "a woman of the city who was a sinner."

Despite the friendly warning of the **ICONOCLAST**, Rev. Sam Small, of Jawgy, has been employed by the Bryan campaign committee and turned loose in Illinois. It is a great pity—equal to sending a prostitute forth as the apostle of sexual purity. Fortunately, the Suckers do not know Sammy as do we of the South. If kept well supplied with funds he may refrain from leaving behind him the unsavory trail of the crook. The committee should give him to distinctly understand, however, that the very first time he bilks a bill or induces a confiding Sucker to endorse his draft on a bank in which he has no boodle, he will get the royal bounce. Just what untoward circumstances induced the committee to turn this empty-pated blatherskite loose in the state of Lincoln and Douglass, Ingersoll and Altgeld, Dick Yates and David Davis—among the only people on earth equal to the industrial miracle of Chicago—must ever remain a mystery.

I think the readers of the **ICONOCLAST** understand by this time that I am no "free silver fanatic"—that I do not believe the much vexed "currency question" *per se* of much important; but when a party starts out to make a "campaign of education" I insist that it yield at least a little respect to the law of logic; that when it indulges in sophistry it gives the appearance of common sense. Take McKinley's letter of acceptance, for instance: He says that under free coinage of silver the bullion owners would take their commodity to the mint, and for every

53 cents worth of metal receive a dollar. That, according to the Canton Napoleon and all his field marshalls, would result in the enrichment of the mining barons at the expense of the common people. Yet the Republicans and their Indianapolis allies all assure us that under free coinage the silver dollar, as measured by gold, would be worth 53 cents. Then in the name of Plato, how is the mining baron enriched and the people despoiled? We are told in one breath that  $412\frac{1}{2}$  grains of silver is worth the same, whether coined or uncoined; in the next that its coinage will enable the bullion owner to jam 47 cts of unearned increments down in his jeans. If my five-year-old kid made such an immaculate ass as that of himself in an argument, I'd take a club and kill him.

It is noticeable that those preachers who have substituted McKinley for Christ and are now making rabid political harrangues from the pulpit, are either A.P.A.s, or notoriously in sympathy with the principles of that infamous order. Rev. R. S. McArthur, of New York whose political holy-shows have disgusted all decent people, is a Canadian who thinks he pays the Pope a great compliment by referring to him as Anti-Christ; while Methodist Bishop Newman, of San Francisco, whose anti-Bryan harrangues are vindictive enough to have been conceived in hell, first attracted general attention by the dirtiest attack on the Catholic sisterhoods that ever appeared in print. If Bishop Newman doesn't prove McKinley's Burcharde it will be because the Roman Catholics conclude to treat the mangy cur with contempt.

I have policies in a number of insurance companies, all of which have forwarded to me literature setting forth, at much length, that I will be irretrievably in the tureen

if they are compelled to pay my policies in "a depreciated currency." Good gentlemen, kind gentlemen, dear gentlemen, so long as I do not worry, why should you lie awake to mourn? So long as I am willing to accept the "50-cent dollars" in lieu of the 200-cent article, do not permit your conscience to rear up on its hind legs and trample on your liver. If, despite all you can do, it breaks your tender hearts to pay my policies in "50-cent dollars," there's no law to prevent your doubling the dose. I have been frequently asked why the insurance companies are so frantically opposed to free silver. The answer is dead easy: The premiums paid in must of necessity be greater than the losses paid out, and they desire that this surplus have the greatest possible purchasing power. Furthermore, all standard insurance companies have millions at interest, which is enhanced in value by contraction of the currency. The man who supposes for one moment that any Yankee insurance company is striving to outdo the late Baron Hirsch in disinterested philanthropy could flick flies off his hind quarters with the tips of his ears. When a company appeals to you to "protect your insurance" by voting gold standard, just state for its edification, that under normal economic conditions you could easily acquire a competence, and dispense with the services of pawnbrokers in life and property. It will be a proper rebuke to the impudence of these parasites.

Col. W. W. Leake, a Dallas delegate to the convocation of the McKinley Aid Society recently assembled at Indianapolis, says in an interview that "it was merely a thin disguise to save the country from falling into the hands of the Chicago crowd," and that "in doubtful states a vote should not be thrown away," i.e., on the Palmer-Buckner ticket, but given direct to McKinley. There are

no disguises in honest politics. Patriots make no false pretenses. He should go cork himself.

Mr. R. B. Hawley, Republican nominee for congress from the Galveston district, is said to have been a very active member of the Warmoth administration in Louisiana. That accounts for the aid and encouragement he is receiving from those eminent Democratic (?) papers, the *News* and *Tribune*. Scratch a Democrat of the Indianapolis school and you'll find a reconstructionist.

In a lengthy editorial criticism of the *ICONOCLAST*, the *Chicago Chronicle* makes the startling announcement that "Editor Brann is just as sane a man as W. J. Bryan." If wit to madness be near allied, the editor of the *Chronicle* need never fear the insane asylum—it were like apprehending a wooden indian on a suspicion of homicide. He thinks Bryan crazy because he's for free silver coinage, that Brann is off his base because he declares that "the unit of value in vogue in a country has no more to do with its wage rate than the number of wiggle-tails in its rain water." Then, with a naivete truly refreshing, the *Chronicle* proceeds to demonstrate the correctness of this "Crazy" proposition. It says: The wages in a silver standard country are to be taken, like the wages in a gold standard country, in connection with the prices of commodities labor must buy. In a country having much use for bricklayers wages will be higher than in a country having little need of them. Machinery has helped to make America the best paying of labor countries. That is good *ICONOCLAST* doctrine, reiterated a dozen times,—and it is a little remarkable that the *Chronicle* editor should agree so well with a lunatic. Supply and demand, cost of maintenance, power of production—these are fac-

tors in fixing the wage-rate, which is *measured* but not *made*, by the exchange media.

The single standard men are on the stump, explaining to the farmer that, with free silver, gold will go to a premium, when he "will have to accept pay for his wheat in a depreciated currency, and with this purchase the yellow metal wherewith to discharge his mortgage." Horrible! But, as P. Henry would observe, we can only judge the future by the past. A bushel of wheat will buy about .58 gold to-day; in 1866 the farmer has to "accept pay for his wheat in a depreciated currency"—getting 2.19½ in greenbacks, with which he could purchase 1.56 gold. A bushel of corn will buy .20 gold to-day; in 1866 it sold for .68 greenbacks, equivalent to .48½ gold. There is scarce a farm product that will purchase half so much gold to-day as when the yellow metal was at a heavy premium.

The Dutch have taken Holland—and the Republicans captured Maine! McKinley and Mark Hanna have recovered their equilibrium; but the Palmer-Buckner Benedict Arnolds continue to rejoice with a hysterical gladness which proves that there's no venom so virulent as that of a renegade.

A Terrell correspondent says that when the press is booming a man for office, it usually refers to him as "a Christian gentleman". He desires to know what difference there is between a Christian gentleman and any other kind of gentleman. All genuine Christians are gentlemen (if they don't happen to be ladies); but all gentlemen are not Christians. When a man contracts the office appetite he parades his piety as a bid for the

votes of a very considerable class of bigots, who cannot understand that a man may respect the Ten Commandments without accepting their Sinaic authorship.

A contemporary declares that "the enormous cost of imported goods in Mexico is due largely to the high rate of exchange, caused by depreciated silver." I consulted a Waco banker on the subject—taking care, however, not to let slip a word about silver. Following is the conversation almost verbatim:

Q. What makes exchange high or low?

A. The location of money. Bills of exchange simply obviate its transfer, with the attendant cost, risk and trouble. Thus, we need money here now to move cotton. It must come from the East. When you buy a bill for \$1000 on New York it practically amounts to a transfer of that much money from Gotham to the Geyser City. If you buy a New York bill on Waco the effect is reversed. In the first case you are saving your banker trouble; in the second you are increasing his sorrow.

Q. What makes exchange between nations high or low?

A. Same thing. If the trade balance is in our favor as against England, exchange on London will be low. The money is in the wrong place, and in buying a bill you help put it right. If the trade balance is against us and in favor of England, then exchange on London will be high, for the bill you buy increases by that much the amount of bullion, or some other kind of wealth that must be sent abroad in settlement.

Q. Then if our exports to England did not pay for our imports and discharge the annual interest on the money we owe her, New York exchange on London would infallibly be high?

A. Exactly.



Q. And that's the condition of Mexico to-day. She has borrowed vast sums abroad to develop her resources, and in funding her national debt. She has not yet reached that point where she can comfortably carry this incumbrance after paying for her imports with her exports. Exchange with her creditor countries is high, and would be so were her exchange media gold or diamonds. The value of her silver is computed in London in pounds sterling just as easily as is that of American gold coin. What the free-silverphobists seem to need is the establishment of a parity between their distressing yoop and the unit of commercial common sense.

\* \* \*

## SHEOL TO PAY AT PARIS.

THE First Baptist Church of Paris, Texas, appears to be in a very bad way. It had for pastor Rev. Geo. W. Fortune—a man entirely too learned and able to be a hide-bound sectary, a hardshell Baptist. According to the best information I can gather, he judged creeds by the Bible, and that in turn by an intelligent conception of the Creator, instead of working the combination from the other end. He seems to have entertained the neoteric idea that truth cannot possibly suffer from investigation; that every creed should be subjected to the *experimentum crucis*, and that one good way of honoring God is to assiduously cultivate the all too seldom virtue of common sense. He appears to have been a progressive preacher—a genuine teacher instead of a theological poll parrot—who strove to bring his congregation into touch with the truths of science, to give his people a grander conception of the power and majesty of God than was entertained by

the semi-savages of by-gone centuries. This did not exactly suit those who still hold to the Mosaic-Carpenterian cosmogony—who believe the world is flat and has four “corners”; that the Zeitfurst is a scaly old reptile with a harpoon tail, who goes walking up and down the earth like a Georgia evangelist, seeking whom he may devour. There was a considerable contingent in the church who were suspicious of the higher criticism,” because it imperiled their comfortable doctrine of eternal damnation, and threatened the Biblical theory that the sun and moon are a brace of igneous tar-barrels which can be pulled around by a string to suit the convenience of a professional butcher. They strenuously insisted that Balaam rode their great progenitor to the Court of Balak; that Lot was beloved of the Lord despite the little escapade with his daughters; that God proved his supernal goodness by sending she-bears to tear the children of Jericho for calling Elisha Old Baldy, demonstrated his infinite mercy by ordering the Children of Israel to rip open the pregnant women of their enemies, put prisoners of war under harrows of iron and violate helpless virgins. That’s the kind of God they hoped to go to, knowing that in such company they would feel at home; hence they hotly resented Dr. Fortune’s attempt to pull down this idealization of their own character and place on the throne of the New Jerusalem a sovereign with the instincts of a gentleman. He became the quarry of a red-hot heresy hunt, was called before a council of the non-progressionists and convicted of teaching that the earth is round—that “the firmament above the earth” is not a concave vault daubed with indigo and supplied with “windows” through which the celestial waters were once let down to drown the world. Dr. Fortune resigned, but the more intelligent of his congregation followed him, thereby pro-

voking the ire of the orthodox of that denomination which boasts that it was the first to proclaim liberty of conscience in this country, and who are now giving them a taste of that Christian charity which permeates the average church like the subtile odor of sour milk and undeodorized diapers the nursery of a nigger orphan asylum. The seceders hired a hall for Dr. Fortune, where he is now preaching such sermons as a self-respecting Deity might listen to without again repenting that he had made man. Of course, the *Baptist Standard* had to take a hand in the disagreement—couldn't resist the temptation to slip in a little of its quintessential extract of brotherly kindness into the sore. If there's anything which Dr. Jehovah Boanerges Cranfill loves better than the almighty dollar, it's a beastly row—at long range. As a neighbor he's gentler than a turtle dove, harmless as a speckled hen; but at a distance of a hundred miles or so he's a veritable besom of destruction, terrible as an army with banners. He assailed Dr. Fortune with all the ferocity of a bench-legged fice barking through a picket fence at a Catholic archbishop in full canonicals; but his Holiness' tantrums attracted no attention—Dr. Fortune had evidently learned from his Latin lesson that "an eagle does not catch flies." Boanerges next aligned his billingsgate batteries on Dr. J. M. Fort of Paris, a friend and staunch adherent of the ex-pastor. In the course of a couple of months a copy of the *Standard* drifted into Lamar county. Dr. Fort's attention was called to the Mendacium Cranfillium, or orthodox Baptist lie; but instead of having it framed and placed on exhibition that he might be loved for the enemies he had made, he waxed wroth and entered complaint of criminal libel. He will inevitably lose his case. Despite the law of libel, our courts of equity will not permit a man to be punished for doing good to his fellows.

The *Standard's* defamation of Dr. Fort will pass current anywhere in Texas as a certificate of good character. Like Aesop's snail, the *Standard* beslimes only that which is beautiful. Like a buzzard, Boanerges pukes only on that which is pure.

\* \* \*

## AS TO FREEDOM OF SPEECH.

THE A.P.A. professes to be distinctly an American organization, its mission the conservation of the fundamental principles of this government, chief of which are liberty of conscience, freedom of speech and freedom of the press. I do not agree with the order that American principles can be best preserved by means of a dark-lantern, oath-bound organization which would debar people from the honors and emoluments of public office because of their religious opinions. I have said so. I have opposed the order from its inception; not because the objects of its proscription are Catholics, but because they are Americans and privileged to worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience. I have gone somewhat into the private and public records of the apostles of Apeism to prove it an organization with which no reputable white man can afford to affiliate. I am ever ready to make the *amende honorable* when my information misleads me, to an honest man's injury;—but no A.P.A. has ever asked it. The Texas law—both civil and criminal—is an ironclad; but, although the ICONOCLAST is financially solvent, I have never been called to answer in the courts. Not a single Ape has cocked his ear to hear the jingle of the guinea which “heals the hurt which honor feels.” Not one of them has gone gunning for me. Slattery did threaten something of the kind—but that was before he

was advised to keep off the streets of Waco, unless he desired to have the bosom of his pantalettes filled with patent leather. The Apes have selected a very unique method of playing for even with the "Apostle." They write me insulting anonymous letters and decorate them with skulls and cross-bones—to remind me—I presume, that "in the midst of life we are in death." Some of these epistles are quite interesting—orthographically considered; but none are redolent with the odor of sanctity. The following—mailed on the train to disguise the post-office—is a fair sample of the A.P.A. epistles which reach this office.

Nebraska, U. S. A.

To My A.P.A. Friend:

I have been privileged for some time past to read copies of the *ICONOCLAST*, and I find in almost every issue of that periodical an attack is made upon some member of the order. Allow me to inform you that long after your *foul* mouth has bitten the dust, after the maggots have eaten their way through your flesh to your black heart, and then turned away in disgust, the A.P.A. will still live and flourish. They pay as little attention to your contemptible *lying* as though you were howling to the wind. Watch less some unseen hand strike you down. "Sic sempter trannus."

W. H. Brown.

What "sic sempter trannus" means, I haven't the remotest idea. It may be Dog-Latin, School-girl Greek, Squaw-man Choctaw, or an A.P.A. idiom equivalent to Pat's report of J. Wilkes Booth's famous exclamation—"I'm sick, send for McGinnis." Or it may be one of the thaumaturgic incantations employed by the Apes in secret conclave, and signify "No Irish need apply." Perhaps if a hoodoo, or another of the Galveston *News'* Nor-

man maxims. Or it may be one of *Snap Shot's* esoteric witticisms, or the key to McKinley's private opinion of the currency problem. However that may be, I shall certainly look a leedle oud—shall watch lest some hidden hand make a cold, clammy, uncomfortable corpse of me while the must is still upon the grape, the bloom upon the rye. An order which makes war on women is well calculated to breed assassins, curs who bark at longest range and cowards who strike in the back. In dealing with the Ape I shall imitate the lightning bug and wear my headlight on my caboose. I have had some little experience with the Mafia, and it will stand me in good stead in dealing with this new Association of Pusillanimous Assassins—organized to preserve freedom of conscience and freedom of speech. I may die one of these days of excessive goodness, or be executed for doing the Joseph act; but if I live until an A.P.Ape musters up sufficient "sand" to shoot me in the back, old Mathuseleh won't be a marker. But if die I must, at the hands of these desperate men, I trust that my remorseless executioners will at least tell me what "sic sempter trannus" means.

•        •        | • |

※ ※ ※

## SALMAGUNDI.

I AM in receipt of a letter from a purveyor of nostrums supposed to cure private complaints, in which he suggests that I am "over-nice" in debarring advertisements of such medicines from the columns of the *ICONOCLAST*. He urges that private diseases do exist, and that the physician who compounds, and the paper which calls attention to remedies therefor, are really benefactors of the

race; that the great dailies, and even many religious journals regard the matter in this light, and that it "smacks of pharisaism on the part of the *ICONOCLAST* to assume to be better than its brethren." This paper is simply trying to "tote fair" with its patrons. It assumes that its readers are ladies and gentlemen, hence does not insult them by continual suggestion that they may be the "victims of early indiscretions." It takes it for granted that they are strangers to the ills peculiar to prostitution. It assumes that none of them would commit the crime suggested by the persistent advertising by my contemporaries of abortion pills. Among the quarter million regular readers of the *ICONOCLAST* but two or three cases of "lost manhood" have developed, and the patients immediately stopped their paper. No youth addicted to "secret vice" was ever known to send in a subscription. Such being the case, I would simply rob the purveyors of private disease panaceas by selling them advertising space. They would receive no return on their investment. If those "great dailies and religious journals" mentioned by my correspondent really consider that their patrons are suffering the pangs of syphilitic poisoning, or practice self-pollution, it is right and proper that they suggest a remedy; but I cannot see wherein they become "benefactors of the race" by exploiting medicines intended to prevent motherhood. The *ICONOCLAST* may be pharisaical, as my correspondent suggests. It thanks God that, in one respect at least, it is not as other papers. I opine that no paper exploiting the proprietary remedies now under discussion, has any idea of alleviating the miseries of mankind. Every editor who can distinguish between a man and woman without a diagram knows full well that ninety-and-nine per cent of these nostrums are frauds, and oftentimes more dangerous

than disease. The papers that accept such advertisements have simply gone into partnership with quacks for the express purpose of fleecing the public. When a man forgets the Seventh Commandment, dallies with "the weariness that lies awake for hire," and suffers for it more than the pangs of conscience, he should consult a reputable physician—else go hang himself.

. . .

J. F. Raley and Mrs. Callie May are members of the Baptist church of Denton, Texas, but do not greet each other with a kiss in conformity with the Pauline command. Sister May concluded that Brother Raley was making remarks about her not complimentary to her Christian character, and had him "churched." The proceedings becoming somewhat prosy, she enlivened them by touching up the defendant with a buggy-whip, greatly to the scandal of a goodly congregation assembled in the house of God. The Denton Baptists are evidently suffering because of the drought. Somebody should turn the hose on them.

. . .

After an absence of eight long weary years, Wilyum Gotterdammerung Sterrett has returned to Texas and resumed general supervision of the great Southwest. Things got into a terrible tangle while Wilyum was away. He knew they would—knew that without Wilyum "in our midst" to ward off droughts, fix the price of cotton and direct our political destiny, Texas would fall on evil times. He returns, as the novelists say, in the nick of time. Just as we were teetering on the slippery verge of heaven knows what, this pale-haired philosopher appears on the scene like the hero in a tragedy of the spasmodic school, and snatches us by the coat-tails from



certain destruction. If the good Lord spares him, and his gall-bag doesn't burst, Wilyum will save not only Texas, but a large slice of adjacent territory. In these parlous times, when all economic ideas are in a transition state and the world's wisest wondering where they are "at," it is such a blessing to have among us one who, for years past, has been smelling around Cleveland's coat-tails like a brindle fice examining a St. Bernard, and who, as an illative consequence, is qualified to promptly answer the most abstruse questions; who knows exactly what each political convention should do—speaks as one having authority and not as the scribes. We drink to the health of Wilyum, whose well-known cap "I" constitutes a pillar of cloud by day, and of fire by night to lead the industrial Israel out of Egyptian bondage. Wilyum is preëminently a self-made man. He was born with a faber No. 2 behind his ear and feathers on his feet, signifying that he was intended for the newspaper trade. He was immediately given a satisfactory assignment and a colored woman engaged to edit his copy. After a very successful career as reporter of snipe-hunts and badger-pullings, he was sent to Washington by the *Dal-Gal News* as poet laureate to the court of Cleveland, merry-andrew of the administration. In the course of time he learned to ride a four-wheeled bike and even mastered the esoteric art of feeding his face with a fork. The Washington correspondents took kindly to him as a Texas curio—a kind of resurrection plant, which must be thoroughly soaked ere its ebullient beauty can be seen. Whether Washington wearied of Wilyum, or the *News* felt the necessity of having him here to lighten up with his brilliant buffoonery the Stygian gloom of Slop Soots' sub-cellar misanthropy, I know not; but Wilyum Gotterdammerung is here, and we rejoice. He is the "most amoosin' kuss" since the demise of Artemus

Ward's monkey. If I had nine dollars to spare I'd buy him, and keep him in the show-window of the **ICONOCLAST**.

Dr. Jehovah Boanerges Cranfill, of the Baptist *Standard*, is suffering with another serious attack of the fantos. The prearranged collision of two locomotives on the Katy road filled the soul of Boanerges with alarm and overloaded his liver with bile. He opines out loud that such destruction of property is a species of anarchy which may lead to consequences too terrible to contemplate. In his mind's eye he sees buildings burned; whole hecatombs of bleating animals roasted, a man fricaseed alive at fifty cents admission, the Katy running excursion trains to all these horrors and filling its coffers with cash by wrecking the car of progress, telescoping civilization, blowing out the cylinder-heads of society, smashing the cow-catcher of moral concept and raising an enormous crop of eternal chaos. I am a trifle fearful that Brother Boanerges has been hitting that five-gallon keg of "medicinal" bourbon too hard. Time and again have I warned him that drug-store whisky is a dangerous thing for even a professional Prohibitionist to fool with. The saloon brand of booze will sometimes give a fellow the simians, but seldom fills one's phantasy with human fricasees. If the destruction of comparatively valueless property by its owners to amuse the public is "a species of anarchy" to be condemned, what must we say of national salutes and costly pyrotechnics? Must we place Brother Boanerges in the category of dangerous anarchists because, during the past year, he has destroyed half-a-carload of good white paper and wasted a keg of ink—and that without proving either entertaining or instructive to the general public? The trouble with the *Standard* is that it couldn't make the Katy officials swallow its circulation falsehoods, and they

grew weary of honoring applications for passes by a fifth-rate paper. Having failed in a systematic attempt to queer the aforesaid officials with the general management, it now opens the sluice-gates of its Christian calumny upon the corporation. The next time the Baptist Church undertakes to transform a white-livered, wooden-headed, bad-hearted Gatesville tough into another-check saint, who loves his enemies and prays for those who spitefully use him, it should hold him under water at least a week.

Since *Texas Sifter* entered the field political and began to explain the currency problem, it is really entitled to be called a humorous paper. I have seen nothing so unaffectedly funny, so conducive to hilarity, since the Galveston niggers played Hamlet. The Sifter's frequent reference to Mrs. Cleveland as "Frankie," and to Mrs. Bryan as "Mamie" is certainly the *ne plus ultra* of the merry-andrew's art, the highest reach of apolaustic genius.

The *Gal-Dal News* is bearing down hard on the Houston *Post* for havnig shifted its allegiance from gold monometallism to free silver. Let Rebecca Merlindy alone—even Hebe's foot slipped once upon a time, displaying more of her anatomy than she intended. The *News* should be the last paper on earth to bite its thumbs at a contemporary because of economic acrobatics. Within five years it has been a fiatist, "free silver fanatic," bimetallist and gold monometallist, as can be proven by reference to its files. It changes its economic faith as easily as a Chicago woman her husband, or the beautiful editress of the *Post* her complexion. Four financial flags "floating above the grand temple of truth and gilded by eternal sunshine" is a record for monetary veracity seldom equalled and never surpassed. The *News* is certainly not one of those

“Positive, persisting fops we know,  
That is once wrong, will needs be always so.”

We are pleased to note that Rebecca Merlindy was not the aggressor in this matter—that she has heeded Mrs. Malaprop’s suggestion that “people without stones should not cast the first sin.”

A sacreligious correspondent suggests that Moses got a corner on beef before passing a law prohibiting the eating of pork, just as our latter-day leaders secured a monopoly of gold before demonetizing silver. This is indeed a suspicious age. There actually be men who suspect that Geo. Clark fell at the feet of “Anarchist Hogg” and worshiped in the humble hope that a fatted senatorial calf would be served up for the repentant prodigal, and that he bolted the harmony conclave and again became a Cleveland shouter because the aforesaid calf was not forthcoming.

Some years ago “The Wild Boy of Zanzibar” was brought to California to be educated for missionary work in his native country. It now develops that, as a versatile long-distance liar, he can take the pennant even from Rev. Z. C. Taylor. When sent abroad the “Wild Boy Preacher” will be able, by faking up regiments of imaginary “converts,” to disprove the ICONOCLAST theory that the foreign mission graft is an arrant fraud.

I am beginning to suspect that Hon. Geo. P. Finlay of Galveston has accepted the position of editorial leader writer for the *Gal-Dal News*. For long years the editorial page of our bifurcated contemporary was heavy as a patent medicine electrotpe with a lead base, prosy and

unprofitable as an oration by Hon. E. L. Antony; but now it is fairly ablaze with corruscations so brilliant that Lucifer, bright son of the morning, pales his ineffectual fires. In a recent roast of those irreverent politicians who presume to criticize its methods or morals, the double-ender declares its "armor of truth and righteousness as impervious to their forceless missiles as Gibraltar to the plashing billows which roll and break and die against its eternal foundations (the "Old Lady" evidently wears a chilled-steel corset); that "when the evanescent creatures who assail the *News* are enveloped by the darkening shadows of life's approaching evening; when they shall turn to bid the world a feeble good-by they can behold this grand temple of truth gilded by eternal sunshine, its banners kissed by the morning breeze of a grander destiny." No one but Geo. P. could have pawed the stars around so dexterously with his right forefinger, or spilt so much unadulterated eloquence while saying so little. Since Alex W. Terrell went over to Turkey to get some pointers on the management of a harem, Colonel Finlay is the only man in Texas who can paint the lily and gild refined gold without botching the job. Our erstwhile ambling contemporary is now setting the pace for "fine writin'" in this neck o' the woods, and will doubtless soon be heard of outside of the State. Mayor Frank P. Holland of Dallas and Mayor A. W. Fly of Galveston are hereby authorized to buy each a little bunch of modest violets or pansy blossoms, lay them reverently on the respective shrines of the double-ender and draw on the *ICONOCLAST* for the cost. Virtue hath been its own and only reward too long in this land of mixed Democracy and straight drinks.

Captain T. A. Blair, attorney for Steen Morris, defendant in the Baylor University rape case, protests that

he had no interview with Antonio Tiexeira previous to her affidavit exonerating his client, and that the instrument was not signed in his office, as the ICONOCLAST intimated. I am pleased indeed to learn that he had nothing whatever to do with the transaction which smacks so strongly of subornation. Captain Blair is now in possession of the document in question, and must have a pretty good idea of how it was obtained. The fact that he protests so strenuously that he had nothing to do with its procurement suggests that those who did manipulate the deal should be closely questioned by the court. Captain Blair reminds me of a man who, having been cast for the rôle of *Advocatus Diabolus*, would jump his job if he could do so with professional decency.

Ye Gods! Ye Gods! ye pitying Gods! my heart is broken quite—the ruddy drops run down incarnadining all my lumbar region. Woe, woe is me! There is no longer sun, nor stars nor sea; the very flowers have lost their fragrance and wine its flavor, while the spheres that in their jocund course did hymn celestial harmony, now make discord dire. The *Houston Post*, edited and adorned by Miss Rebecca Merlindy Johnson, the beautiful belle of Buffalo Bayou, points the cold unmoving finger of scorn at the ICONOCLAST and accuses it of “originating defamations of private character.” Is it any wonder that such a cruel stab from the lily maid of Mudtown should slit my cardiac pericardium from A to Izzard and pour forth its bright red ber-lud even as the o’erloaded bombard spills his booze? It cannot, cannot be that the lethal bolt was sped by my Rebecca, that paragon of gentleness, that avatar of purity, known throughout all lands as the “Apostle’s ” sweetheart, his old geranium, his *Dulcinea del Toboso*! Doubtless she was absent attending a female

suffrage convention, laving her Trilbies in some mountain torrent or tangling her taper fingers in the snowy mane of old Neptune's steeds, leaving some unlicked office cub to wield the archimedean lever. Doubtless her "sub" hath been played upon by some rival of the "Apostle," some serpent who seeks to poison our Hymenic Eden with his anguineous slime! 'Twas not like Rebecca of the gentle heart. Not thus did Cleopatra chide her Antony, nor Juliet roast her panting Romeo. True, Rebecca and I have had our little tiffs, for true love was ever a rocky road. Sometimes when playing Heloise to my Abelard, she would pout and pout until I'd contract the sulks. Sometimes when I would write gentle sonnets, in which I ever called her Laura and signed myself Petrarch, she would complain that my muse was cold, Pegasus a mere plug, and hint that she would rather I'd rush her once against an ice-cream joint or feed her on caramels than sing her charms in Hudibrastic verse; but as a rule our lives ran on as smooth as oil upon a summer sea. Once the green-eyed monster grabbed me, when I surprised her paddling perspiring palms with Epictetus Paregoric Hill, the whilom owner of the *Post*; but she assured me that she was only working the piebald guy for a raise of salary, and the clouds which lowered upon our house did lift. Again, when Governor Culberson called her the Texas Jeanne d'Arc, made her his aide-de-camp and persuaded her to ride her neighing charger clothespin fashion into the mimic war, I felt that I had inadvertently swallowed one of Epictetus Paregoric's political editorials and was doomed to die of dyspepsia. The fact that Charles had earned the title of "our heroic young Christian governor" made me none the less uneasy, for right well wot I that not every man who exalts his horn and chants alleluias is a St. Anthony. I may have spoken harshly to Rebecca

when I found her acting as referee of a beauty show at John Bell's variety dive, and awarding chipped-diamond rings to enameled high-kickers and expert beer canners. When she discarded petticoats for "pants," corsets for sack coats and insisted on chewing plug tobacco and playing draw-poker, I filed complaint; but, remembering Polly Peachum, I never questioned her purity. Why should she "turn me down"? Is it possible that the handsome Culberson has usurped my place in Rebecca's heart—hath added this fair Georgian to his harem? To "dote, yet doubt, suspect, yet fondly love!" Ha! am I about to play the o'erhasty Othello and swat with a hen-feather pillow the chaste mistress of my heart? Nit! Up Eros! Down Mars! Rebecca is all right—even if she does wear "pants." Her tongue may be a trifle shrewish, but when it comes to a showdown it will be found that she's still my Annie, I her Joe. Those good Harris County people who expect me to complain of the *Post*; who are waiting to see me beat my resounding brisket and make moan like a he-Aenone to many-fountained Ida, might just as well crawl off the fence and resume the humble, though profitable occupation of planting hogs.

\* \* \*

## THE MOUTH OF HELL.

SAM JONES once located Hell, if I mistake not, one mile from the city of Waco. Should Sam happen into the city some day when we are holding a mayoralty election, he would correct his geography by placing the Bottomless Pit midway between the eastern and western confines of this great center of pseudo-sanctification. Waco is supposed to be the hub of the religious world. It has more



sectarian educational institutes, churches and preachers in proportion to population than any other city of its size in the South. Waco is so pious that the very policemen emit an odor of sanctity—and it is at the same time the rottenest political hole this side of Hades. Whether this be cause and effect I will not assume to say; but if it be simply a coincidence it is certainly most remarkable. Waco is the only town in Texas of any consequence where men are boycotted in business for questioning the Immaculate Conception; it is likewise the only one that licenses bawdy-houses and considers the buying or selling of votes as a virtue rather than a vice. I can take \$50,000 and make Jack the Ripper mayor of Waco; but the Lord Jesus Christ could not be elected strictly on his merits. When a citizen becomes a municipal candidate his first care is a corruption fund, so-called; but the man who can really corrupt the average voter in this community can add malodor to the odor of a skunk or spoil a rotten egg. He appoints his buyers, stations them in convenient rooms and sends his steerers forth to round up American sovereigns. These latter may be seen standing around in groups like wood-carriers in a Mexican market-place, waiting for purchasers and discussing the prospective price. One dollar and two drinks of barrel-house booze is the recognized standard, but in close elections this figure may be doubled. The steerer ushers them by squads into the presence of the buyer, who makes his bid. If accepted, he pays the contract price and returns them to the steerer, who marches them to the polls to see that they deliver the goods; well knowing that, if afforded opportunity, they would resell their suffrages to some other candidate. This article is not meant to cast any special reflection on the candidates in the recent mayoralty race. They only did what their predecessors have done; it is the system I am

assailing. Men rigidly honest in all things else, gentlemen by birth and breeding, unblushingly purchase political preferment, arguing, I suppose, that when a desirable office is for sale somebody will buy, and they might as well make a bid. When a community is notoriously corrupt, great scrupulosity can scarce be expected on the part of its politicians. The fact is that Waco is too busy putting up hypocritical prayers, listening to empty sermons, disputing about forms of baptism, seducing fourteen-year-old orphans, begetting nigger babies and courting enameled society "ladies" whose reputations would smell rank even in the "Reservation," to cultivate the homely virtue of political honesty. Some may suppose from the foregoing that the ICONOCLAST has soured on the Geyser City. Not so; the love of Damon and Pythian, or of David and Jonathan were as nothing to the fond affection which Waco and the ICONOCLAST feel for each other. Brother Burleson of Baylor and the "Apostle" are simply inseparable. Dr. Jehovah Boanerges Cranfill and your humble servant occupy the same bed when the weather is not too warm. Almost any pleasant evening Waco's Warwick and the undersigned may be seen strolling down Austin Avenue arm-in-arm, or cuddled up to a cozy table in some cool retreat, with two rye-straws and one mint-julep. There's not a society lady in the city who doesn't keep a copy of the ICONOCLAST in her boudoir and read a chapter from it every morning to strengthen her for the duties of the day. The ICONOCLAST is too good a friend to Waco not to tell her of her faults; Waco loves the ICONOCLAST too well not to accept in a grateful spirit this gentle courtesy.

## MAYOR CAMPBELL'S MENDACITY.

## AMERICAN VS. MEXICAN PRICES

DEMOCRATS in the North and East have been sending to the *ICONOCLAST* a circular entitled "Prices in the United States and Mexico," and asking "How about it?" I have grown somewhat weary of confuting campaign lies about the "Land of God and Liberty"; but as this particular document contains just enough truth to be dangerous, I will give it a little attention. The circular aforesaid purports to be a wholesale price list of "some common articles of merchandise in the city of El Paso, Texas, and Juarez, Mexico, just across the Rio Grande," the correctness of the quotations being solemnly certified to by one R. F. Campbell, who occupies the exalted position of mayor of El Paso, the last resting-place of the Cardiff Giant, home of the McGinty Club, and physical culture Mecca. Having made his price list affydavvy, the Poobah of El Paso hastens to add: "I also find, and do hereby certify, that Mexican labor in Mexico in the larger cities, is paid from seventy-five cents to \$1.50 per day in Mexican silver. The highest price paid for the very best and most skilled labor is \$2 per day in the same kind of money."

This is some improvement on the "twenty-five cent wage rate," of which we hear so much in the plutocratic press; still it is pregnant with falsehood. Here are the wages paid by the Sonora Mining Company: Engineers, \$5 per day, smelters \$10, tenders \$10, blacksmiths \$3, miners \$1.50 to \$4, lumbermen \$2.50 to \$2, wheelbarrowmen \$1.50 to \$2.50. The payroll of this company runs nearly \$5,000 per month and the wage rate testifies that living is very cheap in Mexico and the wage rate advancing. Railway conductors average \$150 per month in Mexico,

locomotive engineers \$175. Common labor can be had at seventy-five cents a day without board, or \$10 a month with board. I have seen carpenters working in Iowa for eighty cents a day and boarding themselves. It may surprise the Lord Mayor of El Paso somewhat to be told that the average rate of *skilled labor* in this blessed gold standard country is considerably less than \$1.50 per day; yet such is the fact. According to the United States census report of 1890—before the Cleveland panic and consequent slump in prices—before the tremendous cutting in wages began—the average pay of more than 4,000,000 skilled employees was less than \$1.50 a day. What it is now God only knows. I'm no "free-silver fanatic"; but, like the Arkansas schoolmaster, "I'm simply h—l on figgers." I like to deal in federal statistics—especially those bearing the sanction of gold standard administrations. In these days of partisan polemics, when all manner of assertions and counter-assertions are ripping great jagged orifices in the atmosphere, it is a great comfort to turn occasionally to the official statistics of the United States.

The price list concocted by the Texas Cadi comprises thirty-two articles, the El Paso quotations being given in gold, the Juarez quotations in silver-standard money. The compiler adds that the latter prices are those "which prevail in the Free Zone, on which there is *small duty*, in the interior they would be much higher. According to this remarkable document—which I understand is being widely circulated to substantiate the Republican thesis that "silver makes for low wages and high prices of whatsoever the workingman must buy"—the cost of foodstuffs is much greater on the thither side of the Rio Grande than here, even when measured in gold. Thus, it assures us that breakfast bacon is worth eleven and one-

half cents wholesale, in El Paso, and thirty-two cents just across the river, in the Free Zone, "where there is small duty." Just why the Mexican retail grocer patronizes the Juarez instead of the El Paso jobber the Bradstreet of the border does not explain. There is both a railway and a wagon bridge across the river. A thousand pounds of breakfast bacon would cost him in Juarez \$320 Mexican money. He could readily exchange this amount for \$160 American currency, buy his bacon in El Paso, and have \$45 United States, by \$90 Mexican money left, less the drayage and "small duty." Why doesn't he do it? Campbell's price list quotes flour at \$2.25 per hundred pounds in El Paso and \$8.50 in Jaurez. The Mexican merchant, who is so shrewd a trader that he has starved the Jews out of his country, can throw a sack of flour on his burro, drive it across the bridge, and make a profit of \$2 American or \$4 Mexican money on the half-hour's pilgrimage, less the small duty and wear and tear of his jackass between El Paso and Juarez. Why doesn't he do it? There must be some reason which the Lord Mayor doesn't see fit to set forth, something that is not a correlative of the currency.

I have taken some pains to correctly "size up" the Campbell circular. I have sent it to government officials and prominent merchants on both sides of the Rio Grande, asking for information, and am forced to the conclusion—despite the very solemn asservations of the originator—that it's a flagrant fraud. I have not as yet received replies to inquiries mailed to Juarez, but have definite information from Nuevo Laredo and Monterey. It appears that Campbell has given the *wholesale* price of foodstuffs at El Paso, the *retail* price over the river, and not content with this stroke of commercial genius, has "bulled" the Mexican market in a manner to make even Wall Street

stare. Campbell quotes as wholesale prices in Juarez: "Flour \$8.50 per hundred pounds, rice 11½ cents and beans 17 cents per pound, molasses \$1.69 and vinegar \$1.40 per gallon." A retail merchant at Monterey, who is known as a "fancy grocer" one who caters only to the wealthier class, keeps the best and charges accordingly—quotes retail prices as follows: "Flour \$7.50 per hundred pounds, rice 8 cents and beans 5 cents per pound, molasses \$1.50 and vinegar \$1.00 per gallon." On eight important articles he duplicates at retail the Campbell wholesale price, while his advances on the remainder would scarce pay transportation charges from the border to Monterey. And it must be remembered that Monterey is not in the Free Zone, but "in the interior," where "prices would be much higher." As between the quotations of the merchant and those of the politician, why "you pays your money and you takes your choice." Being an American of high social and commercial standing, and whose trade is chiefly with Americans resident in Monterey, the price current of this merchant probably means something—which is quite unusual in Mexico, either among wholesalers or retailers. Anybody who knows anything about the matter, knows that the native Mexican merchant allows himself a very liberal margin of profit, and that the price he demands is no indication of what he will accept. In compiling his Juarez price current, Campbell evidently got the prices "asked," instead of the prices "bid."

Goods are not admitted free into the Zona Libre, "but pay 18½ per cent. of the duty laid upon consignments to the interior, which is twenty cents per kilo on ham, twelve on bacon, fifteen on canned goods, and other articles in proportion a kilo being two and one-fifth pounds.

Of the thirty-two articles quoted by Campbell only

*one*—beans—is produced in Mexico, and it alone of the list is entitled to be called a “common article of merchandise” across the Rio Grande. Thirty-one of the articles named are imported, and the one which is a Mexican product *sells for less at retail in Monterey than at wholesale in El Paso*. According to Campbell’s whole figures, salt, corn-starch, chiefly from the United States—are cheaper in Mexico flavoring extracts soap, tea and sugar—all imported, and chiefly from the United States—are cheaper in Mexico than here, as measured in gold, while matches, dried prunes and Arbuckle’s coffee sell for exactly the same. Of the articles on the list that cost more in Mexico than in Texas, not one has ever been considered even by the middle-class Mexicans, as among the necessities of life. They are imported luxuries, just as French wines and Havana cigars are with us, and cost accordingly. Not one Mexican laborer in five hundred ever tasted a single article on the Campbell price current the cost of which is greater in gold in that country than in Maine or Massachusetts. Breakfast bacon, deviled ham and many other tempting items of the Lord Mayor’s menu are not “common articles of merchandise” in Mexico, or among any other semi-civilized Indians on earth. They are not even considered necessities of life in Ireland, Scotland, Italy, or among the laboring class of any other European country. In good faith, they are dispensed with at the present writing by several million Americans.

The laborer in Mexico may fill himself to the bursting-point with tortillas, frijoles and chile-con-carne for about six cents in the currency of his country, and for six more get a nip of mescal and a good cigar as prelude to his siesta. He is then as comfortable and content as the American workman who has paid two-bits for a meal and blown in two more at the bar. If the Lord Mayor of El

Paso desires to fill his ample pod with Aztec cookery, without taking the trouble to cross the river, secure a drink of mescal and a passable cigar, he'll find himself short about fifty cents American money. To a Mexican the price of what he considers life's necessities are ridiculously high in this country, and—presuming that he's as great an economic ass as Campbell—he attributes it to the curse of a gold standard currency. While I resided in San Antonio a Mexican applied at my house for employment. He had been searching several days but could find nothing to do, and was very homesick. "In my country," he plaintively remarked, "work a plenty. I go to market, have ten cents, maybe fifteen, my family eat much. Here we no can. Eat cost much house cost much, work not any." That tells the story. Mexican staples are high in this, American high in that country as a rule, each nation having its peculiar habits, tastes and standard of living, due not to its exchange media, but to race, degree of civilization and average productive power of the industrial unit. People ignorant of these *præcognita* are too foolish to be trusted with the elective franchise; those who are familiar therewith, yet ignore them in comparing Mexico and America, have reached a state of moral depravity suggestive of the penitentiary.

Had Campbell really desired to enlighten the public, rather than to prove himself an adept in "practical politics," he would have pointed out that while many American products are higher across the border than here—because of customs dues, transportation charges and large profits inseparable from small sales—it requires a cordon of sentries from El Paso to Brownsville to prevent the smuggling of Mexican staples into the United States; that the difference in price is so great that not one returning American tourist in ten thousand can resist the temptation to do



a little contraband trade. For the year ending June 30, 1895, Mexico bought of us merchandise to the value of fourteen and one-half millions. Did she give us therefore twenty-nine millions of her "fifty-cent silver dollars"? Not exactly; she sold us fifteen and one-half million dollars worth of her general products and pocketed a comfortable trade balance. Had the Lord Mayor of El Paso been a broad-gauge patriot, instead of a small-bore partisan, he would have scorned to compare a semi-civilized country like Mexico with the land of Edison, Morse and McCormick—a nation boasting itself "heir of all the ages and foremost in the files of time." Did he possess one atom of racial pride he would not have placed the American workman on a parity with the Mexican peon, with his ignorance, laziness, lice and primitive methods of production; but would have pointed out that the wage rate and consequent standard of living of a people cannot—be the exchange medium what it may—rise superior to their productive power. He would have cited the fact that, despite her poverty and mongrel people, Mexico is rapidly developing industrially; while the United States, the wealthiest nation in the world, her labor-saving machinery the mightiest miracle since the creation of the Cosmos, the muscles of her people throbbing with energy, their blood ablaze with the Promethean fire of enterprise, is standing still—bound with gold chains, like another Andromeda to the rock, the prey of monsters. He would have pointed out that the wage rate is slowly but surely advancing in the land of Diaz, and as steadily declining in the country of Cleveland.

But what's all this row about, anyhow? Isn't high prices of commodities a thing to be commended? Do not the farmer and stockman, the manufacturer and miner all assent? Haven't the Republicans been preaching protec-

tive tariff to prevent a slump in the market price of American commodities, and a corresponding cut in the workman's wages? And isn't Lord Mayor Campbell striving with all his petty might to elect McKinley? Why damn free silver for advancing prices, while sweating out your blessed undershirt in supporting a party h—l bent on the self-same purpose?

\* \* \*

## THOSE BLAWSTED HAWMERICAN MEN.

MRS. GERTRUDE ATHERTON recently made a startling bid for notoriety and achieved it. You can get anything you want in this world if only able and willing to pay the price; and Mrs. Atherton has deliberately put herself up as a mark for the shafts of ridicule, evidently preferring to be laughed at rather than altogether ignored. She has fired the Ephesian Dome to secure for herself a celebrity which her intellect could not earn—has compelled the satirists to afford her standing-room among those "damned to everlasting fame." Writing to the *London News*, she attempts to explain the supposed "affinity between American women and Englishmen," by assuming that they are, respectively, superior to American men and English women. She pictures the Englishman as God's most glorious work, and declares that "the vast majority of American men are composed of two elements only—money-greed and sensuality." The English women, according to Gertie's diagnosis, are veritable chumps, while American women—"one of whom she is which"—are the most irresistibly captivating creatures this side of the Celestial City. As the *ICONOCLAST* has a world-wide beauty contest pending (page 279) it would ill become me

to either deny or indorse this latter proposition. I will say, however, that the woman does not live who is catholic enough in her views to make her comparisons of different nationalities of any particular importance. What pleases even the most liberal minded of the gentler sex is "charming," and what she takes a notion—with or without reason—to dislike, is simply "horrid," and there you are! No woman should turn herself loose in the wellnigh boundless realm of comparative ethnology—she is sure to get lost. Still, the *ICONOCLAST*, as official organ of the American ladies, accepts for them Gertie's little gob of taffy with the profoundest gratitude. I am inclined to suspect that it is well deserved; for "a good tree bringeth forth good fruit," and the American woman is but a reflection of her father. If there be in all the world a land where the ladies are more lovely, I have failed to find it. Perhaps it is just as well, for I'd sure get into trouble by trying to monopolize the whole lot.

Here in America I have to work with my back to the window. Whenever I face the street I do nothing but look at the girls go by and scribble anacreontics, when I should be writing sermons or engaged in silent prayer. I fancy myself Siddartha sitting beneath the sacred Bodhi-tree and surrounded by

"Bands of bright shapes with heavenly eyes and lips,"

until the wild yoop of some political orator saving the country reminds me that life is real, life is earnest and things not what they seem. I do not much blame Gertie for driving her hair-pin dagger clear through the quivering diaphragm of the typical American and hanging a six-pound sad-iron on either end. Having found no one to love her in this land of the free and home of the Bryan

boom, she may easily be forgiven for asserting that a most dutiful British subject is preferable to an American sovereign. "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned." Gertie has a kick coming and must, perforce, give vent to her "felinks" by pounding her pink tootsie-wootsies against a brick wall, and turning up her nosie-wosie at the unappreciative sons of Uncle Sam. I am sorry that she is compelled to waste her loveliness in a foreign land; but 'tis not my fault. When she exported her ebullient beauty I was not old enough to make a bid. Of course we are dreadfully naughty; but I cannot, for the life of me, imagine how Gertie discovered it. I am dreadfully sorry that we should have given her cause for complaint. If she will send the names of the designing villains to the *ICONOCLAST*, it will print them as a warning to other women. Still I suspect that her ethnological conclusions will not stand analysis. It has become an axiom with sociologists that boys usually inherit their dominant traits from the mother and girls from the father; hence it follows, as an illative consequence, that if English women are wooden, English men are stupid; that if American women are bright, brainy and spirituelle, their sons inherit these characteristics. I cannot now recall a single great man who attributed his success in life to the old man; almost invariably they refer the credit for their achievements to the mother; hence the o'er hasty *ipse dixit* of this female Anglomaniac, stands discredited. The typical American is a mighty money-maker, the typical Englishman a grasping money-horder. John Bull puts his wife on allowance"; Uncle Sam lays his purse in her lap. The American will spend a dollar like a prince while his British cousin is haggling over ha'pence. Throughout the world the American is worshipped by menials, while the Englishman is abhorred.

The latter inquires what is the customary "tip" and gives it grudgingly; the former pays what largesse he likes, and it is given with kindly courtesy. The Englishman is a chronic kicker; the American "takes things as they come." The first vaunts his superiority by snubbing servants; the latter can afford to be gracious, because he's a sovereign. The American works hard to make money that he may enjoy spending it, and he lets it go easily because of his supreme confidence in his own ability to make more; while the Briton seems to think his only salvation an inheritance or a wealthy wife. "Save the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves," is the axiom of England. The "tight little isle" animadverting on the "money-greed" of Americans were almost as laughable as the pictures in *Punch*. American women are better dressed and better educated than those of England, simply because they possess the sesame to the purses of men who make the most money and care the least for it. The grievous charge of sensuality cannot lie against Columbia's sons without including her daughters, for they are "bone of the same bone and flesh of the same flesh." The ewe lamb and the lion's whelp cannot spring from the same loins. We men don't mind; but Gertie should ask the American women's forgiveness. She assures us that the wonderful Briton "loves sport better than women." Then indeed must he be a model companion—creation's masterpiece! It would appear from this that Tennyson's "Cousin Amy" didn't make such a bad match after all, for he assures her that

"He will hold thee, when his passion shall have spent its  
novel force,  
Something better than his dog, a little dearer than his  
horse."

The typical English husband would have preferred his fox-hounds, so Gertie says, and she speaks from experience. The American loves women better than aught else in this world—and his preference has my hearty approbation. Uncle Sam is preëminently a Squire of Dames. The American's heart beats faster, his blood is warmer, he is more susceptible to female beauty than is the Briton. Beneath bright skies the sun-god pours his consuming flame into mortal flesh, while those reared in clammy fogs become half fish. But despite this, the American is not so carnal as his trans-Atlantic cousin. To him a woman must be more than a mere female. He loves his mistress, idealizes her, shares his purse with her—will fight for her if need be. The Englishman buys illicit indulgences with the same *sang-froid* that he might purchase a plum-pudding—or a pup. Harlotry flourishes in England and starves in America. There men of social prominence frequent houses of ill-fame with as much unconcern as they visit the cafes; here no man of respectability goes to such places except by stealth, or when in his cups. Wine and women may be an American weakness; that of England—in view of recent interesting disclosures—seems to be brandy and boys. The Englishman is a gourmand, a slave to his belly; the American is not. The first lives to eat; the latter eats to live. The first spends an hour or more at table, gorging himself like my Lord Archbishop at Talleyrand's *diner diplomatique*, hoists in a gallon or two of drunk-promoter and drowns off content—feeds and lies dormant like a boa-constrictor; the latter snatches a frugal meal in fifteen minutes, and is then ready to build a railroad, run for Congress, discuss the latest scientific discovery, or—murder will out—flirt with his neighbor's wife. The “sensuality” of the Englishman is that of the old Vikings; the

"sensuality" of the American is that of the ancient Greeks. The first is grossly materialistic. Give him a full paunch and a brace of painted sepulchres from the slums, and melud is in the halls of Valhalla; but it requires beauty, love, and the spice of danger attending stolen sweets to carry the American in Elysian fields. This may explain why Gertie imagines the first a Joseph, the last a Lovelace. The difference in the twain is simply this: A pretty woman has to drop a brick down on the thick head of John Bull to make him take a hint, while a rose leaf is sufficient to bring your Uncle Samuel to her side. If there really exists an "affinity between American women and Englishmen," I can account for it on no other hypothesis than the British one, that every woman needs and must have a master. We do not "boss" our wives to any great extent; we haven't time. We do not consider them our slaves. When we want a household drudge we hire a coon or an Englishman who has been bred for the coach or the kitchen. Perhaps we are treating our wives too well. They may long for representatives of what Gertie calls "the most highly developed race of men the world has ever known"; men who will "lam" them occasionally—in conformity with English law! If such be the case it were an easy matter to break up this trans-Atlantic "affinity" business and keep our heiresses at home. There was no necessity for Lil. Hammersley or Nellie Grant to go abroad to get licked. We can all take a day off, secure baseball bats and "w'ale bloody 'ell" out of 'em. Then they will understand that we are "masterful"; will realize that we are quite superior creatures—almost equal to Englishmen! Or we can give Bill Sykes, or even the late Duke of Marlborough pointers on household management if we have a mind to. After this exhibition of our manly "forcefulness" we ought to create

that "domestic peerage" of which Gertie prattles. Surely we will have "ennobled" ourselves, and ought to establish forthwith an Order of the Garter and wear, as insignia of our exalted rank, the stocking support of a tough old "cat," as do those "healthy-minded men" whom Gertie so much admires, and in whom she assures us "there is no taint of morbidity"—Oscar Wilde to the contrary notwithstanding, howsoever, but!

\* \* \*

## LES ENFANTS TERRIBLES.

I MUCH fear that before this confounded election is over I'll have a whole wheel-factory in my head. As a sacred duty owed to myself, I read the argument on all sides of every issue, for I hold with Byron that "he that will not reason is a bigot, and he who dares not is a slave." But I'll not be able to continue this labor of love much longer. The logic employed by the McKinleyites is tying my brain up in a double bow-knot. To save me, I cannot catch onto its combination, for its predicates look one way, its conclusions another, while its syllogisms fail to syllogize; its *argumentum ad ingorantiam* seems to be sadly overworked, and its *judicium* suffering from the jim-jams. Perhaps it's all too deep for a mere lad of six-and-thirty who had the misfortune to be named "Willie," and may, for aught I know, have willieisms, or even something worse. I am evidently too recent to fully comprehend the deep workings of McKinley's master mind when it is dealing with money. I may grow to it—may catch some fleeting glimpse of what the McKinleyites really mean by the time I am old enough to be available as the candidate of the gold-bug "Democrats." Just as I think I've got their esoteric



science of money mastered it rears up on its subsequent legs and walks on me till it dislocates my liver. It is evasive and uncertain as a cake of soap in a cistern. I would give four-bits for instantaneous photographs of it in its various attitudes. It is the Proteus of politics. Just as you have sized it up it becomes something else. It is the only thing in existence that can be on all sides of a subject at one and the same time, swallow itself and then turn a double somersault. I don't so much mind the brain-fag necessary to keep tab on its saltations, but its pernicious activity makes my eyes ache. "The Silver Trust Circular," which the McKinley organs are all printing in screamer type under scareheads, is the latest agony inflicted upon me. All the gold-bug orators have copies of it in their inside pockets, pull it on every occasion and cry, "Ha! ha!" but damfino where the laugh comes in. I am naturally a frolicsome fellow, and can outlaugh Teufelsdröckh when there's any provocation; but somehow this circular looks more like McKinley's wake than his wedding, and I cannot cachinnate in the presence of a corpse. It gives the lie point-blank to the charge of "repudiation." It knocks the "50-cent dollar" theory higher than Gilderoy's kite. I presume that everybody has read the circular, for the McKinleyites have sown it broadcast—why I know not, unless as an official certificate of their own insanity. It is an address by one Thos. G. Merrill to the silver mine managers, and sets forth that they should contribute to the Bryan campaign fund, as free coinage would greatly benefit 90 per cent. of the American people and cause "the immediate return of silver to its former price of \$1.29 per ounce." Do the McKinleyites deny that free coinage would thus affect the market value of silver? Not at all; they admit it, and proceed to thunder against "this infamous scheme of the mining barons to add \$35,000,000

to the value of their annual product at the expense of the entire people." Yet in the self-same breath they declare that "free coinage means a 50-cent dollar," and tearfully protest against "repudiation." In other words, they assert that free coinage would send the selling price of silver to \$1.29 per ounce—just as Bryan and the mining barons predict—which means that, at a ratio of 16 to 1, the white would possess equal intrinsic value with the yellow dollar and be as acceptable in any part of the world; and then, without so much as a change of countenance, declare that free coinage means a debased currency! This may all be true. Mark Hanna and McKinley, Edward Atkinson and Bob Ingersoll, Cleveland and his cuckoos and Cuney and his coons all say so; but alack! I'm too young to understand it! The "Boy Orator" can't make it out. The only "Little Willie" who has mastered it is the editor of the St. Louis *Mirror*. The auriferous economists assert that "it is impossible to create value by law"; and before this *ipse dixit* can soak into us, they point out that Congress can, by a simple "be it enacted," add \$35,000,000 per annum to the value of a single American product! That looks like a flat contradiction to ye youngsters; but it requires age and experience to deal with the stunning paradoxes. I have no desire to pose as an *enfant terrible*; still I opine that grown people should not permit we kids to perish in our ignorance. It is barely possible that the philosophers of the McKinley school have discarded prosy logic for poetic license. The Republicans pose as "the real bimetalists, the true friends of silver"—declare that all they want is "an honest dollar, one worth its face the world over." Then why wait for that "international agreement" which ever recedes like the pot of rupees at the rainbow's base, when, by simply opening our mints, we can make

412 1-2

grains of coin silver equal to 25.8 grains of coin gold anywhere, and add \$35,000,000 per annum to the value of American products? I know that it is impertinent for thoughtless kids to harass a New Napoleon with vexatious questions when he wants to talk about the tariff; but juvenile curiosity cannot be easily overcome. We are told that "this tremendous profit of the mine-owners would come out of the pockets of the working people." What profit, if the silver dollar "will sink at once to its bullion value?" But I forget; it will sink, and still it won't sink. It is to go up and down and stand still simultaneously. Silver is to double in selling price without affecting the intrinsic value of the dollar! I seem to be catching on. How beautiful it all is, when you once get really into it! Poor Willie Bryan! I wish I had him here to explain it to him. He might resign in favor of McKinley and thus end the agony. But how are the mine-owners to get this tremendous profit—which they will make and at the same time won't make—out of the people's purse? I'm stuck again! Will some Republican Oedipus rede me this riddle? I don't like to make trouble; still, if McKinley or any of his lieutenants will explain it satisfactorily, I'll contribute something handsome to Mark Hanna's slush fund. I respectfully refer it to Dana of the *New York Sun*, and McCullagh of the *Globe-Democrat*. "If anybody kin they kin." But they can't. The only effect which the advancement of silver to \$1.29 an ounce could have on the workingman would be to make the white dollar in his possession intrinsically worth 100 cents and relieve him of further taxation to pay interest on bonds sold to bolster up the gold reserve. Suppose I carry silver bullion to the mint and have it coined into "dollars worth 100 cents the world over," and employ labor therewith: What then? Suppose that I had carried gold bullion to the mint and

employed my money in like manner. Does the workman have to give more for a white than for a yellow dollar "of equal purchasing power, the world over?" True, the mining companies will make money—may, after so many years of disaster, be able to declare a dividend much to the satisfaction of some millions of small shareholders who have known only assessments; but how will they make it? By taking from the pockets of the people the coin already there, *à la* the tariff beneficiaries, and hoarding it up in their coffers until Cleveland gets ready to sell another block of bonds at private bids? They will make it by adding to the volume of our exchange media, thereby causing a revival of business, the advancement of the wage-rate and the employment of the idle legions of labor. And the people will also be in on the "rake-off." The silver coin they would own will be enhanced in value more than \$250,000,000! Doubtless that would be a great evil, else it would not be so vigorously condemned by the McKinleyites. Now "youze kids," understand the situation—"git on" to the *fin de siècle* monetary science as expounded to us by McKinley and other of our elders whose superior wisdom it is our duty to honor: The free coinage of silver will double the value of the raw material and cut the value of everything of which it is made, square through the middle. See! We'll have a deluge of white dollars, each worth 199 cents if you melt it down in New York, or Amsterdam or Timbuctoo; but so long as it's got Uncle Sam's spread eagle on it it's worth only 50 cents. You've got to believe that or you're an anarchist, a repudiationist, a popocrat and full o' prunes. You've got to swallow it or you've got wheels in your head and an attack o' the willies. If you ask any questions you're "a lippy kid" and a rainbow chaser. That's what. But that's only part of the new monetary science. These 100-

cent silver dollars are going to drive all the 100-cent gold dollars out of circulation, reduce our volume of "final payment money" 50 per cent, and at the same time cause a tremendous depreciation in the purchasing power of every remaining dollar. You see the goldites have repealed both Gresham's law and the law of supply and demand. They're going to tackle the law of gravitation next—in fact its elimination is necessary to the success of their monetary system, for while it's in effect things can't go up while they're coming down without considerable difficulty. They have amended the law of interest, and now all those old economists who held that the purchasing power of money has absolutely nothing to do with fixing the interest rate, are dead wrong. They have "proved" in all their big papers and from every stump and the head of every beer barrel that the value of gold has fallen one-half during the past few years, because where the government formerly paid a rental of 6 per cent for its use it now gets it for 3! This is a glorious thing and entitles them to our eternal gratitude. But don't examine it too closely—never look a gift horse in the mouth. Just take the good the gods provide and hold your peace. Should a man ask you if a farmer pays 6 bushels per acre rent when wheat is worth a dollar, and but 3 bushels per acre when it is 50 cents, shoot him on the spot; he's a red-flagger, an enemy of vested rights and a dangerous crank. Ten-to-one he's got a dynamite bomb in one coat-tail pocket and a copy of the *ICONOCLAST* in the other. Don't read anything but gold-bug literature, don't think, don't disagree with the powers that be. Just see what happened to Jesus for questioning the supernal wisdom of the money-changers of Jerusalem!

## A PLAGUE OF POETS.

## MACHINE-MADE MELODY.

IN days of old it was supposed that poets were born, not made, and bright indeed was that century considered which could boast of more than one true son of song; but in this progressive age we easily circumvent niggard nature. When chemists can manufacture eggs, and even hatch 'em without the aid of hens, can we wonder that bards are as thick as birds? Surely it were as easy to produce a poet as a pullet—easier, perhaps since Pindars and Petrarchs wear no plumes. Plato defines man as a two-legged animal *sans* feathers; hence we may infer that our modern crop of warblers are the 'prentice work of science—the product of the incubator ere curious ornithologists discovered what to add to the artificial ovum to bring forth the full-pinioned bird.

Silas Wegg's unlucky habit of "dropping into poetry" threatens to become a pandemic disease. Every frog-pond is now a Pierian spring; the woods are literally aflame with the divine afflatus; the Muses Nine have multiplied as did Jacob's fecund seed in ancient Mizriam, while every sanddune hath become a Parnassus, every mole-hill a Helicon. The cities swarm with Meistersingers, the towns are over-run with Troubadours, each hamlet boasts its jay Jongleur, while from Texas ranch and Yankee hedge-row the "poet lariat" or Della-Cruscan rhymster blithely carols his roundelay. Every biped, with feathers or without, is doing the bulbul act—piercing its panting brisket in the Gardens of Gul and weeping melodious tears. No modern magazine is considered complete without a hand-me-down "poem" or two about nothing in particular; Jenny Wrens twitter in the cross-roads press;

true hearts bleed in an endless procession of books, while half-fledged Homers pour their divine harmony in gushing torrents adown the column rules of the great diurnals. Poetry, poetry everywhere! Youth's shrill treble and manhood's lusty roar mingling with the cracked bassoon of age—the "sweet girl graduate" and shriveled gran'dame, the rough plow-boy and sleek sybarite all twanging the Apollonic harp, tuning the Pandean pipes and pouring forth their quivering souls in song! Not a withered leaf can be blown adown the wynd or porker squeal an'ath the garden gate; not a measly brat can creep into the world or old rooter make his exit, but some poet half consumed with Promethean fire bursts his tether and makes a rhythmic dog-fall out of his mother tongue! I think the *Poetische Trichter*—or Poetical Funnel—manufactured at Nurnberg some two centuries since, and "professing within six hours to pour in the whole essence of this difficult art into the most unfurnished head," must have been perfected and brought into common use in this country:

"Hence bards, like Proteus, long in vain tied down,  
Escape in monsters and amaze the town."

Poets? We've got 'em; got 'em in flocks, swarms, droves and shoals—got 'em to burn, perhaps. The population of America is 73 million people—72 million poets, the rest Populists. The Homeric era and Elizabethan age have become mere grease spots on the robe of the gods. The man toiled and prayed through long years to bring some single poem to perfection; and when he had wrought his life into it—a master-mind its warp, an all-embracing heart its woof—he cast it forth into the mighty sea of Time and died unknown; but in succeed-

ing ages the flickering torch which he had nourished through the laborious night that was his day, kindled from altar to altar until a radiance as of heaven beat upon the world—a celestial search-light seeking out the nameless grave of a god! Now poems are manufactured to order while you wait. Drop a nickel in the slot and get a tune—sonnet, ode or elegy. Great is science! Of all labor-saving inventions the Poetical Funnel is certainly *facile princeps*. Yet there be pessimists who insist that we are making no progress! No progress indeed! Why, we have donned seven-league boots and are pounding up the plank turnpike like the devil beating tanbark. See with what difficulty Alfred Austin squeezes his titanic form into the overcoat once occupied by Alfred Tennyson. Observe how Algernon Charles Swinburne improves upon the awkward scrawl of Pope. Note how the Rileys and Stantons are making Horace tired, while the Wilcoxes and Chanlers, with their animalistic oestruation, knock “burning Sappho” off her perch. And there’s the Emely Evans Hendricks and Bessie Campbell Galbraiths, the James Clarence Harveys and Sydney Thompson Dobells, and a hundred others striving to gild three-story names with immortal glory. And there’s Dobson, the greatest of the decadents—Austin Dobson! No wonder the muses have deserted their ancient haunts and learned that medley of antilogies known as the English tongue. With apologies to Byron:

Oh Austin Dobson!—Phoebus! what a name  
To fill the speaking trump of future fame!

Still the horrid thought will intrude itself that all living twangers of the lyre would be much better employed manipulating the humble but useful washboard, or trail-



ing the meek-eyed mule through the lowly cotton-patch. I am no complaining preterist; I do not hold, as do some, that the age of true poesy is forever past—that science is a pitiless Car of Jaganath beneath which the poetic muse must perish. Promethean fire should burn brighter in the brain of Wisdom than in the breast of Barbarism. True, the Delphic Oracle hath long gone silent and Dodona's Oaks ceased whispering strange secrets to credulous souls. Chaste Dian's lips will never touch those of sleeping Endymion, nor Aurora's blushing charms grace aged Tithonus' bed. Gone are all the Gods from High Olympus,

“ the Spirits of the Hills  
With all their dewy hair blown back like flame,”

appeal no more to the wondering minds of men. These were but crude conceits of the world's infancy, the coat of many colors with which it clothed its ignorance. Science, “creeping on from point to point,” displays even greater wonders than the naiads and nereids, the gorgons gray and chimeras dire that recede before her lamp; and until Wonder, Reverence and Ambition forsake the human heart and Love and Beauty perish from the earth, true poesy cannot pass. The more exalted the singer, the purer his song. If it be objected that never in modern days has the poetic muse mounted with so strong a wing as in those far years when Rome indeed was crowned with grandeur and Greece with glory, yet science lay wrapt in swaddling clothes, we answer that Prose, too, suffers by comparison with the days that are dead, while Art blushes for her own decadence and Eloquence stands dumb. Despite our boasts that we are heirs “of all the ages and foremost in the files of time,” no modern nation has reached

those intellectual heights trod by the Hellenes when the noblest poesy, since the hymning of the morning stars, came virgin from the harp. Modern is no superior to ancient civilization—it has simply developed differently. In the province of Utilitaria we stand the acknowledged superiors of all preceding ages; but in all that pertains to the spiritual life of man we turn instinctively to the crumbling tombs that mark the grandeur that was Rome and the glory that was Greece. Aristotle and Plato, Phidias and Praxiteles, Homer and Demosthenes—our masters have been dust and ashes so long that their very graves are forgotten; yet we assume that the weight of our superior wisdom will break the muse's wing!

It simply happens, as indeed it has happened so often before—for in five thousand years less than a score of true bards have been born—that the poets are all dead. In such interregnums the petty versifiers tune their paltry pipes. When the sun has set the stars peep forth; but when the day-god resumes his throne these flickering points “pale their ineffectual fires.” When the lion is dead in his lair indifferent beasts do range abroad. When genius departs from earth Mediocrity and Stupidity hold high carnival.

The mawkish sentimentalists are weeping “tears, idle tears” and know not what they mean—and little the great world cares. People really suffering for pills imagine themselves pregnant with poems—mistake a torpid liver for the divine afflatus. Those who couldn't beat time on a bass drum to a bull-frog duet, bestride a cock-horse or old gray goose as Pegasus and soar at the sun, only to be pitched headlong into Icarian seas. If this old world has one real live poet concealed about her person, he must be some “mute inglorious Milton.” To

paraphrase Epictetus, Show him to me; by the gods!  
fain would I see a poet!

“Behold! in various throngs the scribbling crew,  
For notice eager, pass in long review;  
Sonnets on sonnets crowd, and ode on ode,  
And tales or terror jostle on the road.”

Thus wrote Bryon of the poetasters of his time. When it is remembered that in the “scribbling crew” he placed Tom Moore, Walter Scott and Southey, can I be blamed for protesting against the doggerel of the Dobsons and Dobells of our day? Pope was not so exacting. He spared the faintest gleam of genius, the smallest floweret that lifted its face to greet the sun, but “damned to everlasting fame” the devotees of Dullness:

“Some strain in rhyme; the muses, on their racks,  
Scream like the winding of ten thousand jacks;  
Some free from rhyme or reason, rule or check,  
Break Priscian’s head and Pegasus’s neck.”

Still, not all the verses ground out in this twilight of poesy are to be condemned. I have no desire to remove Marsyas’ pelt because he does not play as sweetly as Apollo. Here and there is heard a note, not of the strongest or purest, yet not altogether unpleasing. James Whitcomb Riley gives forth an occasional gleam, as of fox-fire or a valetudinarian glow-worm, casting a faint radiance into the general gloom. His muse never carries him high, which is fortunate, as she has an unhappy trick of dropping him, and he falls quite as frequently into Serbonian bogs as upon odorous banks where the wild thyme grows. When President Harrison’s wife died, Riley

spilled a few soul-sobs over the dear departed which transformed the general gloom into hilarious gladness. Even the stricken husband was so pleased that the loved and lost was insensible to the splay-footed nenina of the Hoosier numbskull that he well-nigh forgot to weep. He realized that the Lord tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, and in a few months was striving manfully to found another family. Father Ryan, the poet-priest, has somewhat of the sweetness of Tom Moore, greatest of Irish bards, the truest singer but scarce the noblest poet of his time. One indispensable pre-requisite of the poet Father Ryan had—the love which never dies. Despite his sturdy Americanism, the Emerald Isle was never forgotten.

“Yes, give me the land where the ruins are spread,  
And the living tread light o’er the hearts of the dead.”

Thus sang Father Ryan. Like Elaine, sweetly could he make and sing. We would not care to spare all the poetic fragments left us by Eugene Field. They are fragile flowerets, ’tis true, the corolla mere flakes of foam; but oft the ovary is a drop of blood which every heart feels that it has furnished. There is a dash of genius in the work of Paul Verlaine, who so lately followed Field into the shadows, behind the mystic veil, leaving the muse of *la belle France* widowed like those of England and America when Tennyson and Longfellow laid down the cross to take up the crown. Verlaine was a glorious vagabond, a celestial tramp, a wild son of Bohemia—sometimes an angel of light, too often a goblin damned; but however crass or criminal his surroundings, he sang from the heart, often wisely, always well! and when amid grime and grisettes, among debaucheries terminating be-

hind prison-bars his voice was hushed by the grim Destroyer, Dullness extended her drowsy sceptre over a weary world. Of those left to us, on either side of old ocean, none have any message to the sons of men. They are poetasters and pretenders all, who are striving to steal Promethean fire, not to illumine a world, but to boil a pot. They grind out profitless rhyme as a mill does meal, their financial manner harmonizing well with their worthless matter. They want the art to conceal their art. The public hears the creaking pulleys, as with monster derrick-crane they hoist unconsidered trifles out of the great inane, the labored breathing of their asthmatic muse as she hammers the diatomic raw material into Hudibrastic verse, where

“Maggots half-formed in rhyme exactly meet  
And learn to crawl upon poetic feet.”

What is poetry? Ask me rather to define Love's soft desire, Ambition's mad'ning flame, or the fierce ecstacy that beats in manhood's heart of oak when trumpets are blown for war. The veriest tyro can tell you what poetry is not; the world's wisest may well stammer when asked to say what it is. Despite the critics, there are no rules by which it can be measured, any more than there be rules by which the charm of woman may be defined. Some say that poetry is truth. Perhaps; but all truth is not poetry, else were the law of gravitation the grandest of epics. Who are, or say rather, who were the poets? Not every man who versifies, else were a rhyming dictionary and plodding patience sufficient to transform a Dempster into a Pope. A Pope say you? Was Pope then a poet? Nay, 'tis not my province to settle a controversy that has raged for near two centuries among the critics.

Philosopher he certainly was, and his rhyme as smooth as oil upon a summer sea. Strange as it may appear, when the controversy regarding his right to the bays was raging most bitterly, classical scholars were vigorously debating whether in his translation of the *Iliad*, he had improved on Homer! I submit that a man who was strongly suspected by bettering the verse of Chios' immortal bard, may well pass for a poet in a land where Alfred Austin tunes the laureate lyre. Still, many a time I've wished that Pope had eschewed all petty tricks of the versifier and delivered his message in rugged prose. His ideas are hewn and hacked to fit a procrustean bed of rhyme, when they should have been given us, like those of crabbed old Carlyle, in all their massy strength. No man should write poetry who is capable of expressing himself in prose. The latter is the towering oak, the former but the ornamental vine, and beautiful indeed must it be to have a valid excuse for existence. Still, where prose ends and poetry begins in a disputed point. There is more true poetry in Ingersoll's oration at his brother's grave than in Pope's "Essay on Man," Longfellow's "Evangeline" and Byron's "Childe Harold" all combined. It sweeps with one master stroke every heart-string, stirs to its profoundest depths that lake of tears which is the true heart's Acheron and the trifier's Lethe. There is no garish tinsel, no labored rhyme to clothe the simple scene with dramatic gauds. There lies the corpse, a tragedy in itself as grandly pitiful as Aeschylus ever pictured; here stands the dead man's alter ego, battling like a giant with his despair, biting back the sobs that fain would burst the bonds of his stern philosophy—grasping despite himself at a forlorn perhaps—at what Reason, that god of his idolatry, has branded as the shadow of a shade. In this, his hour of supreme agony,

he seeks with straining eyes to discern that Star of Hope which he has denied, and listens for the flutter of that Wing he has denounced as folly. A few broken words, the dead is consigned to its mother dust, the living is led away, and the grandest elegy ever said or sung has passed into the treasure-house of history, a poetic gem that will shine ever on and on,

“As long as the heart knows passion,  
As long as life has woes.”

Poe declared forty years ago that Alfred Tennyson, then but upon the threshold of his fame, was the greatest poet of all the ages. But was Poe a competent critic? I think not—else he would have burned four-fifths of his madcap as an incantation of Orpheus or Apollo. There is a wild charm about some of his work—a kind of *mania a potu* fury; but at the risk of being called an Ishmælite by the faddists and cast into the outer darkness of Philistia, I do protest that Edgar Allen Poe earned for himself no place even among the minor poets. “The Raven,” his best production, might have been written by almost any reporter, if comfortably full of wienerwurst and dollar-a-bottle wine. Tennyson, like Moore and Burns, was a genuine bard. The shadow of his muse’s wings falls not on Parnassus’ lofty brow; but some of his songs, like Longfellow’s “Bridge,” sink into the soul as softly as aromatic dew into the parched plain. We cannot imagine Tennyson, Moore or Burns writing prose. They “lisped in numbers and the numbers came.” They appear to have thought in verse, hence they spoke as those “to the manner born.” They constitute the poetic trinity of the English-speaking world. People read them, while they only talk of Byron and Milton, Dante and Homer.

The first are welcome guests at the fireside; the latter hang sombre in the heavens like dark portents of Fate. But I'm glad Dante and Milton wrote—they gave artists a chance to cultivate their morbidity and at the same time earn a meal. Tennyson is the Sir Galahad of poets. His song, while seldom cold, is ever chaste as ice. To turn from Byron to Tennyson is like passing from a drunken revel with *nymphs du pave* into the society of vestal virgins. There is neither "the lilies and languors of virtue" nor "the roses and raptures of vice"; but a wholesome human nature, the fragrance of the dew-washed fields, the music of falling waters—a rolling world circled by "the star-domed city of God." Moore is a Troubadour of yesteryear, who sweeps with a free hand

"The harp that once through Tara's halls,"

or touches with equal felicity the gay guitar beneath the windows of "Gades' soft desiring train." Tennyson sometimes becomes didactic, but Moore is content to ravish us with his melody. Wine, Woman and Song is his poetic triune, and he leaves it to the dull plodder of prose to appeal to the understanding, while he plays at will on all the passions.

P.S.—Since the above was put in type I have discovered that "Mr." Paul Lawrence Dunbar, whose verse is commended by William Dean Howells and "has found frequent admission into leading American magazines," is a young coon, black as the hinges of Hades, and, "until recently, elevator boy at Dayton, O." I, therefore, desire to retract all the naughty things I have said about the magazine poets of the present day. They may all be nigger elevator boys or colored cooks, and, if so, deserving of kindly encouragement rather than adverse criti-



cism. Carlyle tells us that it is not wonderful that a dog walks but indifferently on its hind legs, the wonder being that it can be taught to so walk at all. It is not wonderful that pickaninnies cannot write poetry—the wonder being that they can make rhymes which even the patrons of Harper's will read. I trust that the busy versifiers will forgive me for having inadvertently mistaken them for po' white trash. A British sovereign once advised a gentleman of his court to "leave the making of verses to little Mr. Pope"; but it had not occurred to me that poetry might become a side-line for colored servants. I presume that bootblacks will soon be writing blank verse for Mr. Howells, barbers mixing lyrics with their lather, and old "aunties" cease repining for the good times "befo' d' wah" and turn an honest penny by penciling poems of passion on cold pancakes. Verily, "the world do move." It simply has to—William Dean Howells is behind it.

\* \* \*

## SOME MILLIONAIRE MENDICANTS.

"Poor and content is rich, and rich enough:"

AND wealth without content were poverty indeed. "The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power," cannot make that man a prince whom nature intended for a peon, nor all the gold of Ophir and of Ind revoke the fiat of the Fates that he shall tread life's path in poverty and pain.

Poverty? I have seen millionaires whose poverty beggars might pity, and men without a dollar in the world whose wealth an emperor might envy.

Wealth? What is it but content? but absence of sorrow, of suffering? Is that man wealthy who has heaps

of gold but lacks health? Who possesses princely estates but whose life is one long agony? In whose ears that sorrow-fullest of threnodies, "nevermore," is ever sounding like a funeral knell? Whose soul is sick with a sorrow no sweet psychiatry can cure? Gold?

"Can gold calm passion, or make reason thine?  
Can we dig peace or wisdom from the mine?"

Gold make wealthy those whose hearts have been torn by the dread bolts of destiny? Can a man be wealthy upon whose life there ever rests the shadow of a crime? Rich, and his dearest treasure but a pitiful handful of dust; his every breath a stifled sob, his every heart-beat a dull, dead agony—the very perfume gone from the flowers, the sunrise robbed of its glory, music of its melody and life of its object. Gold? Riches? Dead sea fruit!

Wealth? Who is wealthy? Was it Mæcenas in his marble banquet hall, drunk with flattery and Falernian wine; or Horace, drinking from the rippling spring on his little farm and flinging priceless jewels in a shower over generations yet to be?

Riches? The simple cottager who this day divides his crust with his little family; who has ever tried with faltering lips and bursting heart to repeat, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord"; who has health and strength and can look the whole world in the face without a blush; who is not racked with the fever fangs of fell ambition, but content with his lot, "is rich and rich enough." Many whose signatures are a power among the money changers would give all their possessions to purchase a tithe of his peace; many whose names are blazoned in the world's intellectual hier-

archy would gladly barter the laurel wreath to buy his content; many a proud potentate repines that God did not so ordain his lot!

Gold! What will it purchase but food and raiment, more or less fine, lip-service and vain show? It cannot buy health or happiness; it cannot put brains in the head of the fool or assure length of days; it cannot purchase the love of woman or the friendship of man; it cannot bring back the loved and lost; it has no purchasing power at the Throne of Grace. Far other coin is current there.

The poor? A man poor because as he passes swiftly through life—"like a bird flying through a lighted room, between the night and the night"—he does not fill both hands with yellow dross and hold it for a moment? Why a man clothed in rags, eating rude fare and sleeping on the cold bosom of our common mother, may be richer far than Peru's primeval kings!

Poorest are they who suffer most; richest those who in this brief life find most of sunshine, least of shadow. Joy and love, honor and sweet content are riches, more precious than pearls, greater than fine gold; without these were poverty indeed. Yes, "God pity the poor!"

\* \* \*

## WHO IS MARK HANNA?

HE IS THE VAMPIRE OF POVERTY, THE ATTLA OF INDUSTRY,  
THE AVATOR OF GREED, THE SCOURGE OF GOD.

IF the bones of all the women and children he has starved to death, and those of all the workmen he has slain to increase his heaps of gold, were gathered together, a

triumphal arch could be built therewith through which McKinley might ride to his inaugural.

If all the suffering, and heartache, if all the crime born of Need and all the despair begotten of his insatiable Greed were used to form another Hell, the Prince of Darkness would stand appalled.

If all the blood and tears he has caused to flow to fertilize his fortune could be collected in one pool, his navy might ride at anchor there, while his half-starved seamen manned the yards and fired salutes in honor of that blessed era of "Progress and Prosperity" which he is contriving for the sons of toil.

Who is Mark Hanna? He is the man denounced by Master Workman Sovereign as an "Industrial Cannibal—worse even than Carnegie." Why was he thus denounced? Because he has entrapped hundreds—perhaps thousands—of confiding workmen into signing contracts which enabled him to withhold one-half their wage and add it to his hoard. Because he has for years owed thousands of dollars to empaupered ship-builders, which he confesses was honestly earned, yet declines to pay, pleading that under the contract he is not liable "until the ships are sold"; yet these same ships are sailing the lakes in his service. Because he has deliberately swindled thousands of poor working people out of the little homes which their toil had paid for, and driven them forth to perish. Because he has ruthlessly trampled the life out of a dozen labor unions, and to-day—both on land and on sea—pays the lowest wages of any American employer. Because he organized and managed the infamous coal pool of 1893, which threw thousands of miners out of employment in the dead of winter, while netting the conspirators millions of dollars—wrung from the American people during the hardest period in their history. Because across the door

of his every shop and above the mouth of every mine is written in letters of nether fire, "Abandon hope all ye who enter here!"

Every dollar of Mark Hanna's millions has been coined from the life-blood of labor. Do any doubt it? Then let them turn to the hell-born horrors of Spring Valley and read there an epitome of Hanna's history. There he and his Republican associates builded cheap cottages, which were sold to their mine operatives on the installment plan at exorbitant prices. When these homes were more than paid for at an honest valuation, Hanna reduced wages to the starvation point, making complete payment impossible. The wretched dupes of the damnable plot appealed for simple justice, and were given the "horse-laugh" by Hanna. They went out on a strike, defaulted in their payments, and the state was appealed to by this modern Shylock, hungry for his pound of flesh, to drive them from their homes. The grand old state of Illinois was compelled to do the dirty work of this brute-beast, because it was "in the bond"—to evict the poor bilked home-buyers with the bayonet! In all the history of English landlordism in Ireland there is naught so hellish. A crime so damnable could have originated only with the Hellene Harpies—or Mark Hanna. McKinley's master next scoured all southern Europe for cheap labor, and soon congregated at Spring Valley the most grotesquely wretched aggregation of ignorant helots ever seen on American soil. The homes of evicted American miners were resold to these foreign mendicants—from whose competition the McKinley tariff was supposed to afford protection! Driven to despair, Hanna's ex-employees attacked his imported peons, troops were called out to protect them, and Spring Valley's gutters were reddened with gore. Hanna triumphed, as a matter of course—then cut

down the pauper wages of his new employes! But even the ignorant Huns and lousy Lazzaroni could not stand the pitiless oppression of this "Industrial Cannibal." Another strike, more troops, bayonets and blood—and the twice paid for huts returned to the possession of Mark Hanna! Finding that white men, howsoever debased, would not submit to his merciless exactions, he brought negroes from the South to supplant his wretched Huns, and again Spring Valley became a seething Hell—more workmen, driven to desperation, left their bones upon its sanguinary battlefields.

That is but an episode, and by no means the darkest one, in the history of Mark Hanna. Such is the man who is posing as the friend and benefactor of the tin-bucket brigade; who "views with alarm" the prospect of having to pay his beloved employes with "depreciated dollars"—who would build a Chinese wall about this blessed land of Christ to "protect American labor from European competition." Such is the man tearfully appealing to the people to "preserve the honor of our common country."

What I have here written is but as the shadow of gossamer upon a summer sea to Gibraltar's massy rock, compared to that I am prepared to prove. "Industrial Cannibal." The term is tame. It were like calling Medusa dreadful, Caliban uncomely or the devil displeasing. It would require a Mirabeau to express in a single phrase the character of a man so graceless in his greed, so insensate to all the nobler promptings of the soul. I doubt if a taskmaster has been so abhorred by the toiling millions since Pharaoh oppressed God's chosen people—if in all the mighty tide of time the premeditated infamies of this human octopus can be paralleled. To understand the methods by which he has mounted; to look behind the

gilded veil of this modern Mokanna and know what it really is that his dupes are following to their destruction, were to crave the power to weave sentences with warp of flames and woof of aspic's fangs to lash the rascal naked through the world.

If McKinley is elected president, Mark Hanna will be the power behind the throne. Why? Because he owns McKinley more completely than he did the Spring Valley miners when master of their employment and holding mortgages on their homes. He holds McKinley's notes for \$118,000, representing that indebtedness which he assures us was wiped out "by the spontaneous offerings of a grateful people." The grateful people aforesaid consisted of a syndicate of high-tariff beneficiaries with Mark Hanna at its head—men not in the habit of helping debtors out of a hole unless they can use them in furtherance of their own ends. These notes are relics of the McKinley-Walker collapse. It is now known that the former was partner to the latter and expected to share his profits—that the "sweet friendship's sake endorsement" story was an arrant fake perpetrated by Mark Hanna to strengthen the credit of his creature with the people. The inside history of that failure has never been made public; but Mark Hanna has the interesting secret safe-locked in his nice fat head. McKinley was saved for a purpose—was regarded by Hanna and his associates as a good investment; but to make sure of his slavery—to prevent him going on strike—neither his notes nor the carefully guarded papers pertaining to his commercial collapse, have been destroyed. They repose in the safety vaults of Hanna—with the deeds to those Spring Valley homes—and there they will remain until McKinley has purchased his freedom by serving the purposes of the syndicate at the expense of the people.

"Gratitude?" Mark Hanna and the coterie with which he consorts—who were allied with him in the coal pool and the Spring Valley instalment plan—pay \$118,000 for a "dead horse"? Seek gratitude in the wolf, altruism in the ape, charity in the hawk, but none of these human attributes in the stony heart and crafty brain of McKinley's master. When was he ever known to give up a nickel unless there was six cents in sight? Go ask the widows and orphans of those he slew upon the thresholds of their hard-earned homes! Go ask the starving ship-builders who have tried in vain to sell him his own musty paper at ten cents on the dollar! Go ask the men and women in the insane asylums of Ohio and Illinois, whom his double-dealing has driven mad, then write the answer in letters of fire across the firmament that every workman may hail him as a friend and benefactor. It is possible that, having deprived the miners of those squalid huts for which they had paid him more than an honest price, he would put his hand so deep in his purse only to protect McKinley's home? Can the leopard change his spots? Has the life-long foe of labor become at last its guide, philosopher and friend? Will this crass animal, who is utterly incapable of appreciating those luxuries and refinements which great wealth affords, and who grasps for gold only because it gives him power, forbear to use his "pull" should McKinley be elected president? Nit.

\* \* \*

## 'ARE SECOND MARRIAGES LAWFUL?

THE First Baptist Church of Chattanooga, Tenn., has created a profound sensation in the religious world by the expulsion of its most prominent member, Capt. C. S. Peak,



for having procured a divorce and taken unto himself a second mate. Each Baptist church appears to be autonomous, an independent Democracy, running a special train via the River Route to the Heavenly Hereafter. That may account for the frequency of tail-end collisions. I regret to say that there's more discord among the Baptists than in any other denomination. In this respect they can discount even their first cousins, the Campbellites. Although they constitute but one-fourteenth part of the English-speaking church communicants, they furnish fully one-fourth the religious wrangles. Whether this be due to their intemperate use of water, I will not assume to say. The First Baptist Church of Chattanooga holds that an infraction of the Seventh Commandment is the only grounds upon which a divorce can be granted. It has expelled a number of members who, for other causes, have separated from their other selves and sought surcease from sorrow in second marriages, while retaining as pastor a man who has gone a second time against the Hymenic lottery in violation of the rule governing the seductive game. The members explain that no action was taken in his case "because, while pastor of the church, he was not a member thereof." It would seem to an outsider that a man not good enough to occupy the place of layman were scarce the proper person to fill the pulpit; but 'tis not my province to explain the seeming inconsistency of employing a heretic to expound the Gospel—of accepting as psychopomp one they believed to be an adulterer and doomed to be damned. The case is of no further general importance than, by calling attention to the rigorous laws coming into vogue among religious bodies representing the Reformation, to emphasize the fact that Protestantism is finding its "larger liberties" unsatisfactory, and drifting back toward Roman Catholic dogma. Perchance in time the

Baptist Church will realize that, while the people should be supreme in matters secular, the "Divine Right" idea is the living core of every religious cult; will submit gracefully to "authority," and even heed the timely advice of Father Brannan to elect me its infallible Pope. It were a tremendous task to harmonize its warring factions, expugn its petty scisms, purge it of the taint of politics and bring it back to the strong yet simple faith of John the Baptist; but if called to the papal chair by the amphibians, I shall not shirk the responsibility. I warn my brethren in advance, however, that I am something of a Novatian, and would make second marriages of all divorcees unlawful. Matthew quotes Christ as saying that a man may put away his wife only because of sexual sin; but the text does not accord the divorcee the right to remarry. It may be urged that it does so by implication; but Mark, in reporting the same conversation, declares that Christ said:

"Whosoever shall put away his wife, and marry another, committeth adultery against her; and if a woman shall put away her husband, and be married to another, she committeth adultery."

The report made by Luke tallies exactly with that of Mark,—in neither is the saving clause to be found; while Paul says:

"Let not the wife depart from the husband; but if she depart, let her remain unmarried, or be reconciled to her husband. And let not the husband put away his wife."

If there be in the new testament a single sentence permitting divorced people to remarry, I do not now remember it. I find very little encouragement accorded second marriages of any kind. Paul admits that the "law" permits it; but as he discourages the exercise of this liberty, I infer that he is speaking of the law of the land rather than the precepts of the Lord. In writing to

Timothy regarding widows, he gives him substantially the same advice given by the elder Weller to Pickwick's body servant—"bevare o' the vidders." He tells him to "honor all widows who are widows indeed"; and appears to exclude from this class not only Chicago ladies, but all those relicts who are looking for another lord. He commends those of good repute,—“having been the wife of one man”; but adds that the younger ones, “having begun to wax wanton against Christ, they will remarry; having damnation because they have cast off their first faith.” What was that faith? And why did Paul intimate that only those were “widows indeed,” and worthy the consideration of the church, who had been but once wedded? The good man evidently found his contest with the dashing widows of his day too much for him, for he finally exclaims, somewhat petulantly, “If they cannot contain let them marry”—intimating that should they fail to do so a worse fate might befall them. He takes pains to state, however, that he speaks this “by permission and not by commandment.” He seems to have been adapting his theology to conditions, as when he decided that Gentiles might be saved, though uncircumcised. Twice in the Synoptic Gospels, Christ is quoted as saying of man and wife: “They twain shall be one flesh, so they are no more twain, but one flesh. What therefore God hath joined together, let not man put asunder.”

This, taken in connection with the testimony of Mark and Luke, together with the Pauline Epistles, would seem to prove conclusively that the sexual sin clause in Matthew is an interpolation, and that no divorce is valid; that whether it be or no, the divorcee is not permitted to remarry. Only the omnipotent power of God could break such a bond—could resolve the “one flesh” into two independent entities. Can we be sure that he does this with

the hammer of Death? True, we are told that there's neither marrying nor giving in marriage in Heaven; but we are likewise assured that what the representatives of the Lord bind on earth shall be bound in Heaven, and what they loose on earth shall be loosed in Heaven. Not for the world would I interfere with the Hymenic honorariums of my brother ministers; still I must advise those who would remarry in case of divorce or the death of their running mate, to avoid the preacher's mysterious power and have the nuptial knot tied by a justice of the peace. What man hath joined man may put asunder. Marriage by a secular functionary is neither more nor less than a civil contract, like the purchase of port or putty. It binds only until death or divorce—until one party to the compact defaults in marital duty. In these days of "lightly come and lightly go and never come back again," we cannot be too careful. I trust that this brief homily will not worry any of those Chattanooga Baptist who dropped Brother Peak beyond salvation's pale. It is simply meant to show that people who interpret the Scriptures literally are hunting trouble; to prove to the world that when it comes to the manufacture of religious moonshine Texas does not lay down her hand to Tennessee.

\* \* \*

### THE LOST TRIAD.

THERE be three men on earth who are damned to be damned—R. G. Ingersoll, J. D. Shaw and myself. A Waco preacher recently announced to his congregation that he would not pray for us. "That do settle it;" for how can we hope to make a celestial landing without his help? This almighty man having declined to exercise his

“pull” with the heavenly powers in our behalf, we get no corner lot in the New Jerusalem—not even a perch among the feathered angels, those bright birds of Paradise. No celestial harps will be given into our hands, no crowns of burnished gold will bedeck our alabaster brows. The Waco sky-pilot is going to slip his hawser and sail for the heavenly henceforth, leaving we three behind. If we stretch forth our arms to him he will not heed us. If we lift up our voices in sad lament the cruel answer will come floating back from the fast-receding Ship of Zion, “Lost! lost! lost!” We have sinned away our day of Zion, “Lost! are consigned to outer darkness. True it is that “while the lamp holds out to burn the vilest sinner may return”; but the Waco psychopomp aforesaid grew weary of waiting and doused the glim. He has given St. Peter a tip to close the gates of gold, and now when we tearfully plead,

“No light: so late! and dark and chill the night!  
O let us in, that we may find the light,”

the good man will put his lips to the keyhole and hoarsely make reply: “Too late! too late! ye cannot enter now.” Christ came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance; but with the little Texas dominie it is different. He saves only souls that are already sanctified—prays only for those who can read their titles clear to mansions in the skies, and consigns to the Devil all who dissent from his peculiar dogma. Och! wurra! wurra! Who’d a’ thought this gracious man of God could have so hard a heart! But who asked him to pray for us, anyhow? Have we no tongues of our own? Was not Brother Shaw once noted as being “powerful in prayer”? Just think what he might accomplish in that line with Ingersoll to do the agonizing and me to put in the a-h-hmens! Why, if we

prayed for a drizzle we'd get a deluge! How came this sanctified blatherskite to assume that we cared to be cooped up through endless ages in the same city with himself? When did we apply for admission to the orthodox Heaven? Prithee, good sir, I shall insist upon my right, as an independent entity, to select my companions, both here and hereafter, and I care not to associate with your set. Pray for me? And to whom? To the ignorant Deity you adore—simply because he's an idealization of yourself? Well, don't let me catch you in the act; that's all! Your God is not my God. Your great What-is-it has prepared for the sons of men one bad place which you name Hell, and a worse you call Heaven. May the All-merciful Father of the human brotherhood preserve me from both! If compelled to choose between the two evils I'll elect the least—will go with the gang! One may suffer all Perdition's pangs, and remain human; but none are fitted for the orthodox Heaven who have not wolfish hearts. Better, a thousand times better the most cruel pain a "benevolent Deity" can inflict upon those who displease him, than enforced companionship with people who can be happy in Heaven while myriads suffer in Hell! In such a Paradise I would feel like a sneaking assassin—beneath my crown of gold there would ever burn the curse of Cain! I would hear the shrieks of the suffering in every "Hosannah to the Most High!" My harp would yield only dirges, and the water of the River of Life choke me as I thought of the burning lips and quivering flesh of those who had been my friends. I would not, could not praise the Author of so much agony. I would trample my harp beneath my heel, rip my white robe to ribbons, fling my tawdry crown at the heads of the chanting slaves and curse the Monster to his face. Lucifer is said to have drawn after him a third of the angels of the orthodox

Heaven. When they went over the jasper walls there wasn't a single gentleman left in New Jerusalem. I think those who remained must have been women, and Baptists who were full of water. I cannot wonder that, through all these ages, Lucifer stands defiant—refuses to honor a Power which compels him to execute its infamy. I could not contemplate so many millions suffering endless torment without going to their assistance, although I knew myself powerless to abate one jot or tittle of their agony. I would want to carry them a few drops of water, to help trample out the flames, to shield the women and children from the rain of fire, to add my puny strength to that of men who for ages past have striven to beat down those iron doors! I could at least unpack my heavy heart with curses hot as the flames of Hell, and find a fierce joy in defying a malevolent Power which tortured me simply because I was not so brutish as itself. But, good sir, I'm going neither to your heaven nor your hell. The place where people do naught but grovel supinely before a beastial Power, and that where flames eternal sear the flesh of all who are neither slaves nor fools, exist only in morbid minds. How do I know? Because such were gross injustice by the Creator to the creature, injustice is but a living lie, and all the works of God are truth incarnate. Nature is the garment we see him by; Nature speaks no falsehoods, and naught but eternal Justice can be clothed with everlasting Truth. The creature hath inherent rights which the Creator as Supreme Justice must respect. He called me into being of his own free will—I am here, not of my own volition, but because he would have it so. He endowed me with life and reasons, and these connote my right to live, and to shape that life according to my judgment. I owe to him no more for my existence than the letters now forming beneath my pen do me for causing

them to appear in Time and Space. I have a right to make them, for I am a creative power and they serve my purpose. I may destroy them, make them as though they had never been; or I may let them stand to plague those who look for God in the moldy tombs of ancient men, e'en while cradled in the folds of his imperial robe with its fringe of astral fire; but no right have I to endow these dead things with sentience and compel them to be my slaves always, or condemn them to everlasting pain because my handiwork displeases me. Did I make animate inanimate things and endow them with perception I would be responsible for their every thought and act, their every hope and fear, their every joy and woe. I would owe them everything; they would owe me nothing. Such is the relation of God to those creatures he has called from the great deep of utter Nothingness. As we are, he made us. Having endowed us with somewhat of his own life and intellect, and thus far made us sovereign of ourselves, he is not privileged to enslave, annihilate or torture us. He may not coop us up in a celestial horror such as John of Patmos saw in dipsomaniac dream. Having given us those faculties of which are born the hope of immortality as surely as the oak springs from the acorn, the promise must be fulfilled, else is Nature, which is all truth so far as human ken can follow her, founded on a cruel falsehood of which God's the father. His duty to us recognized even by our weak intellect, were it not an insult to Omnipotence to supplicate him day and night to do it?—to presume that any prayer, however, unctuous, can alter one iota of that wondrous plan at which he has wrought unceasingly from before the foundation of the world? Cease thy foolish whine, do well thy work and stand before thy Heavenly Father as a worthy son, instead of whimpering and crawling like a cowardly slave. The idea that the



Monarch of this majestic universe would have the greatest of his handiwork abase himself; that harping and horn-blowing and the ceaseless chanting of pæans in his praise can add to his felicity, is a survival of that barbarous age when the noblest subjects writhed upon their bellies to kiss the feet of Oriental kings. You were not sent hither to spend your time upon your knees, else God had not given you feet. Nor is your mission here to snarl at your wiser brethren and give advice to God, but to *do* and *be* somewhat; to fan that small spark of celestial fire within thy fat head till it envelops thee with Love's soft radiance and Wisdom's dazzling halo, and thou art worth Heaven—a Heaven where God walks familiar with his sons.



## EDITORIAL ETCHINGS.

AFTER all this bluster by England anent the Turco-Armenian atrocities, a very strong suspicion begins to creep abroad that John Bull is responsible for them—that, to promote his own ends, he encouraged revolt among the Sultan's Christian subjects; then, having given the Continental Powers something to entertain them, left his wretched dupes without protection and pushed his fortunes in upper Egypt and other parts of Africa. Such is the information which the *ICONOCLAST* has received, not from Anglophobic sources, but from the Armenians themselves. Europe does not put an end to the massacres simply because the professedly Christian Powers cannot agree on a division of the spoils of the Ottoman Empire. Such is the situation—a spectacle calculated to again make the Almighty repent him that he had made man.

It is worthy of remark that while John Bull is sniveling over the woes of Armenians, nearly all the Irish political prisoners released during recent years were hopelessly insane, having been deliberately worked and beaten by this distinguished philanthropist into imbecility! Not daring to garrote Irishmen who protest against his brutal oppression, he quietly immures them in earthy hells until the horror and humiliation overthrow their reason. Recent well-authenticated revelations of the cold-blooded barbarities of British prison life have shocked the civilized world. Africans and Asiatics who object to being plundered by this professional pirate are riddled with Maxim bullets or blown up with dynamite, else caught and beheaded or hanged; while criminals like Jamieson, who makes war upon friendly powers for the express purpose of adding rich gold mines to the possessions of England—yet fail in their attempted imitation of Clive's infamy—are "detained" for a few months in luxurious idleness at public expense, their chief punishment listening to sloppy verses by the poet laureate in their praise.

. . .

The Cubans, like the Armenians, are victims of greed and deception—are ground beneath the upper and lower mill-stones of thievish masters and those abroad who trade upon their despair and coin their hearts' blood into drachmas. While John Bull encourages the Armenians to offer armed resistance to Turkish insolence, the American Sugar Trust advises the Cubans to revolt against the pitiless exactions of the Escorial. The former whispers that the Christians of Europe will not permit their Armenian brethren to be oppressed; the latter as stealthily provides the Cuban patriots with "the sinews of war." A prolonged rebellion stops Cuban sugar production and enables

the Trust to control the price of that important staple. Whenever it appears that the Spaniards are about to triumph, the Trust supplies the insurgents with more money, arms and ammunition, and encourages them to persevere by specious promises that the United States will speedily recognize their belligerent rights; when they are pressing Weyler to the wall, the supply of "sinews" is cut off until the equilibrium is again established. Thus is the agony prolonged—Cuba's vast sugar plantations lying meanwhile unproductive. It is sad to reflect that directly responsible for all the blood and tears with which this Island-Eden drops to-day, is the wolfish greed of a coterie of American millionaires—every mother's son of whom has contributed to Mark Hanna's slush-fund and will vote for Bill McKinley.

While Uncle Sam has no call to go forth like another Don Quixote, righting the world's wrongs, he should, as the patron saint of liberty, hasten to recognize the belligerent rights of any people who make a determined effort to throw off the yoke of an insolent tyranny. To the eternal shame of this nation be it said that its practical politicians, like its gilded thieves, have prostituted the sacred cause of Cuba to serve a selfish purpose. They have made fair promises to her ear with the intention of breaking them to her hope. They have traded upon American sympathy for the Cuban patriots in furtherance of their own political fortunes. A barbarous and impudent fifth-rate power should not be permitted to perpetrate its damnable atrocities at our very door. Let that moribund monarchy give vent to its brutish lust for blood in the Malayan Archipelago if it likes; but Cuba lies on this side of the globe, where Uncle Sam is lord and may do as he likes. Between Cuba and her oppressors should be inter-

posed that shield at which embattled Europe dares not launch a dart.

Should the pending election terminate in favor of the Sugar Trust's candidate, the Queen of the Antilles will appeal to us in vain in her hour of supreme agony. What then? God only knows! but I cannot believe that all her blood and tears have been shed in vain—that all her prayers to the God of Battles will go unanswered. With a strength born of despair she will yet drive her brutal invaders into the ocean. Already her women are taking the field like the Amazons of old. Beware that people which has been wronged and outraged until its women grasp the machete and mark their path with the corpses of armed men! The iron must sink deep into the soul ere woman ride like centaurs and fight like demons—ere these creatures, so timid and merciful by nature, sign an oath with their own blood “never to spare the life of an enemy to Cuban liberty.”

Princess Helene of Montenegro and the crown prince of Naples have been wedded with elaborate ceremony. The young people had my permission to marry; still I would have been better pleased had the costly pageantry not contrasted so strongly with the hopeless poverty of the Italian people. The latter were officially ordered to conceal, as far as possible, their rags and wretchedness by *renting* better garments for the occasion—by assuming a bogus prosperity while these young turtle-doves were being accorded permission to occupy the same royal bed and share the same free board. This marriage cost tax-ridden Italy some millions; yet the wage-rate there for common labor is twenty-five cents a day, skilled sixty, bricklayers receiving seventy. Italy—like Spain—is one of those blessed gold-

standard countries of whose "progress and prosperity" we are now hearing so much through the Mark Hanna press and the Atkinson school of subsidized economists.

The "Gymkhanna" is no relation to Mark Hanna, although both are popular English institutions. It is the latest craze among British bicyclists. I have not been favored with a personal introduction, but it seems to be a cross between a dude picnic and a leg party, where every confirmed cycle-crank is expected to make as great an ass of itself as it knows how; hence its popularity with people who neglect their brains to cultivate their calves. We haven't got the "Gymkhanna" lunacy as yet, but it's coming, and will soon bob up serenely with other "sassiety slop in the Jackass Department of American dailies. Being Henglish, y'know, every feather-headed anglomaniac that can boast a bike callous at the end of its belly, will "go in for it"—doncherknow.

The case of Mrs. Castle, the wealthy San Francisco woman arrested in England for shoplifting, has precipitated another profitless discussion regarding the existence of a disease called kleptomania. I may be ultra-skeptical; but I submit that a mental derangement which afflicts only wealthy people may properly be regarded with suspicion. What is thieving with the proletariat is the same with the plutocrat. The kleptomania plea is an insult to public intelligence. A crazy person may be unable to distinguish between *meum et tuum*, or seized with an irresponsible impulse to appropriate the property of other people; but the mental affliction is usually so marked that there is no mistaking it. When a thief is caught who is not insane enough to be sent to the asylum, the proper cure for his or her complaint is ten years in the penitentiary. Mrs.

Castle is a very pretty woman, and I regret that she didn't steal me while on her excursion; but she should either confine her kleptomaniacal operations to masculine hearts or be made to suffer the consequences. I fear that both she and her husband have a touch of the light-fingered complaint.

I have now some hope that Pagan Bob Ingersoll may be brought into the church, die a consistent Christian and sprout a fine crop of celestial pin-feathers. He has recently demonstrated that he holds his opinions but tentatively, and is liable to change them at any time. Having bitterly denounced the demonetization of silver as "a fraud upon every honest debtor in the United States in the interest of avarice and greed," he now insists that what he once thought an infamy was really a commendable act. Having admitted that he can make mistakes, he should feel more charitable toward Moses. For ten years past I have been trying to impress upon this master of logomachy that he talks too much with his mouth; and now he learns, as he bucks up against the "deadly parallel," that what I've been telling him was no lie.

The great round world is being asked to become excited because Mrs. J. Coleman Drayton, *nee* Astor, is about to marry once more. I am pleased to learn that the bidder for other men's leavings is an Englishman, and that his blessed tid-bit is expected to reside abroad. If she could but manage to take her dude-relative, Jay-Jay Van Alen, and the Smith-Vanderbilt-Belmont woman with her, the social atmosphere of America's metropolis would be so purified that a decent woman might breath it without fear of inoculation by nymphomania bacteria.

I have tried to work up a little sympathy for T. V. Powderly, but my tear-glands refuse to respond. The Knights of Labor found Powderly a poor, unknown mechanic and made him famous and powerful. No man ever had a firmer hold on the hearts of the toiling millions. His mediocrity was conceded, but all had faith in his honesty. Now that he has basely betrayed his old companions, their love has turned to abhorrence, and wherever he shows his frightened face he is greeted with hisses and groans, and cries of "To Hell with Powderly and Hanna!" How much he got for his Judas act is unknown; but it is to be hoped that he has enough of it left to pay for a rope and a spot of earth in which to hide his dishonored head.

The Masonic Constellation recently declared that W. J. Bryan was an A. P. A. The Ft. Wayne (Ind.) *Bulletin* stated that while he was editor of the Omaha *World-Herald* that paper was training with the simians. I called Chairman Jones' attention to these statements and he replied as follows:

Chicago, Ill., Oct. 15, 1896.

W. C. BRANN—

On receipt of your letter I telegraphed to Mr. Bryan, and immediately received his statement that the Omaha *World-Herald* was not an A. P. A. organ and that he was not a member of the A. P. A. organization and never was. You can brand all such statements as absolute falsehoods out of the whole cloth. The opposition is resorting to every means possible to place our candidate in a false light, but I believe the people are sorely aroused and will investigate for themselves and act accordingly.

JAMES K. JONES, *Chairman*.

Having failed in their attempt to fasten upon Mr. Bryan the infamy of Apaism, the Republican managers are now striving to convince the "patriots" that he is their most uncompromising enemy. Pray heaven they may succeed! It were better that Bryan should be beaten than elected by the votes of such unclean cattle. Let them go with their friends, the Republican bosses—the men who are endorsing the anti-American plot of this infamous order by exploiting the letters of Bryan in which he denounced it as dangerous. I only regret that when he declared the A. P. A. dangerous he did not add that it was damnable. I would rather be Bryan defeated by "Ape" votes than McKinley elected by political cohabitation with this imported anthropoid. But the Aggregation of Political Assassins will cut little ice in this election. The malodorous monster is moribund. As in the case of some other reptiles, death began at the head and extends toward the tail. The first is already fly-blown, the latter too weak to wiggle. I am not a Catholic, never was, never will be; but I'll pay a reward of \$250 to any man prominent in A. P. A. councils who can prove reasonably good moral character, or who has even maintained an outward semblance of such for ten years past. If there be any Ape papers yet extant—any that have not stunk themselves to death—they should publish this offer in order that the entire gang may have a go at the long green. Any Waco banker will certify to my ability to fulfill this obligation. The money can be used to provide a sepulchre for the mangy simian, while Orangeman Echols and Mark Hanna act as chief mourners.



## A CARNIVAL OF CRIME.

DURING the year 1894 there were about 9,800 homicides and but 132 legal executions reported in the United States. I have no later statistics at hand; but it is conceded, I believe, that crimes of this kind are steadily on the increase, while the disproportion between the number of homicides and hangings continues to grow greater. As matters now stand, one might slay a fellow mortal every year and stand an excellent chance of dying of old age, so far as the courts are concerned. You may go upon the streets, insult a man, provoke him to offer you violence, shoot him down like a dog, and, if able to employ eminent counsel to behedge you with legal technicalities and befuddle the jury, go scot free; or failing that, put the public to an expense of several thousand dollars in excess of what your cowardly carcass is worth, and escape with a short term in some comfortable penitentiary, where you will be well cared for, taught a good trade and regularly prayed for at the expense of law-abiding people. What is the result? The people, despairing of legal protection from the armed thug, take the law into their own hands—invoke the power of Judge Lynch to defend their right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. There are more lynchings than legal executions. In 1894 the first reached the appalling number of 190. That is indeed a terrible record of lawless violence, but it were idle to declaim against the effect without removing the cause. The American people are naturally lawabiding; but above and beyond their respect for courts is their inherent sense of justice—paramount even to the law of the land is the law of self-preservation. Theorists may protest and sentimentalists rend their nether garments and spill their ready

tears; but so long as the assassin is white-washed by the courts and the rape-fiend turned loose to prey upon pure homes, Judge Lynch will continue to hold his midnight session—the shotgun will continue to roar in the hands of maddened mobs and the lonely tree groan beneath its grewsome burthen. Is it any wonder that the people lose patience? In Judge Lynch's court there is no eminent counsel skilled in the esoteric art of protecting crime; no changes of Venue; no mistrials; no appeals; no postponements to give important witnesses time to die or get away; no one-year terms in the penitentiary for the brutal assassin or infamous rape-fiend. We have "reformed" our jurisprudence until the contention of the courts with the great tide of crime suggests Dame Partington's unequal combat with the sea. By assiduously trundling her mop she was able to fill her bucket with brine; and by laboriously grinding, the courts succeed in cramming the penitentiaries—with small fry thieves and people too poor to employ skilled counsel. Our courts have become mere circumlocution offices, winding and unwinding red tape, instead of the sinewy arm of Justice wielding the unerring sword. Our judges are usually learned and upright, our juries eager to administer justice, our officers active and the public heart in the right place; but it avails not—our system is all wrong. We make too many laws, then involve them in a mass of legal verbiage which permits a skilled sophist to demonstrate to the untrained mind that they mean what best serves the interest of his client. It is common cant that "the people make the laws." They do not. The lawyers make them, and that with the full understanding that the more intricate the legal machinery may be, the more need of experts, the fatter the harvest of fees. All the criminal laws this country needs could be printed in a pamphlet no larger than the *ICONOCLAST*,

together with full instructions for their enforcement; made so plain that the most stupid juror could understand them—and in simplicity there is strength. "Thou shalt not kill," says the Bible; and the sentence stands out like a star. The penalty for violation of this law was death, unless it plainly appeared that the killing was accidental or done in self-defense. The trial was immediate, and, if conviction followed, the culprit was turned over to the "revenger of blood." No provisions for experts to pass upon the sanity of the prisoner, no prattle of hypnotism, no searching of the community for the greatest numbskulls to determine the case, no reversals on legal technicalities, no penitentiary and convict labor problem—no lawyers! A careful, common sense inquiry, honorable acquittal or conviction and immediate execution. The jury constitutes the chief feature of our legal machinery, a feature in full accord with our theory of popular sovereignty; but we have so hedged it about with foolish restrictions that, instead of being the ancillary of Justice, it has become a veritable bulwark of Crime. We select as jurors, not those who know most about the case, but those who know least. When an atrocious crime is committed, we set aside as unavailable those who have kept in touch with current events, and select a jury from the residue. In these days of rapid transit and daily papers, all men of average intelligence are soon informed of every crime of consequence committed in their county, even in their state; and no one gifted with a thinking apparatus can avoid arriving at some conclusion regarding all he sees and hears. As a rule, we get together twelve of the most consummate blockheads in the country—a dime museum of mental freaks—permit them to be further obfuscated by artful counsel, whose business is to "make out a case" for or against, as goes the fee, then lock them up until the

most obstinate jackass in the corral dominates the herd or compels a compromise. Sometimes, there are two or more burros of equal obstinacy; a mistrial results, and the case goes over to the next term of court. The public loses interest in it—is absorbed in the contemplation of new crimes—and if the culprit is eventually convicted and properly punished the people regard it as a special dispensation of providence. Punishment to have a repressive effect, must be not only sure but swift. The law's delay—coupled with its uncertainty—encourages crime. More than five years ago, and on several occasions since then, the *ICONOCLAST* suggested that jurors be elected by the people like other country officers—that every county select nine men of approved worth to try criminal cases, and establish the majority rule. This would relieve the citizen of a disagreeable duty for which he is often in nowise qualified, and insure for jury service men capable of analyzing evidence and arriving at just conclusions. Let the vote of the jury in criminal cases be made a matter of public record, and thereby fix the responsibility for every miscarriage of justice. Only attorneys employed by the state should be permitted to appear in criminal cases. These should be skilled lawyers, but in no sense prosecuting attorneys, intent only upon securing conviction and pocketing a comfortable fee. Their business should be to elicit facts for the jury to pass upon, and act as counselors to the court in questions of law. The attorney who will, with equal readiness, employ his skill to acquit a felon or hang an innocent man, should speedily become a forgotten factor in our criminal jurisprudence. In March, 1895, I called attention to these needed reforms, and well-nigh in the same words; but a question involving the lives of 10,000 Americans annually cannot be too frequently called to the attention of our publicists and the people.

## “JOYS OF THE JAG.”

SUCH is the title of an article in a contemporary magazine. It is seldom that I read magazines—it's too much like eating baled hay or playing poker with confederate currency; but the headline caught my fancy, and, bidding farewell to every fear, I boldly waded in. As the article in question does not define the word “jag,” it may be well to investigate the terminology of the boozers, alias devotees of Bacchus. Noah Webster says a jag is a little load, and the great lexicographer is eminently correct. A load is all the liquor a man can carry from the boozing ken to the middle of the trolley-car track; but he can get clear home with an ordinary jag, if he have a Good Samaritan for guide. When a man is afflicted with a jag he yearns to “blow hisself,” and usually succeeds in a manner that brings remorse next morning. He feels a fervent desire to get out into the street and argue points of theology with the Salvation Army. It requires great self-denial and a firm hold upon himself to keep from yooping like a Comanche Indian or Populist orator. He gives strangers to understand that he's “a bigger man” than Dr. Grant and Cuney combined, and when he orders the barkeep to setemupagin planks a five-dollar bill down on the bar as though he had a corn-crib full of 'em at home. He don't giveadam for expenses, but wants it understood that he is the people. He wears his beaver up, hunts trouble and gives an imitation of a man who imagines he's having a good time, but isn't. As he continues to “put an enemy in his mouth to steal away his brains,” the jag develops into the load, sometimes called the stone-blind drunk. His eyes grow glassy, his tongue becomes thick, his legs tangle, and acute nausea reminds him that there are times when even

great men like to be alone. There's the jag potential, the jag positive and the jiggetty-jag before the victim manifests a disposition to lie down with a load, but the foregoing definition is accurate enough for our present purpose. The article in question declares that the jagger invariably replies to chiding by exclaiming, "Just think what a good time 've had!"—that he "floats airily on golden clouds to rosy lands of bliss and pleasure and joy," and enthusiastically adds:

"The potent liquor, be it beer or champagne, which makes him maudlin, carries him into a Mohammedan paradise, makes a king of him and opens for him all the treasure houses of delight. He dwells in bliss, and houris wait upon him. It is an Eden where there's no forbidden fruits and no flaming swords. The man's pleasure in liquor is in these dreams."

"I'll wager a red wagon that the writer of the foregoing is a woman. No man could have written that way—at least no true-blue Bourbon Democrat. It is evidently the view of a theorist—of one who never went "rolling home in the morning boys," and occupying two sidewalks synchronously. It reads like a description of a St. Patrick's Day parade by a man who was born blind. It is more like a case of campmeeting "jerks" than a genuine jag. It may be a hasheesh vision or pipe-dream, but never a drunk—at least not the average inebriation. The San Antonio æsthete who became intoxicated on the odor of sweet violets may have felt that way, but no "bloke who hits de booze." True, the legitimate jag doesn't affect all men alike; but it carries none into the Mohammedan heaven where dark-eyed houris dwell and the new woman is unknown. If it did, Cranfill would have never reformed. Not even his inordinate lust for lucre could have dragged him from that Eden where there's neither

flaming swords nor forbidden fruits. The whole he-world would hasten to break through the barrel-house into that celestial bower of bliss, where happiness can never pall, because it's "all in the head." To paraphrase Melud Tennyson, we'd

In the hollow Bummer-land to live and lie reclined  
swear an oath and keep it with an equal mind,  
On the floor, like Gods together, careless of mankind.

But the ice cold schooner, seductive cocktail nor even champagne punch at 2 g. m., furnish forth no celestial feathers on which man can "float airily on golden clouds to rosy lands of bliss." Like Darius Green's flying machine, they only elevate him enough to let him down hard. Instead of "opening for him the treasure-houses of delight," they too often spring beneath his feet the dark vortices of the damned. A jag is simply temporary paranoia, a period of lunacy, during which man strives successfully to make a pie-bald "arse" of himself—and the more sense he has sober the bigger damphool he is drunk. A little good wine mellows the heart, warms the blood and sharpens the wit; but the charm of music, the beauty of woman or the majesty of the sea has a similar effect on the sensitive soul. When a man accumulates a jag—when his brains are subordinate to his belly—rational enjoyment becomes impossible. The mind is paralyzed and all the lower passions loosed without a lord. How can the soul mount above the stars when reason is fled to brutish beasts? A drunk, instead of being a pure delight, is, to every man of culture, a thing of horror. The sage transformed into the drivelling idiot, the strength of manhood reduced to helpless infancy, the body imbruted and the soul embittered, the revolted stomach, the palsied hand, the aching head, while Memory searches as best she may

through that night of debauchery, that living death, only to add shame to sorrow and tip with aspic's fangs the arrows of remorse—these be the golden clouds and rosy lands, the treasure-house of delight and Mohammedan heaven of the unbridled drunk. A little bromo-soda, please.

\* \* \*

## A BRYAN PANIC PENDING.

MR. BRANN: What will be the effect upon the business interests of the country if McKinley is elected? What if Bryan is chosen? Is it not a fact that the election of the latter would bring about an era of distrust that would almost inevitably result in a panic? And is it not true that in these convulsions the big fish gobble up the little ones?

### GOLD STANDARD.

I am neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet. I always mistrust a man who is cock-sure about the past, certain of the future or over-wise anent the present. Prognostications such as my correspondent seeks were too much like placing a man in the vortex of chaos and asking him to predict what will next happen. I am of the opinion, however, that neither Bryan nor McKinley, as president, could "make or break" this mighty nation, though he did his prettiest. I anticipate a considerable improvement after the agony is over, no matter which way it ends. Our business interests can easily adapt themselves to high or low tariff, the gold or silver standard, and prosper if assured that the condition will be permanent; but when it cannot be known how soon changes will occur, nor how radical they may be, capital plays a waiting game and



labor starves. Uncertainty is the deadliest foe of industry. That, more than all else, is responsible for the present prolonged business depression, hence it is fair to infer that when this factor of evil is removed there will be a very considerable recovery. Should McKinley be elected there will be no radical change in governmental policy directly affecting commerce and industry. The gold standard will be maintained at any cost. The administration, remembering the lesson of '92, will not dare to radically increase the tariff tax. But while the fear of change will be removed, or rather temporarily postponed, the great trusts and monopolies will go quietly on absorbing the life-blood of the nation. The hut will grow more squalid, the palace more gorgeous. A steadily appreciating currency will bear ever harder upon the debtor class, until American labor becomes Europeanized—until Columbia begins to breed liveried laqueys, and a people whose watchword has ever been Equality, are irrevocably divided into patron and proletaire. But the immediate effect will, I believe, while transitory, be a business rebound—the substitution of a kind of galvanic life for putrifying death. Should Bryan be elected the recovery, in my opinion, will not be so sudden. A change in our financial system will be practically assured, and capital inclined to wait until it can measure new men and policies. Once assured that a man of honor, ability and intense patriotism is at the head of affairs—another Rienzi, or Roman Tribune, who wars only upon the enemies of the state and oppressors of the people—capital will come out of hiding and there will be a song in every heart; commerce and industry will expand gradually and naturally until there is employment at reasonable wages for all who want to work and the great army of idlers becomes practically a thing of the past. Mr. Bryan will not be able to inaugurate an industrial millennium;

but, supported by a congress in sympathy with the economic principles embodied in the Chicago platform, he can do much to prevent the further despoilment of Lazarus for the enrichment of Dives, while the people, feeling that in the president they have a faithful friend, will bear more patiently those ills which the best of governments cannot cure.

The desperate methods resorted to by the Republican press and politicians to precipitate a disastrous panic in case of Bryan's election, can scarce succeed, for they have cried "wolf" too often to be seriously taken at their word. It is true that these calamity-clackers have convinced many that Bryan's election would result in an era of repudiation and anarchy, the debasement of our currency and the withdrawal of foreign capital; but it were a libel on the understanding of the American people to assume that a majority of them have been deceived by the empty sophistry of these infamous Iago, who are determined that, whatever the result of the contest, to line their purses at public expense. My correspondent is eminently correct in his assumption that in great commercial convulsions "the big fish swallow the little ones"—and the Markhanna sharks have a great mouth for minnows. No man with sufficient sense to get a five-dollar bill broken without being flim-flammed for half the change, doubts for a moment that Republican success means a new lease of life for the trusts and monopolies. From this source comes the Republican campaign fund, and the professional robbers are not in politics solely for patriotism. It is not strange that they are for McKinley, almost to a man. But if they find it impossible to hold on to their present privileges and rob systematically year after year, the next best thing for them is a panic that will enable them to do a cutthroat pawnbroking business—that will relegate the

little fish to the maws of the big ones. That is exactly why they denounce Bryan as an anarchist and repudiationist and predict that his election "would bring about an era of distrust that would almost inevitably result in a panic." If they cannot hoodoo the people into submitting their necks to the yoke, they propose to stampede them and profit by the general demoralization. Their mantrap is set to "catch 'em acomin' an' agoin'." If they succeed in their hellish design, I hope to see a few thousand of them comfortably hanged.

There is absolutely no reason in economics why the election of Bryan and the adoption of the Chicago platform as the polar star of our national polity should raise a single ripple on the great monetary sea. The tariff cannot be arbitrarily reduced, because the government is practically "broke." If opening the mints to the free coinage of silver drives gold abroad, the American dollar, of whatsoever made, cannot possibly depreciate in purchasing power until we can coin enough of the white metal to more than fill the hiatus caused by the expulsion of the "yellow boys," and the Republicans themselves assert that this will require twenty years—the population and necessity for a larger volume of exchange media constantly increasing. All that is necessary to make the election of Bryan an almost priceless boon is the exercise of a little common sense on the part of the people.

I have said that the Republican policy would result in Europeanizing the people. That is a natural inference—but there's an alternative. Finding the yoke growing ever heavier, and that all attempts to lighten it by means of the ballot are abortive, the groaning millions may have recourse to the bullet. Universal education and the theory of political equality make the American people somewhat dangerous game for the goshawks. What the so-called

sovereign will do when they learn that the millions collected from the tariff beneficiaries and monopoly bosses are more potent than freemen's ballots, I will not attempt to determine; but for my part I would rather see a commercial panic than a bloody revolution, a financial depression than millions of Americans reduced to peonage.

\* \* \*

## BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

I WILL PAY FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS FOR THE BLESSED PRIVILEGE OF LOOKING FIVE MINUTES AT THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN IN THIS WORLD.

*Furthermore, I prepose to ascertain her name and habitation, and make a pilgrimage to her shrine, no matter in what land or clime she lives.*

WHY not? Others cross far seas to look upon mutilated statues and faded paintings—to enjoy what is little better than the feast of Barmecide. Art is not to be despised; yet Art at best is but Nature's shadow, and who does not prefer the substance? Who would gaze a moment on the Medicean Venus if the artist's model stood before him in the flesh? Is not one live woman better worth the seeing than a world of moldy canvas, a wilderness of unfeeling marble, though once touched by the hand of a master? Let others bow down to divinities of spattered pigment and senseless blocks of stone; but I will bend the knee only where beauty lives and breathes! The love of Beauty is my religion, and, unlike many communicants of other cults, I practice what I preach. The Christian worships once a week, the Moslem five times a day; but so devout am I that, from early morn till dewey eve, my heart is at mine altar and filled with the ecstasy of adoration.

"I've been loving all my days, many nymphs in many ways;  
Virgin, widow, maid and wife—I've been doting all my life."

I hold with Novalis, that "You touch heaven when you lay your hand upon a human body." That is the chief tenet of my Confession of Faith; and while it may be doubted and denied by the infidel non-elect, we of the inner temple realize its truth. Woman was "created but little lower than the angels." She is the only tangible, the only terrestrial thing worthy man's worship. The French were not far wrong when, all aweary of empty forms and ceremonies, they made a beautiful girl their Goddess. They have been mocked for calling her Reason incarnate; yet lovely woman's eyes are

"the books, the academies  
From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire."

Every man is more or less religious, and the spirit of worship manifests itself in diverse ways. There be men who make long pilgrimages to kiss the Caaba Stone, whilst others buss a dried sheepskin or bullhide, in which some remarkable snake and fish stories and other fairy tales are featly bound; but those of my cult prefer to leave on lovely woman's lips this outward evidence of an inward grace. Still, we are neither bigoted nor intolerant, but leave everyone to his own taste. Gens. Washington and Sherman were of our faith, and never known to slight its soul-inspiring ceremonies.

I long have dreamed that somewhere on this rolling sphere there exists a creature more divinely fair than poet ever fabled or artist feigned; some glorious woman to whom would have been accorded without dissent the golden apple

by Discord thrown among Peleus' guests, and for which strove, with unveiled charms in Ida's slumbrous shade, the daughters of the Gods—one lovelier far than

“Idalian Aphrodite beautiful,  
Fresh as the foam, new-bathed in Paphian wells.”

It may be but a “Dream of Fair Women,” such as entangled the fancy of romantic Tennyson, or mere Quixotic madness; but I have heard her voice in the low sweet anthem of the summer sea at Night's high noon; I have caught fitful glimpses of her dark eyes' splendor in waking dreams, and when demons rode upon the storm of passion and Murder shrieked within my soul, I have felt her dewey breath upon my fevered cheek, her cool tresses floating like leaves of the lotos-flower across my face. Who is she?—this symposium of the Graces Three, who comes and goes like a spirit from Elysian Fields borne on the West Wind's musky wing? Is she a faint remembrance of a former life, perchance lived æons ago, when the world was fresh from the great hand of God, his creatures not yet scarred and marred by ceaseless warfare with all-devouring Death?—

“When earth lay nearer to the skies  
Than in these days of crime and woe,  
And mortal saw without surprise,  
In the mid air, angelic eyes  
Gazing upon the world below.”

Or say rather that 'tis the wild phantasy of a vagrom-minded man, who dreams with open eyes that, when the angels were recalled from earth, one slept upon a bed of jasmine buds and poppy blooms and heard not the celestial summons. How it may be I know not; nor whether those mysterious physicians tell us true who say that material

things are but chimeras of the mind—that spirit is the all-in-all that IS.

Woman's Beauty, woman's Sweetness and woman's Truth constitute our terrestrial Trinity, man's noblest guerdon this side the grave, earth's greatest glory, God's last, best gift. In days gone by there was a maid so surpassing fair that the law forbade her to veil her face, and the decree was wise; for if it be offense to heaven to hide a light which might guide the lone traveler to his goal, how much more the sin to conceal from sight that womanly beauty sent to illumine the world, to make life worth the living, to turn man from war's alarms and deeds of blood and fill his savage breast with soft dreams of love! For Cleopatra's charms the foremost man of almighty Rome thought the world well lost—and so it was; for never martial triumph on the Appian Way, with Gallic kings led captive at the car, were worth one heart-beat of that voluptuous queen who made

“The ever shifting currents of the blood  
According to her humor ebb and flow——”

one glance at those golden-ivory hemispheres inherited by the dread aspic from Mark Antony. The American press has long been publishing portraits of society belles and expatiating on their beauty. Each, in turn, is the Rose of Sharon, the Lily of the Valley, the one altogether lovely, paragon beyond compare. I now propose to determine, as nearly as may be, what woman represents the acme of physical perfection; and when her claim is firmly established will pay \$500 for the priceless privilege of looking five minutes at her fair face. This fleeting glimpse together with the fond recollection of her unparalleled loveliness, will be my only guerdon. She may do what she likes with the money—purchase bibles for barbarians or get

gauds for herself, minister to America's heathen or support a husband.

Those fair dames and damsels willing to reveal themselves to the modest gaze of the virgin Apostle of Beauty will mail to this office cabinet photos taken within the year. Accompanying each photo must be the sender's address, height, weight, size of glove and shoe worn, color of eyes and hair. On January 10, next, the photos will be submitted to a committee of connoisseurs selected by the mayors of Galveston, Dallas and Texas, and this committee shall determine the matter. The winner will be advised at once, and within a week thereafter the Apostle will set forth on his pilgrimage to pay his respects to the Queen of Beauty, the world's fairest flower, whether she reside in palace or hovel, 'mid Greenland's icy mountains or on India's coral strand. He will look at her his allotted time, pay \$100 a minute for the privilege and immediately take his departure, while she sweetly murmurs:

“Farewell! Thou hast a pulse for every dart  
That Love can scatter from his quiver;  
And every woman finds in thee a heart  
Which thou, with all thy soul, dost give her.”

Contestants must be between the ages of 17 and 37. I am entering into no compact which may take me half around the world to see a precocious infant or ancient painting. I cannot surely say that no sordid motives lurks beneath this outward show of chivalry. I certainly shall not steal the ladye faire, howsoever terrible the temptation; still, it may be that my eagerness to look upon her is accentuated by the necessity of rinsing from my mind the bad taste being engendered there by the persistent picturing and puffing of fat-pursed society chromos by the American press.







# Kansas City Public Library



Presented to the Library by  
**Otto Rissmann.**